THE RISE
OF THE
DUTCH REPUBLIC

A HISTORY
BY
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION
BY
MONCURE D. CONWAY

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

AN adequate biography of the historian of the Dutch Republic remains a *desideratum*. His life-long friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, says of his own beautiful memoir, "It is still but an outline, which may serve a present need, and perhaps be of some assistance to a future biographer." This is too modest an estimate of the memorial, even had the anticipated biographer appeared, but it was a sincere recognition of the large representative character of Motley and of his unique personality. Under the shadow of an untimely death it was the friend rather than the author that rose again in every heart that had known him—the generous, affectionate, modest, magnanimous friend—and it is fortunate for the world that one like unto him in this respect survived to enshrine his brother-spirit in a lasting memorial. Twelve years later (1889) George William Curtis, assisted by Motley's family, edited two volumes of selections from his correspondence which added much to our knowledge of the man and of the historian. The preface to these volumes, and the long periods unrepresented by any letters, reveal the extreme caution that was deemed necessary, especially with regard to Motley's diplomatic career, which involved the names of eminent public men. It is to be feared that when the lapse of

time has rendered these reservations unimportant, those of his contemporaries most competent to deal with all the facts will have disappeared.

Yet, valuable as a detailed biography of Motley would be, few authors have been more fully embodied in their works than he, because few so unconsciously. Three years after the publication of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," writing to an intimate friend, he casually said, "I had not first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject: my subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself." His literary choice had been in another direction; his ambition was to write romances; but they were not organic, not in his bone and sinew. Those who carefully read this work, which "took up" Motley in his thirty-second year, and "drew him on" from land to land, library to library, absorbing eight years of life, will then find in the story of his early life, and of his ancestry, that he was a product of the history he wrote. A history so brave, that even its historian's name seems characteristic, if, with Robert Ferguson, we trace it to *môt*, Old High German for *valour* ("Teutonic Name-System," pp. 236, 237).

The historian's great-great-grandfather, John Motley, emigrated from Belfast, Ireland, to Falmouth (now Portland), Maine. Two of his grandsons established themselves in Boston (1802), as partners in commercial business, which prospered. One of these married Anna, daughter of the Rev. John Lothrop, great-grandson of a minister of the same name who in England had been imprisoned for Nonconformity. Anna's mother was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Cheever, descended from the ancient family of

Chicheleys in Northamptonshire. Thomas and Anna Motley had the reputation of being the handsomest couple in Boston. Thomas had also some literary reputation, having written several of the "Jack Downing" papers. His contentment with a modest fortune, and dislike of speculative ventures, forbade great wealth. His residence was in Dorchester, a suburb of Boston, where his second son, John Lothrop Motley, was born April 15th, 1814.

Here, one might suppose, were clerical tributaries sufficient to carry the young Motley away in a current of Puritanism. But in cultured Boston society that long winter was over and gone; the voice of Channing was heard in the land, and the liberal breath was felt in all sects and amid all formulas. Descent from several generations of religious ministers already meant the cumulative culture which was the best inheritance of best men—of Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Motley. The old *régime* was unknown in the refined home at Dorchester, presently given up for one in a central part of Boston. King's Chapel had gently exchanged Athanasius for Arius by a few modifications in the prayer-book devoutly cherished to this day, and the Motleys, like other old families, moved with it. Young Motley was born into a literary atmosphere. Being of a somewhat delicate constitution he was encouraged to take his part in the playground, and was expert in swimming and skating, but he also had the freedom of a fine library, and was an omnivorous reader. Dr. Holmes has gathered many interesting memories of Motley's boyhood. He managed a literally attic theatre wherein he spouted Mark Antony's oration over his shrouded comrades. One

of his playmates, afterwards the great anti-slavery orator, Wendell Phillips, remembered that he was already, too, a novelist. "He could not have been eleven years old when he began writing a novel. It opened, I remember, not with one solitary horseman, but with two, riding up to an inn in the valley of the Housatonic. Neither of us had seen the Housatonic, but it sounded grand and romantic. Two chapters were finished." At a suburban school he made good progress, and at eleven years of age writes his brother a letter in fair French. Before his twelfth year he was placed at the school of highest repute in Massachusetts, namely, "Round Hill," in the beautiful town of Northampton. It was kept by Dr. Joseph Cogswell, a famous teacher in his time, assisted by George Bancroft, whose fame as a historian was yet to be made. Here Motley was a wayward pupil, but manifested eagerness for the acquisition of modern languages. Bancroft taught him German.

"In the morning," he reports to his mother, "from half-past five to seven I study French; after breakfast I study Spanish from nine to half-past ten, when we go out and stay about ten or fifteen minutes: and when we come in I study Greek until twelve, when we are dismissed; and in the afternoon I study Cicero and recite to Dr. Beck, a German."

He likes drawing, and has an eye for natural beauty.

"I think this is a beautiful place. From my bed I can see a branch of the Green Mountains, Mount Tom and Holyoke too. I should like very much to go up them."

There were about sixty boys in the Round Hill

Academy, and the boarders were given each his separate garden to till.

"I have got some radishes growing," he informs his father, but adds with more interest,

"I wish I had some books here to read. I wish, when you send me up my paint brushes, you would send some. I do not want you to send me up anything to eat or drink, but I wish you would send me some books by the stage with the paint brushes. I guess you have some in the house that I have not read; you may have some possibly."

This was in May, 1827, when examination for entrance at Harvard College was approaching, and after he had expressed in a previous letter some misgivings as to his standing in the Freshman class.

In his published "Correspondence" there is no letter relating to his four years at Harvard College (1827-31). Fortunately, among his college-mates were men of great ability, able even in their boyhood to recognize the genius of this companion. The recollections sent by Wendell Phillips, Motley's classmate, to Dr. Holmes, are especially interesting.

"During our first year in college, though the youngest in the class, he stood third, I think, or second in college rank, and ours was an especially able class. Yet to maintain this rank he neither cared nor needed to make any effort. Too young to feel any responsibilities, and not yet awake to any ambition, he became so negligent that he was 'rusticated' (that is, sent away from college for a time). He came back sobered, and worked rather more, but with no effort for college rank thenceforward. . . . I did wonder at the diligence and painstaking, the drudgery shown in his historical works. In early life he had no industry, not needing it. All he cared for in a book he caught quickly—the spirit of

it, and all his mind needed or would use. This quickness of apprehension was marvellous. . . . He had a small writing-table with a shallow drawer; I have often seen it half full of sketches, unfinished poems, soliloquies, a scene or two of a play, prose portraits of some pet characters, etc. These he would read to me, though he never volunteered to do so, and every now and then he burnt the whole and began to fill the drawer again."

Another classmate, Thomas E. Appleton, who had also been with him at Round Hill, writes:

"In his Sophomore year he kept abreast of the prescribed studies, but his heart was out of bounds, as it often had been at Round Hill when chasing squirrels or rabbits through forbidden forests. Already his historical interest was shaping his life. A tutor coming—by chance, let us hope—to his room, remonstrated with him upon the heaps of novels on his table. 'Yes,' said Motley, 'I am reading historically, and have come to the novels of the nineteenth century. Taken in the lump, they are very hard reading.'"

Although Motley was thus burgeoning, as it were, with literary experiments, he never permitted the editor of the "Collegian," his admiring friend, to print but one piece—a translation from Goethe, "The Ghost-seer." He was already an enthusiastic lover of Goethe, and at one of the college exhibitions wrote an essay on that master, which his old teacher, Dr. Cogswell, sent to Madame Goethe. She answered, "I wish to see the first book that young man will write." (Some years later Motley enjoyed her personal friendship in Germany.) After his graduation in 1831 this apprenticeship in all the arts and eccentricities and potentialities of writing was continued in a foreign

field. In June, 1832, he is at Göttingen studying Civil Law with Hugo, political philosophy with Saalfeld, history with Huren. His graphic private letters describing the students' duels, then perhaps more brutal than now, may have alarmed the parental heart. His indulgent mother sends him an autograph letter written by General George Washington to her philanthropic father, the Rev. John Lothrop, in acknowledgment of a publication of the Boston Humane Society.

"These things," writes Washington, "will draw upon you the blessings of those who were nigh to perish. These works of charity and goodwill towards men reflect, in my estimation, great lustre upon the authors, and presage an era of still further improvement. How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword for the purposes of conquest and fame, while compared to the minor virtues of making our neighbours and our fellow-men as happy as their frail conditions and perishable natures will permit them to be."

Here, indeed, was a talisman for a mother to send her son—nay, for a grandfather to send his grandson—a plea for peace and humanity from the great soldier of Liberty!

The next step in this sketch brings me on a letter written in 1878, just ninety years after that of Washington, by Bismarck, with whom Motley drank "Brüderschaft." It was written from Berlin to Dr. O. W. Holmes:

"I met Motley at Göttingen in 1832; I am not sure if at the beginning of Easter Term or Michaelmas Term. He kept company with German students, though more addicted to study than we members of the fighting clubs (corps).

Although not having mastered yet the German language, he exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humour, and originality. In autumn, 1833, having both of us migrated from Göttingen to Berlin for the prosecution of our studies, we became fellow-lodgers in the house No. 161, Friedrich Strasse. There we lived in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and outdoor exercise. Motley by that time had arrived at talking German fluently; he occupied himself not only in translating Goethe's poem, 'Faust,' but tried his hand even in composing German verses. Enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, he used to spice his conversation abundantly with quotations from these his favourite authors. A pertinacious arguer—so much so that he sometimes watched my awakening in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life, cut short by the chime of the small hours—he never lost his mild and amiable temper. Our faithful companion was Count Alexander Keyserling, a native of Courland, who has since achieved distinction as a botanist.

"Motley having entered the diplomatic service of his country, we had frequently the opportunity of renewing our friendly intercourse. At Frankfort he used to stay with me, the welcome guest of my wife; we also met at Vienna, and, later, here. The last time I saw him was at Varzin, at the celebration of my 'silver wedding,' namely, the twenty-fifth anniversary.

"The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies."

In his youth Motley remained at Berlin less than a year, his studies there being mainly given to international law. He made acquaintance with some eminent people there and in other parts of Germany, being

especially charmed by Tieck, in Dresden, whom he found translating Shakespeare (1834). Vienna, Paris, Rome, Naples, Sicily, were included in his tours from the summer of 1834 to that of 1835, which was given to Ireland, Scotland, and England. In the autumn of 1835 he returned to Boston and set himself to regular law studies.

His friends supposed that he meant to adopt law as a profession. He no doubt regarded practice as an eventual possibility, but it is certain that his ambition lay in the republic of letters. Park Benjamin, then editing the "New England Magazine" (Boston), was very active in the literary world. In March, 1837, Motley married Mary Benjamin, sister of the editor, and in this union he was fortunate beyond the lot of most men of letters.

He was not fortunate, however, in his first book, "Morton's Hope; or, the Memoirs of a Provincial." It was published in 1839 in New York (Harpers), and was anonymous. There is some mystery about this novel. Although, as I am informed, the contract for publication was made with Motley personally, it seems incredible that the proofs could have passed under his revision. The young hero, being in Prague (Europe), receives a letter from America, dated "June, 1777," summoning him to the Revolution. By June 14th his preparations for returning are all made, and he reaches America May 15th—just a month before he left Prague! Of course, these *errata* are discovered by comparison of different pages, but among others it is notable that General Gates twice becomes "Yates" on one page. The manuscript may have been written while he was at Göttingen and Berlin, where many of the incidents

occur, with some later compositions interspersed. At any rate, the book would appear to be one of those accumulations of literary scraps and experiments which his college-mate (Phillips) remembers filling his desk until they were all burnt, a fate which the author sometimes regretted had not befallen "Morton's Hope." I have learned that soon after Motley's appointment as Minister to England, thirty years after the appearance of "Morton's Hope," it was announced that some London house would republish that novel "by the United States' Minister." Motley was disturbed by this, but he could not tell exactly how much or how little he was likely to be troubled by such publication. He possessed no copy of the book in London, and could hardly remember its contents. On applying for the copy in the British Museum he found it monopolized by the publisher's copyist, and, as time seemed important in the case and the volume could not be taken out of the library, Mr. Winter Jones invited Mr. Motley to remain in the museum as his guest from Saturday to Monday. Thus during the Sunday the historian sat alone in the great library reading his own earliest volume, not, indeed, meeting therein "his dead self," but a self sufficiently immature for him to repress, by some compensation, the proposed reprint. It is to be regretted, however, that a few copies were not secured at the time by the author for his intimate friends, for with whatever defects as a novel, it is, as Dr. Holmes says, "to be studied as an autobiography, a prophecy, a record of aspirations disguised under a series of incidents which are flung together with no more regard to the unities than a pack of shuffled playing cards." This is indeed

well known among Motley's intimate friends, and it is therefore of importance to note that at this early period he was already engaged in historical studies. The following quotation is of much interest:

"My uncle being a little startled at this index to the copiousness of my studies, saw fit to catechise me a little, and finding me as deplorably ignorant on all necessary subjects as I was intensely learned on matters, in his estimation, not worth a halfpenny, begged me seriously to turn my attention to history. The groundwork of my early character was plasticity and fickleness. I was mortified by this exposure of my ignorance, and disgusted with my former course of reading. I now set myself violently to the study of history. With my turn of mind, and with the preposterous habit which I had been daily acquiring, I could not fail to make as gross mistakes in the pursuit of this as of other branches of knowledge. I imagined, on setting out, a system of strict and impartial investigation of the sources of history. I was inspired with the absurd ambition, not uncommon to youthful students, of knowing as much as their masters. I imagined it necessary for me, stripling as I was, to study the authorities; and, imbued with the strict necessity of judging for myself, I turned from the limpid pages of the modern historians to the notes and authorities at the bottom of the page. These, of course, sent me back to my monastic acquaintances, and I again found myself in such congenial company to a youthful and ardent mind as Florence of Worcester and Simon of Durham, the Venerable Bede, and Matthew Paris, and so on to the more modern and elegant pages of Froissart, Holinshed, Hooker, and Stowe. Infant as I was, I presumed to grapple with masses of learning almost beyond the strength of the giants of history. A spendthrift of my time and labour, I went out of my way to collect materials, and to build for myself, when I

should have known that older and abler architects had already appropriated all that was worth preserving; that the edifice was built, the quarry exhausted, and that I was consequently only delving amidst rubbish. . . . . From studying and investigating the sources of history with my own eyes, I went a step further; I refused the guidance of modern writers; and proceeding from one point of presumption to another, I came to the magnanimous conviction that I could not know history as I ought to know it, unless I *wrote* it for myself."

This must here suffice us from a particularly interesting chapter, "Chateaux en Espagne," which cleverly assumes the accent of confession for a valuable record of early studies. It may be added that besides its realistic descriptions of German students' duels (and in one character some lineaments of Bismarck are discoverable) the novel contains a spirited sketch of the engagements of General Washington with the British at Trenton and Princetown in 1776. Seventy-seven pages are occupied with portrayal of aboriginal customs in America, derived, the author states, from standard works on Indian history.

So far as the public and the reviewers were concerned "Morton's Hope" fell dead, and the young author, one of the most sensitive of men, was no doubt glad of an opportunity to experiment in some other field. This was promised by an appointment as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in the autumn of 1841. It proved, however, a disappointment. He reached St. Petersburg on November 17th, 1841, cast about to see whether it was a good place for his wife and two little ones left in Boston, disliked the climate and the city, mailed his resignation January 10th,

1842, and with a celerity explicable only by homesickness made his way back across the ocean. But alas, on landing in America he was met by the grievous tidings of the death of his little boy. The loss of this only son and namesake was a bereavement long and keenly felt by the parents.

His stay in St. Petersburg did not last quite three months, but no hour was lost. His wife and his mother received sparkling accounts of his presentation at court, dancing at balls, and participation in solemn ceremonials which remind him of "some prodigiously fine ballet," though they do not excite such admiration as he expresses for Taglioni. He admires the Czar: "he is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, six feet three inches at least in height, and 'every inch a king.' His figure is robust, erect, and stately, and his features are of great symmetry, and his forehead and eye are singularly fine." Motley's private letters from St. Petersburg, printed by Curtis, convey some unconscious portraiture of himself as at the age of twenty-seven, encased in court dress, he secures an intimate though brief view of royalty's solemn masquerade. He also explores the art treasures of the city, and comes under the spell of equestrian Peter, who looks "as if, Scandinavian wizard as he was, he had just caused this vast collection of palaces and temples, this mighty, swarming city, to rise like an exhalation from the frozen swamps of the Neva with one wave of his hand." He explains to his mother that Peter, despite a few foibles, such as murdering his son and beating his Prime Ministers, was a wonderful man, and "he alone raised Russia out of the quagmire of barbarism, just as he raised St. Petersburg out of the morass."

This was written in January, 1842, and in October, 1845 appeared the fifty pages on Peter the Great which represent Motley's entrance on his career as a historian.

It is possible that Motley's sentiments with regard to political affairs in America may have had something to do with the resignation of his secretaryship at St. Petersburg.

He had been appointed by President Tyler, who as Vice-President had succeeded the deceased President Harrison. Tyler, though elected on the "Whig" ticket, at once came into collision with the famous party leader, Henry Clay, of whom Motley was an enthusiastic admirer. On his return to Boston Motley plunged into politics with much ardour, making some vigorous political speeches. He was always, indeed, an eloquent speaker. But he retired from that venture in disgust when his hero, Henry Clay, was defeated in the Presidential contest with Polk.

"It has taken forty years of public life to prepare such a man for the Presidency, and the result is that he can be beaten by anybody. Mr. Polk is anybody—he is Mr. Quelconque."

This is from a letter to his brother-in-law, Park Benjamin, who had gone to reside in New York, and he adds satirically:

"If I had continued in active political life I might have risen to be a vote distributor, or fence-viewer, or selectman, or hog-reeve, or something of the kind."

The election of Polk was a crisis in American history: the government passed under the sceptre of

slavery, and many of the finest men, especially the young scholars, became alienated from the Union itself, sympathizing more or less with the "Garrisonian" abolitionists in demanding total separation of the free from the slave States. The great orator, Wendell Phillips, Motley's friend from their childhood, now became more pronounced in his advocacy of this doctrine, and there is little doubt that the historian's feeling tended, though slowly and reluctantly, to the belief that separation was inevitable. I have a letter from Mr. Anthony Froude, who first welcomed the American historian's work, saying that he had been persuaded by Motley of the necessity of disunion, but that on the first note of Southern secession he (Motley) became a vehement Unionist. Such indeed was the course of all the "disunionists," who had by no means foreseen an armed rebellion of slavery which would open the way to its total extirpation. The anti-slavery man was no longer to be satisfied with half a loaf when the whole came within reach. However, Motley was by no means constituted for an agitator, even had he been convinced that separation between the free and the slave States was a cause to be urged. It is probable that Froude mistook his friend's prediction for his policy. At thirty years of age the young admirer of Clay and Webster (to the latter as Secretary of State in 1841 his appointment to St. Petersburg was due) could not fail to be moved by their pathetic pleadings for the Union, and was by no means prepared to unite warmly in the disunionist crusade. He was, however, thoroughly disgusted with the political condition of the country, and, like many other scholars, repaired to his literary retreat.

From this retreat came two articles, printed in the "North American Review"—that on Peter the Great (1845), another on Balzac (1847)—revealing to literary circles in America that an artistic writer had appeared; but, not until 1849 did it become clear that this new writer meant to take original views of important subjects, even to the disregard of patriotic prejudices. The essay which appeared in that year was on the "Polity of the Puritans." The article could never have been written by anyone but an American, and a descendant of Puritans, but it could not have been written by one limited by any traditional reverence to that bias from which so few even of the best New England minds have freed themselves. The writer dealt with the Puritans of Massachusetts with hereditary insight, yet frankly, as if he were writing of a country to which he was unrelated. It was probably the first competent judicial statement on the subject ever written in America. Bancroft, supposed to have settled all about the Puritans and their polity in his first volume, fifteen years before, now found himself challenged by his "Round Hill" pupil. Referring to Bancroft's statement, "In the cabin of the 'Mayflower' humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the 'general good,'" Motley says:

"This little pious church congregation had but one object; they wished a resting-place for the soles of their feet. They had been hunted out of England because they would not conform to Episcopal worship, and because their foreheads were branded, their tongues bored with red-hot irons, and their ears cropped from their heads, if they did not. They had fled to Holland; but they liked not to see their children

growing up into Dutchmen, with all the loose, Sabbath-breaking, slipshod, continental habits which were most odious to their nostrils. To find a religious asylum, to find a place where they might hide 'themselves,' as Milton expresses it, 'from the fury of the Bishops,' they came to this wilderness. It was a heroic, a pathetic determination. It was carried out with an iron energy, an unwavering courage. The memory of such men will live for ever. A great and virtuous thought has made the men immortal who carried it into action under so many circumstances of peril and adversity. But all this is no reason for applauding them for doing things which they never contemplated. They came here as loyal subjects of a monarchy, and they and their descendants lived and died as such. They never thought of the majesty of the people, and it was a long time after they were in their graves before the majesty of the people established itself. . . . 'The State,' says Bancroft, 'was governed, like our towns, as a strict democracy, and the people were frequently convened to decide on executive, no less than on judicial, questions.' Considering that 'the State,' as he rather pompously styles the little community, had by no means as many inhabitants as a first-class hotel or steamboat in these days, and would hardly have been entitled to a representative to our General Court, it was not singular that the people were convened in primary assemblies. The 'mass meeting' of citizens would not probably have amounted to more than fifty or sixty men. . . . . They had no charter of government from the crown. They were loyal subjects of their sovereign, and still hoped to obtain one. In the meantime they considered themselves a church congregation, and governed themselves accordingly. They were never in any sense a State. . . . . The Massachusetts Colony originated in the same principle as that of the Plymouth Colony—a desire to establish the pure church. . . . . The nonconformists to that church were to fare no better than they had

themselves fared at home. There was but one road to heaven, and every man in the colony should travel it. There was far less freedom then in Massachusetts than there is now in St. Petersburg. Neither was there much of the democratic element in their system. The government resided in the hands of the freemen, not of the population. . . . . The people, as such, had no rights at all. . . . . Nowhere in the world was a stricter police established than in Massachusetts. The paternal government of Austria is nothing to it."

Democracy, Motley shows, was inevitable in America through the combination of circumstances.

"The character of the early Pilgrims of New England, the vast and unoccupied territory, the absence of a Past, the entire deficiency of castes and classes, have made the empire of democracy possible upon this continent."

In the same year (1849) was published Motley's second novel, "Merry-Mount; a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." It was written "some years" before, the Preface informs us, unnecessarily indeed, for no one could ascribe it to the mature year which produced the "Polity of the Puritans." There is in it enough of the traditional admiration of the Puritan to make the hero undergo some puritanizing process, thereby overcoming the barrier between him and his excessively pious sweetheart; while the cosmopolitan thinker is sufficiently developed to present a genuine historical picture of the arbitrary procedure, and the sentences without trials, still oftener without crimes, of the General Court. There are some fine descriptions of scenery, and graphic (though bookish) descriptions of Misrule revellings, told in a style that occasionally reminds one of Irving and again of Haw-

thorne. It was probably written in the author's thirty-first year, after his campaignings for Clay had ceased. The book was really a combination of romance and history; abounding in striking passages, it was yet as a whole too heavy for novel readers, and too light for students of history. It was the last of Motley's literary experiments, the end of his apprenticeship.

But in this youthful historical romance it is evident that the author has already been carried by his studies out of the conventionalized traditions which had seen the foundation of New England in the light of a consciously new departure in governmental science, or an affirmation of republican principles. He had, however, learned by these studies that the work of the pilgrims was all the more effectual for such large results because wrought solely for immediate and practical ends, and because these ends all clustered around their religious faith.

"It was a great movement, not a military, not a philanthropic, not a democratic movement, but a religious, perhaps a fanatical movement, but the movers were in earnest, and the result was an empire."

The point of view thus reached makes "Merry Mount" of biographical value. He peruses New England with unbiassed eye, in the light of large evolutionary laws, and has gained the freedom of an intellectual citizen of the world. In reading his two novels one may also recognize that Motley was quite as unconscious as any ancestral pilgrim that he was building better than he knew; and that what seemed failures were by no means such, but the best training for that power of picturesque portraiture, and percep-

tion of the far-reaching issues of personality, which contribute so much to the fascination of his historical works. Rarely has any man been better equipped for his task than this historian when, in his thirty-second year, he retraced the pilgrimage of the founders of New England, and discovered his true historical quarry in Holland.

He had been for a year gathering his materials when (in 1847) he heard from a friend that Prescott had the intention of writing the "History of Philip the Second." This gave rise to an interesting incident which, twelve years later, was related by Motley in a private letter dated at Rome, February 26th, 1859, to his friend William Amory, Prescott's brother-in-law, and printed by Dr. Holmes:

"I felt naturally much disappointed. I was conscious of the immense disadvantage to myself of making my appearance, probably at the same time, before the public, with a work not at all similar in plan to 'Philip the Second,' but which must of necessity traverse a portion of the same ground. My first thought was inevitably, as it were, of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject: my subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other. When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward on his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even com-

menced his preliminary studies for 'Philip.' At the same time I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and, if I should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind at my proposition, to abandon my plan altogether. I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at the time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on any ground to more than the common courtesy which Prescott never could refuse to any one. But he received me with such a frank and ready and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted, guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library, looking on the garden-house and garden—honoured father and illustrious son—alas, all numbered with the things that were! He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan, that he wished me every success, and that if there were any books in his library bearing on my subject that I liked to use, they were entirely at my service. After I had expressed my gratitude for his kindness and cordiality, by which I had been in a very few moments set completely at ease—so far as my fear of his disapprobation went—I also very naturally stated my opinion that the danger was entirely mine, and that it was rather wilful of me thus to risk such a collision at my first venture, the probable consequence of which was utter shipwreck. I recollect how kindly and warmly he combated this opinion, assuring me that no two books, as he said, ever injured each other, and encouraging me in the warmest manner to proceed on the course I had marked out for myself."[1]

[1] To this may be added here an extract from a letter written by Prescott to Motley, April 28th, 1856, just after the appearance of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic:" "You have more than fulfilled the prediction which I made respecting your labours to the public. Everywhere you seem to have gone into the subject with a scholar-like thoroughness of research, furnishing me on my own beaten track with a

Thus animated, Motley worked steadily on his "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He desired indeed to participate in public affairs, and was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives (1849). Being chairman of the Committee on Education he drew up a report, in which he proposed to use some of the common school fund for better endowment of the colleges. The proposal was voted down, and Motley, considering no doubt how much time and labour he had withdrawn from his book for his legislative failure, was quite contented with his one year of service. He had written industriously on the work at least four years, and produced manuscript enough for two substantial volumes, when he came to a halt. The subject had grown in importance and complexity as it grew in proportions, and he discovered that what he had written was inadequate, his data and materials having been insufficient. But he had discovered the archives and libraries where his needs could be supplied; consequently, early in July, 1851, he sailed for Europe with his wife and three little daughters.[1]

quantity of new facts and views, which I was not aware it could present to the reader. In one passage, I remember, the sack of St. Quentin, you give a variety of startling and very interesting particulars, and when I envied you the resources at your command for supplying them to you, I found they were all got from a number of the 'Documentos Inedites,' which slept harmlessly on my shelves from my own unconsciousness that it contained anything germane to the matter. Your descriptions are everywhere graphic and picturesque. One familiar with your romances will not be surprised at your powers in this way. But yet, after all, the style for history is as different from what is required for romance as that of a great historical picture is from a scene-painting in a theatre. You prove that you possess both. Your portraiture of character is vigorous and animated, full of characteristic touches, from a pencil that is dipped in the colours of the old masters."

[1] Now Lady Vernon Harcourt, Mrs. Sheridan, and Mrs. Herbert St.

While examining the archives in various towns of Holland, Motley appears to have secluded himself from the outside world, and to have declined the offer of some scholar who found him out to present him at Court. His enthusiasm for art could not of course resist the galleries, which also appealed to his historic sense. In a letter to his mother he says :

"The collections at the Hague and Amsterdam contain some of the most wonderful paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. I could only, of course, look at them for a little while, and see how much one loses by travelling in a hurry.

"It is strange that those two amphibious, half-submerged republics, Venice and Holland, should have instructed the world in colour. Nothing certainly can exceed the brilliancy and profound mastery of colour possessed by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van der Helst. You see these masters nowhere in such profusion as in their native land. The landscapes too, the Ruysdæls and Berghems, you would be delighted with. After your eyes have been put out by the effulgence of their great historical pieces and dazzling portraits, such as Rembrandt and Van der Helst and Rubens only could paint, they are refreshed by those cool, calm, and rural scenes, with shady groves and gurgling brooks, such as only their landscape painters could produce. They seem to have had a deeper sentiment for landscape, and a greater power in reproducing natural beauties than any people. How strange that this genius should have risen out of the very bottom of the sea, that a people should have so faithfully and poetically represented on canvas those charming pastoral

John Mildmay, who married in England, where they reside. These ladies are, in the order just given, the "Lily," "Mary," and "Susie" of Motley's letters. I avail myself of this note to express my indebtedness to them for assistance in the preparation of this memoir.

scenes, of which they could have only dreamed among their native dykes and ditches, without ever seeing them in their own land! The Dutch have certainly done many great things. They have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world, the ocean and Spanish tyranny, and they conquered both."

At the beginning of August Motley settled for the summer at Brussels, and there re-fashioned his first volume. In November he repaired to Dresden, whose library, with its 450,000 volumes, he knew to be rich in books and documents related to his work. And there, at the end of seven months, his second volume was achieved. This appears by a letter to his father, dated at Dresden, May 18th, 1852:

"There is something almost refreshing in the utter inanity which seems to form the atmosphere of these people's lives, which is refreshing for a time, after the noisy, spluttering politics which constitute our vital elements. I don't think I should like it always, but now, occupied as I am ten hours a day with folks who lived three centuries ago, it is rather a convenience than otherwise not to have my attention taken off by anything that is going on about me. It is a comfort, as I can't make speeches or write articles in the newspapers (if I wished) against General Haynau, or Emperor Nicholas, or President Bonaparte, to be able to pitch into the Duke of Alva and Philip the Second to my heart's content. It is quite satisfactory to express sentiments which, if I had the advantage of living three hundred years ago, and had had the audacity to express myself as freely, would have entitled me to be burned alive on an average twice a day, and to know that the only martyrdom I am likely to experience is that of not finding a publisher for my treason, for fear that it won't pay; the only rack that of being roasted on the grid-

iron of some singeing, scorching, red-hot review. I have just finished volume No. 2 since I was established here; that is about a seven months' child. A year more will carry me as far as I mean to go alone, particularly as the expense of publishing three volumes at my own risk, which perhaps I shall be obliged to do, will be as much as I shall choose to venture. I don't fear much of a loss, although I shan't stand much of a chance of making a fortune."

The "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was not so nearly finished as the author then supposed. More thorough investigation in the archives at the Hague had to be made, and six summer weeks passed there (1853). But once more the work had to be largely re-written, as he found on repairing to Brussels in the autumn. He writes to Dr. Holmes from that city November 20th, 1853:

"I came here having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first part (something like three or four volumes octavo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it but to penelopise, pull to pieces and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labours, nobody can say that I have not worked hard like a brute beast; but I do not care for the result. The labour is itself its own reward, and all I want. I go day after day to the archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague), studying the old letters and documents of the sixteenth century. Here I remain among my fellow worms, feeding on those musty mulberry-leaves of which we are afterwards to spin our silk."

In the same letter he says:

"When I say I know no soul in Brussels I am perhaps wrong. With the present generation I am not familiar.

En revanche, the dead men of the place are my intimat friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellow of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlit squar is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call hin by his Christian name at once."

The "three or four volumes" spoken of in this letter to Dr. Holmes included investigations going beyond the fields to which the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was subsequently limited. The winter's work at Brussels disentangled his immediate subject from those requiring independent treatment; a large mass of materials for the further works was accumulated; and by these wise reservations the eight years' labour, that had seemed interminable, was completed in time to give the family an unusually merry May-day in the year 1854. Motley at once took his manuscript to England, where, though his visit was very pleasant socially, he found difficulty in getting a publisher. Nobody seemed to be interested in Dutch affairs or history. He at once went to Murray, who declined the work, for which he was duly penitent in after years. What other efforts were made do not appear, but they seem to have lasted during the year. Ultimately Mr. John Chapman, the publisher of rationalist works, and a friend of Emerson, agreed to publish the work at Motley's expense and risk. The author's father insisted on sharing the expense, and his uncle Edward made a donation of £100, too affectionately offered to be refused.

During all the long labour of Motley on this work his letters show him to have felt that he was freely giving himself to the world. He was confident that

uniary recompense for such a work was out of the
:stion; his utmost hope was that some publishers
England and America would be generous enough
take the expense of publication off his hands, and
:n that hope was faint. So early as May, 1852, he
d written to his father that he should perhaps be
liged to publish at his own risk. Murray's refusal
d further disheartened him, and to such an extent
it he was indifferent about the copyright. Having
oined his family on the Continent, he writes to his
her (from Vevey, March 3rd, 1855):

"To leave my family and go to England and return again
>uld be very expensive, and hardly worth while to secure
:opyright which I could not sell for £100."

So he went on with his summer relaxations, and in
.ly enjoyed the society of his friend Bismarck, then
inister at Frankfort. Writing to his wife he says of
ismarck:

"Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of
>nour, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable
lents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be
und any day in any Court; and I have no doubt that he
destined to be Prime Minister, unless his obstinate truth-
ılness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians,
ands in his way."

This forecast was written July 27th, 1855.

But Motley was summoned from his pleasant tours
n the Continent by John Chapman, his publisher,
vho was more sagacious than the author as to the
'alue of his copyright. He consequently made a fly-
ng visit to London, where he arrived October 17th, and
illed up the form of application for copyright. The

House of Lords, in August of the previous year, had decided, on an appeal, that foreigners could not take out nor assign a copyright unless resident, and any legal arrangements made by Motley and Chapman do not appear The copy deposited in the British Museum is stamped October 20th, the third day after the author's arrival in London, but the work was not put in general circulation until the spring following, perhaps on account of arrangements for the American copyright. Mr. George William Curtis ascertained that "seventeen thousand copies were sold in England during the first year of publication;" but on May 13th, 1856, the author writes to his father from Italy:

"I have heard nothing from Chapman touching the sale of my book, and suppose that very few copies have been sold."

In a letter of the following year (December 13th) he mentions that his publishers had failed, and as he says nothing of any receipts, it is probable that they were not very large. He was not without modest pecuniary resources, however, and a reward beyond his hopes came with the admirable reviews which in swift succession brought happiness to his family during their autumn and winter in Florence and Rome (1855-6). In the "Westminster Review," April, 1856, Froude welcomed his brother historian with enthusiasm:

"A history as complete as industry and genius can make it now lies before us of the first twenty years of the revolt of the United Provinces, of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. . . . The book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or in any

language. . . . All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart."

But more precious than any review to his warm heart, so loyal in friendship, were the cordial felicitations received from his old friends in America,— Holmes, Bancroft, Tom Appleton, Wendell Phillips, Prescott, Hillard, Ticknor, Longfellow, Cabot, Charles Sumner. And veteran writers whom he did not know personally, such as Washington Irving, did homage to the young author who, by a work instinct with the higher life and genius of his country, had raised in Europe the estimate of American scholarship and literature. Never did author receive a more cordial cheer from his literary countrymen. One might add, indeed, from his contemporaries everywhere; for the new work came as a revelation to Europe, including even Holland itself, whose thrilling drama had been silently awaiting the advent of a thoroughly learned historian, of matured republican principles, and at the same time a literary artist. This unlooked-for genius had come, the drama mounted, the actors evoked to act their respective parts, and the author who had surprised the world with this heroic story and these scenes amid the dunes and dykes of prosaic Holland, was at once accorded his place among the masters. Translations speedily appeared (French, Dutch,

German, Russian), and also pirated editions, in England as well as in other countries.[1] Men like Bakhuysen van der Brink, Guizot, Carlyle, Froude, knew well that Motley had mastered the heart of the whole subject, and they assumed that he would unlock its further treasures.

The task thus quietly imposed upon him had already, as we have seen, been begun. The work ended with the death of the Prince of Orange (1584), but he had accumulated materials beyond this, and wrote to his father (March 3rd, 1855):

"If I receive enough encouragement, which I don't expect, to finish this work, I shall write three more volumes, in order to bring my history down to the peace of Westphalia, 1648."

The unexpected encouragement had come, and the historian, after a brief visit to America in 1857, again set himself to work. He visited the archives in

[1] In a work of much value and original research on William the Silent (2 vols., 1895), the author, Ruth Putnam, says in her preface: "Every European state and many private gentlemen retained ambassadors or emissaries in the Netherlands, who dispatched frequent messengers to their governments or masters, bearing minute accounts of *affaires de par de ça*, as the phrase was. Within the last decade nearly all extant documents of this nature, many of which Mr. Motley used in manuscript, have been published in full, with scholarly editing." The fourteen volumes of the correspondence of the Prince of Orange, containing over seventeen hundred letters and documents, the nine great volumes of Bor, and other collections, have been diligently explored by Ruth Putnam "with growing admiration for the untiring industry of his laborious researches, and for the accuracy and skill of his [Motley's] adaptations from the enormous mass of matter that he examined." This very competent writer adds: "In referring to Dutch, English, German, or French works, I have found that our American historian had made their knowledge his brilliant own, or that their pages contained long citations from his volumes."

Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and in London, selecting in each place the documents he needed and employing copyists upon them. Early in May, 1858, he came to London and, remaining until the close of July, was the much-amused "lion" of that season. His letters written at the time, mainly to his wife, who remained with her family on the Continent, fill eighty pages of his published correspondence, and are replete with clever and humorous descriptions of the personages and literary people, of whom he met the most eminent. Meanwhile, his days were passed with the ancestors and predecessors of these agreeable people, Shades evoked in the State Paper Office and the British Museum.

"I have," he privately writes Mr. Underwood of the "Atlantic Monthly," "hundreds of interesting letters never published, or to be published, by Queen Elizabeth, Burghley, Walsingham, Sidney, Drake, Willoughby, Leicester, and others."

Motley next revisited the Hague, where the King and Queen paid him constant and even affectionate attention. There as in London, his family being occupied with tours in Switzerland, he gave his evenings to society, and had many a good story to send his wife. On one occasion he dines with an intensely religious family, who naturally suppose a descendant of the Puritan Pilgrims must be as Calvinistic as themselves. In the company were

"some raw Scotchmen, just descended from their native heath, and mad with orthodoxy. One of them observed, on some reference to the late revival in America, that the hand of the Lord was most manifest in that great and wonderful

development. He then gave an instance of a mercantile friend who had gone out to New York in the midst of the commercial crisis to collect some money owing to him, but who had naturally, like every other creditor, been referred to the town pump for liquidation. He had brought back, however, something far better than silver or gold, for he had himself experienced religion in New York, and had returned a regenerated sinner, a brand plucked from the burning. These were almost his exact expressions, saving the irreverent allusion to the pump, and I thought the idea of the New Yorkers paying off their Scotch creditors by unlimited drafts upon the treasures of the next world one of the best dodges I had yet heard of. I could hardly sit still in my chair. However, I kept my countenance and looked edified."

Motley had both wit and humour, beneath which his philosophy played, as in his *mot* mentioned by Holmes, "Give me the luxuries, and I will dispense with the necessaries, of life." His personal friends knew that he was sometimes under the necessity of "keeping his countenance" even in writing grave histories, though his humour is not altogether repressible,—as, after describing the slaughter of the Frisians by Charles Martel, A.D. 750, he remarks, "The Christian dispensation, thus enforced, was now accepted by these Northern pagans." Such subtle sentences are not infrequent, but Motley could hardly conjure up the artfulness to repress his indignation at certain evil-doers, whose sleep of centuries could not prevent their "materializing," as the spiritists say, in his quick imagination. He was a happy man when with intimate friends, and easily recovered his youth. Mr. W. W. Story, the American artist in Rome, an early friend of Motley, giving me an account of the sojourn

of Motley and Hawthorne there for more than seven months (1858-9), said that they all three "became boys again" in their long walks and excursions in the country, and were merry as if on a holiday.[1]

In the spring of 1860, when the Motleys were in London, Hawthorne was for a time their guest. The wide differences of political sentiment between the two men were entirely excluded, and their friendship, though begun so late in life, was probably more intimate than any which Hawthorne ever enjoyed. When "The Marble Faun," otherwise "Transformation," had been undergoing some criticisms rather depressing to the author, Motley wrote him a letter to which he replied with much feeling.

"My dear Motley," he said, "you are certainly that Gentle Reader for whom all my books were exclusively written. Nobody else (my wife excepted, who speaks so near that I cannot tell her voice from my own) has ever said exactly what I loved to hear."

Lady Vernon Harcourt tells me that though it is doubtful whether her father and Hawthorne ever met before their winter in Rome, their wives had early associations with each other, Mrs. Motley having been a favourite pupil of Mrs. Hawthorne's sister, Elizabeth Peabody,—the eminent philanthropist and authoress,—in Salem, Massachusetts. Motley had always much appreciation of Hawthorne's genius; so early as 1849 he wrote in the preface to "Merry-Mount":

[1] One who was very near to him writes me: "He had a keen sense of humour and strong imaginative faculty, and was easily stimulated into brilliant talk and moved to laughter by congenial society. His natural temperament, however, had a good deal of the New England melancholy, and his want of self-appreciation made him under-estimate his own efforts and his own value."

"I am aware that in one of the volumes of Mr. Hawthorne's 'Tales' is a story called the 'Maypole of Merry-Mount.' Although familiar with most of those masterpieces of exquisite delineation and subtle fancy, I was so fortunate as never to have read that particular story before writing these volumes, and I took care not to read it afterwards, feeling sure, if I did so, that my own pictures would be still more unsatisfactory to me."

In 1860 Motley was elected, in the place of Prescott, corresponding member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the announcement being made to him by Guizot, who had nominated him.

"Le succès," wrote Guizot, "de votre premier ouvrage *ne vous permet pas de le laisser incomplet, et je serai* charmé d'apprendre que vous vous occupez de le compléter." (Fifteen years later Motley was made a full member of the Institute of France.)

In 1860 Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and about the same time his own University (Harvard) made him in his absence a Doctor of Laws. This degree he also received from the University of Leyden, founded by William the Silent.

The winter (1859-60) had been passed by the family at Walton-on-Thames (Oatlands Hotel, where they made the acquaintance of Ruskin), and in the spring a house was taken in Mayfair (31, Hertford Street). The chief incidents of this spring were a fine speech about "Literature" at the Royal Academy banquet, and the experiences of a Commemoration at Oxford. To his mother he confides his regret that at Oxford another arrangement prevented him from accepting

an invitation to lunch at All Souls', founded by their ancestor, Archbishop Chicheley.

"Until very recently anyone proving kindred with the old archbishop might have claimed free instruction at his college, so that I might have been educated at All Souls' at small expense."

At Oxford, he, his wife, and eldest daughter (now Lady Vernon Harcourt), were guests of Rev. Arthur Stanley (afterwards Dean of Westminster) and his sister.

About this time Motley completed Volume I., as he supposed, of his "History of the United Netherlands from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort." To his amazement Murray informed him that it would make two large volumes. He roamed about England a good deal in the summer, enjoying visits at Studley Royal and Taymouth Castle, though pursued by the printer's devil. In November, two years after it was begun, the first two volumes of the history appeared, 3,000 copies having been subscribed for by the trade. But they were destined to wait long for the other two volumes—even seven years!

To write the life of Motley from the period when his diplomatic career began would be to write momentous chapters of American history. In a sketch like the present the remaining events can be but briefly mentioned.

On the breaking out of the Civil War in the United States, after the inauguration of President Lincoln in 1861, Motley wrote a very able statement of the situation, and vindication of the Unionist position, to the London "Times," which soon after appeared in a

pamphlet. Early in June he sailed for America (leaving his family in London). After a few days' visit to his parents in Boston he went to Washington. His letter to the London "Times" had been generally reprinted in the American papers, and had made a strong impression on President Lincoln and on the Secretary of State (Seward). In August Motley was appointed Minister in Austria, and was settled at Vienna early in the following November. Although commissioned to Austria, Motley was in some sense a Minister to other parts of Europe. He kept up a careful correspondence with John Bright, J. S. Mill, and other leading men in England, and was in communication with Bismarck. (He had at various times been Bismarck's guest, and the long friendship between these two men is worthy of more attention than can here be given to it.) At Vienna Motley had some delicate diplomatic work to do during the time of the Maximilian expedition to Mexico, which Austria might have assisted but for his representations. His hands were thus too full for much time to be given to historical work: nevertheless the third volume of "United Netherlands" was finished and the fourth begun in 1864. In 1867 he resigned his position in Austria and came to England, where his history was speedily carried through the press.

In April, 1869, Motley (then in America) was made Minister to England. This was a gift of the administration to the American literary world, whose chief State was Massachusetts, and it was welcomed as a presentation to the universal republic of letters. The present writer well remembers the joy with which the announcement was received by Americans in London, and our feeling of pride in the homage with which

the people of England received him. In November, 1870, he was recalled, and every American abroad had to hang his head with shame. A miserable quarrel at Washington broke out between the President and Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, who defeated his effort to annex San Domingo. The senator was removed by Presidential influence from the Chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and his friend Motley, whom he had urged for the English Legation, was humiliated. It appears to me the most charitable theory to attribute the President's action to a moment of anger at the defeat by Sumner of his pet treaty, than to accept the alleged grounds of Motley's removal; for these are petty, and reveal strange ignorance in high quarters even of the civilities usual between gentlemen, to say nothing of justice. I knew Motley during all of that time, and had good opportunities of forming my opinion that no Minister was ever more devoted to the service of his country; that none ever more raised that country's fame by his reputation and his personality; and it is still to me a terrible thing to reflect that such a man could be subject to humiliation by hard officials and scheming politicians. A hundred such mistakes as those ingeniously—and falsely, as Holmes proves—scraped up against the Minister could not have justified a blow so unprecedented and so murderous. For murderous it was, and to it is due our loss of a history of the Thirty Years' War, which was to be the crowning work of the historian's life.

On the 18th of January, 1871, Motley's second daughter was married to Mr. Algernon Sheridan. Soon afterwards the family visited the Hague, where the

historian had determined to resume work. The Queen had placed a pleasant house at their disposal.

"I shall try once more," he writes to Dr. Holmes, "to get up historical steam. I fear I am too old for it, however. It is no joke to map out work for half-a-dozen years or more at our age. Still, life is work or it is nothing. And it matters but little whether a particular job gets itself done or not before the workman is discharged."

In selecting the life of John Barneveld he seems to have felt that he could hardly achieve the larger work promised in his "History of the United Netherlands." The end was, perhaps, half-consciously felt by himself in its approach before it could be apprehended by his family.

From "Kleine Loo," the villa assigned them by the Queen of Holland, the following letter, hitherto unpublished, was written February 24th, 1871, to his newly-married daughter, Mrs. Sheridan, at Frampton Court, Dorsetshire:

"MY DEAREST MARY,—I really haven't had time to answer your letter of the 9th until now. We are not overwhelmed with business, but the time is so cut up with a number of little details incident to squashing ourselves down in a new place that I have not yet begun to do anything. I hoped to be over head and ears in the archives before now, but I haven't put my nose into them, nor even into the Library yet. People here are exceedingly friendly, but this year there has been absolutely nothing in the way of society at Court, or anywhere else. The war is assigned as the cause of the prevailing dulness. The tranquillity is very grateful to our feelings.

"The Queen has been most charming and sweet to us. We see her almost every two or three days. She comes to

see us very often, and we take tea—with oysters and little mugs of punch afterwards—as much as twice a week with her. Tuesday she gave us a very pleasant dinner, to which she invited some nice people of the place to meet us. Afterwards our old acquaintances the Langenaus (he is, you remember, the Austrian Minister here, and Doyen), had a party for us, where were assembled most of the 'dips.' and swells of the place and period. They have also invited us to dinner. Last week we dined with the Bylandts, who are extremely agreeable. He is a very old friend, as you know; but Countess B. we didn't know before. Your mother and all of us like her very much.

"I had audience with the King on Tuesday.

"The Prince of Orange we like very much. He came to see us the other day to return my call, but we were unfortunately out. We like the people whom we have met, and the tone of society is sensible, well-bred, and simple, with a good deal of cultivation and refinement.

"The weather here of late is tolerable, and this villa is very pretty. You have no idea how much pains the Queen has taken in furnishing it, and putting it in exquisite order. She was here the day before we arrived to see that it was all right, and came next day to welcome us.

"I have tried to amuse you as well as I could, my darling, with our little gossip. I hope to be at work soon. Give our love to Algy and the Sheridans."

This biographical sketch may fitly include a narrative written by Lady Vernon Harcourt to her friend, Dr. Holmes.

"The harassing work and mental distress of this time (after the recall from England) acting on an acutely nervous organization, began the process of undermining his constitution, of which we were so soon to see the results. It was not the least courageous act of his life that smarting under a

back to me from time to time like visitations from another and a higher sphere." To Holmes went Motley's tenderest words: "How often I look back to your eagerly looked for visits to Nahant. I hardly thought it possible for me to add to my past anything of sadness and regret, but I do constantly remember those long conversations by the shore of the infinite sea, to whose mournful, and sometimes inspiring and gladdening, voice we are always listening."

On his return from America Motley's health appeared to improve, and he cheered his anxious children with what hopes he could, as will be seen by the following letter to his second daughter, Mrs. Sheridan, which has not hitherto been printed:

"Valley of Rocks, [N. Devon] 17th July [1876].

"MY DEAREST MARY,—As I wrote a letter to May yesterday, I have naturally not very much to recount of our adventures. We are both disappointed that you do not seem to be getting up much faster. However, Susie's letter, received this morning, gives a more encouraging account, so that I hope by the time we get to Frampton to find you flourishing and robust.

"I like this very pretty and secluded spot very much. My bedchamber looks over a peaceful little graveyard, with the unceasing murmur of the waves on the shingle at the foot of the precipice sounding like eternity. The sea view is very pretty, bold, and striking, and the drives about are through a lovely country. As you have been here yourself you are fortunately saved from my inflicting descriptions of the beautiful lanes, stuffed full of ferns and sweetbriar, honeysuckles and foxgloves, and shaded by magnificent larches and oaks, with splendid peeps at intervals through the branches over coves and precipices—and so on and so on. All this you

are spared. The scenery is certainly very attractive, although not quite up to the rabid descriptions in the local guide-books. The weather is deliciously hot, and I have begun to breathe at last, having got what I have been pining for like a salamander.

"I am perfectly well, so please tell Susie not to worry. Thank her for her letters to me and to Lily. We go this afternoon by steamer to Ilfracombe (an hour's voyage), where we shall stop two or three days probably. Our plans are rather vague, but I suppose we shall be at Frampton Saturday—possibly a day or two earlier or later. If the hotel at Ilfracombe is comfortable, we can amuse ourselves by staring at the sea, and driving about among the tors and lynns, whatever these things may be.

"Meantime, my dear child, I hope you will make haste to get well; and with love to all, great and small, I am

"Ever your most loving

"PAPA."

In the latter part of August, in this year, a visit was made to the Queen of Holland in her summer palace, the "Huis ten Bosch" (House in the Wood), near the Hague. This was, indeed, in some sense a pious pilgrimage to the dearest European friend of his wife and himself—the Queen (whose life ended very soon after his own). "She is much changed," he writes to Holmes. "More than and most of all I am attached to her because of her undying and unabated affection for my beloved Mary." Mary never leaves him. "In this forest I used to walk with her almost daily during our residence. You may judge whether or not she is actually visible to me at every turn in every path."

The residence of the Motleys in London had for some time been 5 Seamore Place, but after the mar-

riage of the eldest daughter (now Lady Vernon Harcourt) in December, 1876, that establishment was given up, and a temporary abode found at 11 Clarges Street. But Motley's daughters and his friends would not permit him to remain long away from their homes. Although his trouble affected his right arm and his vision, so that he could not write, his intellect remained clear, his spirit bright, or even playful with the little granddaughter (now Mrs. Duff) who bore the name of his wife. So serene were those last weeks that it was difficult for those around him to realize that he was really a dying man.

The end came May 29th, 1877, at Frampton Court, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Sheridan. He was born at Dorchester, in New England; he died near Dorchester, in old England. On June 4th he was reverently borne to rest beside his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery. His last weeks are described at the close of Lady Vernon Harcourt's letter to Dr. Holmes, already cited.

"Henceforward, with the mind still there, but with the machinery necessary to set it in motion disturbed and shattered, he could but try to create small occupations with which to fill the hours of a life which was only valued for his children's sake. Kind and loving friends in England and America soothed the passage, and our gratitude for so many gracious acts is deep and true. His love for children, always a strong feeling, was gratified by the constant presence of my sister's babies, the eldest a little girl who bore my mother's name, and had been her idol, being the companion of many hours, and his best comforter. At the end the blow came swiftly and suddenly, as he would have wished it. It was a terrible shock to us, who had

vainly hoped to keep him a few years longer, but at least he was spared what he had dreaded with a great dread, a gradual failure of mental or bodily power. The mind was never clouded, the affections never weakened, and after a few hours of unconscious physical struggle he lay at rest, his face beautiful and calm, without a trace of suffering or illness. Once or twice he said, 'It has come, it has come,' and there were a few broken words before consciousness fled, but there was little time for messages or leave-taking. By a strange coincidence his life ended near the town of Dorchester, in the mother country, as if the last hour brought with it a reminiscence of his birth-place, and of his own dearly-loved mother. By his own wish only the dates of his birth and death appear upon his gravestone, with the text chosen by himself, 'In God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.'"

PREFACE.

THE rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the sixteenth and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power which, among civilized states, ought always to be identical with the scales of divine justice. The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty. It is a consolation to watch afterwards the gradual but triumphant resurrection of its spirit. From the hand-breadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty state, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of Charles.

So much is each individual state but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zeland in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America, are all links of one chain.

To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at

an earlier day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium which must always become more and more important as the various states of the civilized world are pressed more closely together, and as the struggle for pre-eminence becomes more feverish. Courage and skill in political and military combinations enabled William the Silent to overcome the most powerful and unscrupulous monarch of his age. The same hereditary audacity and fertility of genius placed the destiny of Europe in the hands of William's great-grandson, and enabled him to mould into an impregnable barrier the various elements of opposition to the overshadowing monarchy of Louis XIV. As the schemes of the Inquisition and the unparalleled tyranny of Philip, in one century, led to the establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces, so, in the next, the revocation of the Nantes Edict and the invasion of Holland were avenged by the elevation of the Dutch stadholder upon the throne of the stipendiary Stuarts.

To all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race—essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England, or Massachusetts.

A great naval and commercial commonwealth, occupying a small portion of Europe, but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the world with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, America, Africa, Australia—exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West Indies, New York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, New Holland—must always be looked upon with interest by Englishmen, as in a great measure the precursor in their own scheme of empire. For America the spectacle is one of still deeper import. The Dutch Republic originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution—in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism. "To maintain," not to overthrow, was the device of the Washington of the sixteenth century, as it was the aim of our own hero and his great contemporaries.

The great Western Republic, therefore—in whose Anglo-Saxon veins flows much of that ancient and kindred blood received from the nation once ruling a noble portion of its territory, and tracking its own political existence to the same parent spring of temperate human liberty—must look with affectionate interest upon the trials of the elder commonwealth. These volumes recite the achievement of Dutch independence, for its recognition was delayed till the acknowledgment was superfluous and ridiculous. The existence of the Republic is properly to be dated from the Union of Utrecht in 1581, while the final separation of territory into independent and obedient provinces, into the Commonwealth of the United States and the Belgian provinces of Spain, was in reality effected by William the Silent, with whose death three years subsequently, the heroic period of the history may be said to terminate. At this point these volumes close. Another series, with less attention to minute details, and carrying the story through a longer range of years, will paint the progress of the Republic in its palmy days, and narrate the establishment of its external system of dependencies and its interior combinations for self-government and European counterpoise. The lessons of history and the fate of free states can never be sufficiently pondered by those upon whom so large and heavy a responsibility for the maintenance of rational human freedom rests.

I have only to add that this work is the result of conscientious research, and of an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. I have faithfully studied all the important contemporary chroniclers and later historians—Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, or German. Catholic and Protestant, Monarchist and Republican, have been consulted with the same sincerity. The works of Bor (whose enormous but indispensable folios form a complete magazine of contemporary state-papers, letters, and pamphlets, blended together in mass, and connected by a chain of artless but earnest narrative), of Meteren, De Thou, Burgundius, Heuterus, Tassis, Viglius, Hoofd, Haraeus, Van der Haer, Grotius—of Van der Vynckt, Wagenaer, Van Wyn, De Jonghe, Kluit, Van Kampen, Dewez, Kappelle, Bakhuyzen, Groen van Prinsterer—of Ranke and Raumer, have been as familiar to me as those of Mendoza, Carnero, Cabrera, Herrera,

Ulloa, Bentivoglio, Perez, Strada. The manuscript relations of those Argus-eyed Venetian envoys who surprised so many courts and cabinets in their most unguarded moments, and daguerreotyped their character and policy for the instruction of the crafty Republic, and whose reports remain such an inestimable source for the secret history of the sixteenth century, have been carefully examined—especially the narratives of the caustic and accomplished Badovaro, of Suriano, and Michele. It is unnecessary to add that all the publications of M. Gachard—particularly the invaluable correspondence of Philip II. and of William the Silent, as well as the "Archives et Correspondance" of the Orange Nassau family, edited by the learned and distinguished Groen van Prinsterer, have been my constant guides through the labyrinth of Spanish and Netherland politics. The large and most interesting series of pamphlets known as "The Duncan Collection," in the Royal Library at the Hague, has also afforded a great variety of details by which I have endeavoured to give colour and interest to the narrative. Besides these, and many other printed works, I have also had the advantage of perusing many manuscript histories, among which may be particularly mentioned the works of Pontus Payen, of Renom de France, and of Pasquier de la Barre; while the vast collection of unpublished documents in the Royal Archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, has furnished me with much new matter of great importance. I venture to hope that many years of labour, a portion of them in the archives of those countries whose history forms the object of my study, will not have been entirely in vain; and that the lovers of human progress, the believers in the capacity of nations for self-government and self-improvement, and the admirers of disinterested human genius and virtue, may find encouragement for their views in the detailed history of an heroic people in its most eventful period, and in the life and death of the great man whose name and fame are identical with those of his country.

No apology is offered for this somewhat personal statement. When an unknown writer asks the attention of the public upon an important theme, he is not only authorized but required, to show that by industry and earnestness he

has entitled himself to a hearing. The author too keenly feels that he has no further claims than these, and he therefore most diffidently asks for his work the indulgence of his readers.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Dr. Klemm, Hofrath and Chief Librarian at Dresden, and to Mr. Von Weber, Ministerial-rath and Head of the Royal Archives of Saxony, for the courtesy and kindness extended to me so uniformly during the course of my researches in that city. I would also speak a word of sincere thanks to Mr. Campbell, Assistant-Librarian at the Hague, for his numerous acts of friendship during the absence of his chief, M. Holtrop. To that most distinguished critic and historian, M. Bakhuyzen van den Brinck, Chief Archivist of the Netherlands, I am under deep obligations for advice, instruction, and constant kindness, during my residence at the Hague; and I would also signify my sense of the courtesy of Mr. Charter-Master de Schwane, and of the accuracy with which copies of MSS. in the archives were prepared for me by his care. Finally, I would allude in the strongest language of gratitude and respect to M. Gachard, Archivist-General of Belgium, for his unwearied courtesy and manifold acts of kindness to me during my studies in the Royal Archives of Brussels.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE north-western corner of the vast plain which extends from the German Ocean to the Ural Mountains, is occupied by the countries called the Netherlands. This small triangle, enclosed between France, Germany, and the sea, is divided by the modern kingdoms of Belgium and Holland into two nearly equal portions. Our earliest information concerning this territory is derived from the Romans. The wars waged by that nation with the northern barbarians have rescued the damp island of Batavia, with its neighbouring morasses, from the obscurity in which they might have remained for ages, before anything concerning land or people would have been made known by the native inhabitants. Julius Cæsar has saved from oblivion the heroic savages who fought against his legions in defence of their dismal homes with ferocious but unfortunate patriotism; and the great poet of England, learning from the conqueror's Commentaries the name of the boldest tribe, has kept the Nervii, after almost twenty centuries, still fresh and familiar in our ears.

Tacitus, too, has described with singular minuteness the struggle between the people of these regions and the power of Rome, overwhelming, although tottering to its fall; and has, moreover, devoted several chapters of his work upon Germany to a description of the most remarkable Teutonic tribes of the Netherlands.

Geographically and ethnographically, the Low Countries belong both to Gaul and to Germany. It is even doubtful to which of the two the Batavian island, which is the core of the whole country, was reckoned by the Romans. It is, however, most probable that all the land, with the exception of Friesland, was considered a part of Gaul.

Three great rivers—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld—had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by Nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes Wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves toward the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the archipelago of Zeland and South Holland. These islands were unknown to the Romans.

Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent

overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant Ocean and his mighty streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the furthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man.

The whole territory of the Netherlands was girt with forests. An extensive belt of woodland skirted the sea-coast, reaching beyond the mouths of the Rhine. Along the outer edge of this barrier, the dunes cast up by the sea were prevented by the close tangle of thickets from drifting further inward, and thus formed a breastwork which time and art were to strengthen. The groves of Haarlem and the Hague are relics of this ancient forest. The Badahuenna Wood, horrid with Druidic sacrifices, extended along the eastern line of the vanished lake of Flevo. The vast Hercynian forest, nine days' journey in breadth, closed in the country on the German side, stretching from the banks of the Rhine to the remote regions of the Dacians, in such vague immensity (says the conqueror of the whole country) that no German, after travelling sixty days, had ever reached, or even heard of, its commencement. On the south, the famous groves of Ardennes, haunted by faun and satyr, embowered the country, and separated it from Celtic Gaul.

Thus inundated by mighty rivers, quaking beneath the level of the ocean, belted about by hirsute forests, this low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland, seemed hardly deserving the arms of the all-accomplished Roman. Yet foreign tyranny, from the earliest ages, has coveted this meagre territory as lustfully as it has sought to wrest from their native possessors those lands with the fatal gift of

beauty for their dower; inspired as noble a resis aroused in Grecian or Ita

It can never be satis aboriginal inhabitants. Cæsar's epoch, and he f Rhine mainly tenanted large division of the Ind overspread many portic the British Islands, Frar in Belgic Gaul, and cc Checked in its westw current began to flow that the Gallic portion derived from the ori from the later and ref The modern appellati affinity of their ancesto family. The Belgæ w to most of their blo Cæsar's testimony, the be in part attributed tribes, who, at this p across the Rhine, mi material, and lent an The heart of the co race, but the frontie Teutonic tribes.

When the Cimbri before our era, mad Rome, the early inha who were probably recent and tremend miserable homes, and thus rendered them s abodes. The island about the same perio —a powerful Germ

resulted in the expatriation of a portion of the people. The exiles sought a new home in the empty Rhine island, called it "*Bet-auw*," or "good-meadow," and were themselves called, thenceforward, Batavi, or Batavians.

These Batavians, according to Tacitus, were the bravest of all the Germans. The Chatti, of whom they formed a portion, were a pre-eminently warlike race. "Others go to battle," says the historian, "these go to war." Their bodies were more hardy, their minds more vigorous, than those of other tribes. Their young men cut neither hair nor beard till they had slain an enemy. On the field of battle, in the midst of carnage and plunder, they, for the first time, bared their faces. The cowardly and sluggish, only, remained unshorn. They wore an iron ring, too, or shackle upon their necks until they had performed the same achievement, a symbol which they then threw away as the emblem of sloth. The Batavians were ever spoken of by the Romans with entire respect. They conquered the Belgians, they forced the free Frisians to pay tribute, but they called the Batavians their friends. The tax-gatherer never invaded their island. Honourable alliance united them with the Romans. It was, however, the alliance of the giant and the dwarf. The Roman gained glory and empire, the Batavian gained nothing but the hardest blows. The Batavian cavalry became famous throughout the Republic and the Empire. They were the favourite troops of Cæsar, and with reason, for it was their valour which turned the tide of battle at Pharsalia. From the death of Julius down to the times of Vespasian, the Batavian legion was the Imperial bodyguard, the Batavian island the basis of operations in the Roman wars with Gaul, Germany, and Britain.

Beyond the Batavians, upon the north, dwelt the great Frisian family, occupying the regions between the Rhine and Ems. The Zuyder Zee and the Dollart, both caused by the terrific inundations of the thirteenth century, and not existing at this period, did not then interpose boundaries between kindred tribes. All formed a homogeneous nation of pure German origin.

Thus, the population of the country was partly Celtic, partly German. Of these two elements, dissimilar in their tendencies and always difficult to blend, the Netherland

people has ever been compounded. A certain fatality of history has perpetually helped to separate still more widely these constituents, instead of detecting and stimulating the elective affinities which existed. Religion, too, upon all great historical occasions, has acted as the most powerful of dissolvents. Otherwise, had so many valuable and contrasted characteristics been early fused into a whole, it would be difficult to show a race more richly endowed by Nature for dominion and progress than the Belgo-Germanic people.

Physically the two races resembled each other. Both were of vast stature. The gigantic Gaul derided the Roman soldiers as a band of pigmies. The German excited astonishment by his huge body and muscular limbs. Both were fair, with fierce blue eyes, but the Celt had yellow hair floating over his shoulders, and the German long locks of fiery red, which he even dyed with woad to heighten the favourite colour, and wore twisted into a war-knot upon the top of his head. Here the German's love of finery ceased. A simple tunic fastened at his throat with a thorn, while his other garments defined and gave full play to his limbs, completed his costume. The Gaul, on the contrary, was so fond of dress that the Romans divided his race respectively into long-haired, breeched, and gowned Gaul (Gallia comata, braccata, togata). He was fond of brilliant and parti-coloured clothes, a taste which survives in the Highlander's costume. He covered his neck and arms with golden chains. The simple and ferocious German wore no decoration save his iron ring, from which his first homicide relieved him. The Gaul was irascible, furious in his wrath, but less formidable in a sustained conflict with a powerful foe. "All the Gauls are of very high stature," says a soldier who fought under Julian (Amm. Marcel. xv. 12, 1). "They are white, golden-haired, terrible in the fierceness of their eyes, greedy of quarrels, bragging, and insolent. A band of strangers could not resist one of them in a brawl, assisted by his strong blue-eyed wife, especially when she begins, gnashing her teeth, her neck swollen, brandishing her vast and snowy arms, and kicking with her heels at the same time, to deliver her fisticuffs, like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult. The voices of many are threatening and formidable. They

are quick to anger, but quickly appeased. All are clean in their persons: not among them is ever seen any man or woman, as elsewhere, squalid in ragged garments. At all ages they are apt for military service. The old man goes forth to the fight with equal strength of breast, with limbs as hardened by cold and assiduous labour, and as contemptuous of all dangers, as the young. Not one of them, as in Italy is often the case, was ever known to cut off his thumbs to avoid the service of Mars."

The polity of each race differed widely from that of the other. The government of both may be said to have been republican, but the Gallic tribes were aristocracies, in which the influence of clanship was a predominant feature; while the German system, although nominally regal, was in reality democratic. In Gaul were two orders, the nobility and the priesthood, while the people, says Cæsar, were all slaves. The knights or nobles were all trained to arms. Each went forth to battle, followed by his dependents, while a chief of all the clans was appointed to take command during the war. The prince or chief governor was elected annually, but only by the nobles. The people had no rights at all, and were glad to assign themselves as slaves to any noble who was strong enough to protect them. In peace the Druids exercised the main functions of government. They decided all controversies, civil and criminal. To rebel against their decrees was punished by exclusion from the sacrifices—a most terrible excommunication, through which the criminal was cut off from all intercourse with his fellow creatures.

With the Germans the sovereignty resided in the great assembly of the people. There were slaves, indeed, but in small number, consisting either of prisoners of war or of those unfortunates who had forfeited their liberty in games of chance. Their chieftains, although called by the Romans princes and kings, were, in reality, generals chosen by universal suffrage. Elected in the great assembly to preside in war, they were raised on the shoulders of martial freemen, amid wild battle cries and the clash of spear and shield. The army consisted entirely of volunteers, and the soldier was for life infamous who deserted the field while his chief remained alive. The same great assembly elected the

village magistrates, and decided upon all important matters, both of peace and war. At the full of the moon it was usually convoked. The nobles and the popular delegates arrived at irregular intervals, for it was an inconvenience arising from their liberty, that two or three days were often lost in waiting for the delinquents. All state affairs were in the hands of this fierce democracy. The elected chieftains had rather authority to persuade than power to command.

The Gauls were an agricultural people. They were not without many arts of life. They had extensive flocks and herds, and they even exported salted provisions as far as Rome. The truculent German, Ger-mann, Heer-mann, War-man, considered carnage the only useful occupation, and despised agriculture as enervating and ignoble. It was base, in his opinion, to gain by sweat what was more easily acquired by blood. The land was divided annually by the magistrates, certain farms being assigned to certain families, who were forced to leave them at the expiration of the year. They cultivated as a common property the lands allotted by the magistrates, but it was easier to summon them to the battle-field than to the plough. Thus they were more fitted for the roaming and conquering life which Providence was to assign to them for ages, than if they had become more prone to root themselves in the soil. The Gauls built towns and villages. The German built his solitary hut when inclination prompted. Close neighbourhood was not to his taste.

In their system of religion the two races were most widely contrasted. The Gauls were a priest-ridden race. The Druids were a dominant caste, presiding even over civil affairs, while in religious matters their authority was despotic. What were the principles of their wild theology will never be thoroughly ascertained, but we know too much of their sanguinary rites. The imagination shudders to penetrate those shaggy forests, ringing with the death-shrieks of ten thousand human victims, and with the hideous hymns chanted by smoke-and-blood-stained priests to the savage gods whom they served.

The German, in his simplicity, had raised himself to purer belief than that of the sensuous Roman or the superstitious Gaul. He believed in a single, supreme, almighty

God, All-Vater or All Father. This Divinity was too sublime to be incarnated or imaged, too infinite to be enclosed in temples built with hands. Such is the Roman's testimony to the lofty conception of the German. Certain forests were consecrated to the unseen God whom the eye of reverent faith could alone behold. Thither, at stated times, the people repaired to worship. They entered the sacred grove with feet bound together, in token of submission. Those who fell were forbidden to rise, but dragged themselves backwards on the ground. Their rites were few and simple. They had no caste of priests, nor were they, when first known to the Romans, accustomed to offer sacrifice. It must be confessed that in a later age a single victim, a criminal or a prisoner, was occasionally immolated. The purity of their religion was soon stained by their Celtic neighbourhood. In the course of the Roman dominion it became contaminated, and at last profoundly depraved. The fantastic intermixture of Roman mythology with the gloomy but modified superstition of Romanized Celts was not favourable to the simple character of German theology. The entire extirpation, thus brought about, of any conceivable system of religion, prepared the way for a true revelation. Within that little river territory, amid those obscure morasses of the Rhine and Scheld, three great forms of religion—the sanguinary superstition of the Druid, the sensuous polytheism of the Roman, the elevated but dimly groping creed of the German—stood for centuries, face to face, until, having mutually debased and destroyed each other, they all faded away in the pure light of Christianity.

Thus contrasted were Gaul and German in religious and political systems. The difference was no less remarkable in their social characteristics. The Gaul was singularly unchaste. The marriage state was almost unknown. Many tribes lived in most revolting and incestuous concubinage; brethren, parents, and children having wives in common. The German was loyal as the Celt was dissolute. Alone among barbarians, he contented himself with a single wife, save that a few dignitaries, from motives of policy, were permitted a larger number. On the marriage day the German offered presents to his bride—not the bracelets and

golden necklaces with which the Gaul adorned his fair-haired concubine, but oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear—symbols that thenceforward she was to share his labours and to become a portion of himself.

They differed, too, in the honours paid to the dead. The funerals of the Gauls were pompous. Both burned the corpse, but the Celt cast into the flames the favourite animals, and even the most cherished slaves and dependents of the master. Vast monuments of stone or piles of earth were raised above the ashes of the dead. Scattered relics of the Celtic age are yet visible throughout Europe, in these huge but unsightly memorials.

The German was not ambitious at the grave. He threw neither garments nor odours upon the funeral pyre, but the arms and the war-horse of the departed were burned and buried with him. The turf was his only sepulchre, the memory of his valour his only monument. Even tears were forbidden to the men. "It was esteemed honourable," says the historian, "for women to lament, for men to remember."

The parallel need be pursued no further. Thus much it was necessary to recall to the historical student concerning the prominent characteristics by which the two great races of the land were distinguished: characteristics which Time has rather hardened than effaced. In the contrast and the separation lies the key to much of their history. Had Providence permitted a fusion of the two races, it is possible, from their position, and from the geographical and historical link which they would have afforded to the dominant tribes of Europe. that a world-empire might have been the result, different in many respects from any which has ever arisen. Speculations upon what might have been are idle. It is well. however, to ponder the many misfortunes resulting from a mutual repulsion, which, under other circumstances and in other spheres, has been exchanged for mutual attraction and support.

It is now necessary to sketch rapidly the political transformations undergone by the country, from the early period down to the middle of the sixteenth century; the epoch when the long conflict commenced, out of which the Batavian republic was born.

after the battle, that there were but three of their senators left alive. So perished the Nervii. Cæsar commanded his legions to treat with respect the little remnant of the tribe which had just fallen to swell the empty echo of his glory, and then, with hardly a breathing pause, he proceeded to annihilate the Aduatici, the Menapii, and the Morini.

Gaul being thus pacified, as, with sublime irony, he expresses himself concerning a country some of whose tribes had been annihilated, some sold as slaves, and others hunted to their lairs like beasts of prey, the conqueror departed for Italy. Legations for peace from many German races to Rome were the consequence of these great achievements. Among others the Batavians formed an alliance with the masters of the world. Their position was always an honourable one. They were justly proud of paying no tribute, but it was, perhaps, because they had nothing to pay. They had few cattle, they could give no hides and horns like the Frisians, and they were therefore allowed to furnish only their blood. From this time forth their cavalry, which was the best of Germany, became renowned in the Roman army upon every battle-field of Europe.

It is melancholy, at a later moment, to find the brave Batavians distinguished in the memorable expedition of Germanicus to crush the liberties of their German kindred. They are for ever associated with the sublime but misty image of the great Hermann, the hero, educated in Rome, and aware of the colossal power of the empire, who yet, by his genius, valour, and political adroitness, preserved for Germany her nationality, her purer religion, and perhaps even that noble language which her late-flowering literature has rendered so illustrious—but they are associated as enemies, not as friends.

Galba, succeeding to the purple upon the suicide of Nero, dismissed the Batavian life-guards to whom he owed his elevation. He is murdered. Otho and Vitellius contend for the succession, while all eyes are turned upon the eight Batavian regiments. In their hands the scales of empire seem to rest. They declare for Vitellius, and the civil war begins. Otho is defeated; Vitellius acknowledged by Senate and people. Fearing, like his predecessors, the imperious turbulence of the Batavian legions, he, too, sends

them into Germany. It was the signal for a long and extensive revolt, which had well-nigh overturned the Roman power in Gaul and Lower Germany.

IV.

Claudius Civilis was a Batavian of noble race, who had served twenty-five years in the Roman armies. His Teutonic name has perished, for, like most savages who become denizens of a civilized state, he had assumed an appellation in the tongue of his superiors. He was a soldier of fortune, and had fought wherever the Roman eagles flew. After a quarter of a century's service he was sent in chains to Rome, and his brother executed, both falsely charged with conspiracy. Such were the triumphs adjudged to Batavian auxiliaries. He escaped with life, and was disposed to consecrate what remained of it to a nobler cause. Civilis was no barbarian. Like the German hero Arminius, he had received a Roman education, and had learned the degraded condition of Rome. He knew the infamous vices of her rulers; he retained an unconquerable love for liberty and for his own race. Desire to avenge his own wrongs was mingled with loftier motives in his breast. He knew that the sceptre was in the gift of the Batavian soldiery. Galba had been murdered, Otho had destroyed himself, and Vitellius, whose weekly gluttony cost the empire more gold than would have fed the whole Batavian population and converted their whole island-morass into fertile pastures, was contending for the purple with Vespasian, once an obscure adventurer like Civilis himself, and even his friend and companion in arms. It seemed a time to strike a blow for freedom.

By his courage, eloquence, and talent for political combinations, Civilis effected a general confederation of all the Netherland tribes, both Celtic and German. For a brief moment there was a united people, a Batavian commonwealth. He found another source of strength in German superstition. On the banks of the Lippe, near its confluence with the Rhine, dwelt the Virgin Velleda, a Bructerian weird woman, who exercised vast influence over the warriors of her nation. Dwelling alone in a lofty tower,

shrouded in a wild forest, she was revered as an oracle. Her answers to the demands of her worshippers concerning future events were delivered only to a chosen few. To Civilis, who had formed a close friendship with her, she promised success, and the downfall of the Roman world. Inspired by her prophecies, many tribes of Germany sent large subsidies to the Batavian chief.

The details of the revolt have been carefully preserved by Tacitus, and form one of his grandest and most elaborate pictures. The spectacle of a brave nation, inspired by the soul of one great man and rising against an overwhelming despotism, will always speak to the heart, from generation to generation. The battles, the sieges, the defeats, the indomitable spirit of Civilis, still flaming most brightly when the clouds were darkest around him, have been described by the great historian in his most powerful manner. The high-born Roman has thought the noble barbarian's portrait a subject worthy his genius.

The struggle was an unsuccessful one. After many victories and many overthrows, Civilis was left alone. The Gallic tribes fell off, and sued for peace. Vespasian, victorious over Vitellius, proved too powerful for his old comrade. Even the Batavians became weary of the hopeless contest, while fortune, after much capricious hovering, settled at last upon the Roman side. The imperial commander Cerialis seized the moment when the cause of the Batavian hero was most desperate to send emissaries among his tribe, and even to tamper with the mysterious woman whose prophecies had so inflamed his imagination. These intrigues had their effect. The fidelity of the people was sapped; the prophetess fell away from her worshipper, and foretold ruin to his cause. The Batavians murmured that their destruction was inevitable, that one nation could not arrest the slavery which was destined for the whole world: How large a part of the human race were the Batavians? What were they in a contest with the whole Roman empire? Moreover, they were not oppressed with tribute. They were only expected to furnish men and valour to their proud allies. It was the next thing to liberty. If they were to have rulers it was better to serve a Roman emperor than a German witch.

Thus murmured the people. Had Civilis been success-

ful, he would have been deified; but his misfortunes, at last, made him odious in spite of his heroism. But the Batavian was not a man to be crushed, nor had he lived so long in the Roman service to be outmatched in politics by the barbarous Germans. He was not to be sacrificed as a peace-offering to revengeful Rome. Watching from beyond the Rhine the progress of defection and the decay of national enthusiasm, he determined to be beforehand with those who were now his enemies. He accepted the offer of negotiation from Cerialis. The Roman general was eager to grant a full pardon, and to re-enlist so brave a soldier in the service of the empire.

A colloquy was agreed upon. The bridge across the Nabalia was broken asunder in the middle, and Cerialis and Civilis met upon the severed sides. The placid stream by which Roman enterprise had connected the waters of the Rhine with the lake of Flevo, flowed between the imperial commander and the rebel chieftain.

* * * * *

. . . Here the story abruptly terminates. The remainder of the Roman's narrative is lost, and upon that broken bridge the form of the Batavian hero disappears for ever. His name fades from history: not a syllable is known of his subsequent career; everything is buried in the profound oblivion which now steals over the scene where he was the most imposing actor.

The soul of Civilis had proved insufficient to animate a whole people; yet it was rather owing to position than to any personal inferiority, that his name did not become as illustrious as that of Hermann. The German patriot was neither braver nor wiser than the Batavian, but he had the infinite forests of his fatherland to protect him. Every legion which plunged into those unfathomable depths was forced to retreat disastrously, or to perish miserably. Civilis was hemmed in by the ocean; his country, long the basis of Roman military operations, was accessible by river and canal. The patriotic spirit which he had for a moment raised, had abandoned him; his allies had deserted him; he stood alone and at bay, encompassed by the hunters, with death or surrender as his only alternative. Under such circumstances Hermann could not have shown more courage

or conduct, nor have terminated the impossible struggle with greater dignity or adroitness.

The contest of Civilis with Rome contains a remarkable foreshadowing of the future conflict with Spain, through which the Batavian republic, fifteen centuries later, was to be founded. The characters, the events, the amphibious battles, desperate sieges, slippery alliances, the traits of generosity, audacity, and cruelty, the generous confidence, the broken faith, seem so closely to repeat themselves, that History appears to present the selfsame drama played over and over again, with but a change of actors and of costume. There is more than a fanciful resemblance between Civilis and William the Silent, two heroes of ancient German stock, who had learned the arts of war and peace in the service of a foreign and haughty world-empire. Determination, concentration of purpose, constancy in calamity, elasticity almost preternatural, self-denial, consummate craft in political combinations, personal fortitude, and passionate patriotism, were the heroic elements in both. The ambition of each was subordinate to the cause which he served. Both refused the crown, although each, perhaps, contemplated, in the sequel, a Batavian realm of which he would have been the inevitable chief. Both offered the throne to a Gallic prince, for Classicus was but the prototype of Anjou, as Brinno of Brederode, and neither was destined, in this world, to see his sacrifices crowned with success.

The characteristics of the two great races of the land portrayed themselves in the Roman and the Spanish struggle with much the same colours. The Southrons, inflammable, petulant, audacious, were the first to assault and to defy the imperial power in both revolts, while the inhabitants of the northern provinces, slower to be aroused, but of more enduring wrath, were less ardent at the commencement, but, alone, steadfast at the close of the contest. In both wars the southern Celts fell away from the league, their courageous but corrupt chieftains having been purchased with imperial gold to bring about the abject submission of their followers; while the German Netherlands, although eventually subjugated by Rome, after a desperate struggle, were successful in the great conflict with Spain, and trampled out of existence every vestige of her authority. The Batavian republic

took its rank among the leading powers of the earth; the Belgic provinces remained Roman, Spanish, Austrian property.

V.

Obscure but important movements in the regions of eternal twilight, revolutions, of which history has been silent, in the mysterious depths of Asia, outpourings of human rivers along the sides of the Altai Mountains, convulsions upheaving remote realms and unknown dynasties, shock after shock throbbing throughout the barbarian world, and dying upon the edge of civilization, vast throes which shake the earth as precursory pangs to the birth of a new empire—as dying symptoms of the proud but effete realm which called itself the world; scattered hordes of sanguinary, grotesque savages pushed from their own homes, and hovering with vague purposes upon the Roman frontier, constantly repelled and perpetually reappearing in ever-increasing swarms, guided thither by a fierce instinct, or by mysterious laws—such are the well-known phenomena which preceded the fall of western Rome. Stately, externally powerful, although undermined and putrescent at the core, the death-stricken empire still dashed back the assaults of its barbarous enemies.

During the long struggle intervening between the age of Vespasian and that of Odoacer, during all the preliminary ethnographical revolutions which preceded the great people's wandering, the Netherlands remained subject provinces. Their country was upon the high road which led the Goths to Rome. Those low and barren tracts were the outlying marches of the empire. Upon that desolate beach broke the first surf from the rising ocean of German freedom which was soon to overwhelm Rome. Yet, although the ancient landmarks were soon well-nigh obliterated, the Netherlands still remained faithful to the Empire, Batavian blood was still poured out for its defence.

By the middle of the fourth century, the Franks and Allemanians, alle-männer, all-men, a mass of united Germans, are defeated by the Emperor Julian at Strasburg, the Batavian cavalry, as upon many other great occasions, saving the day for despotism. This achievement, one of the

last in which the name appears upon historic record, was therefore as triumphant for the valour as it was humiliating to the true fame of the nation. Their individuality soon afterwards disappears, the race having been partly exhausted in the Roman service, partly merged in the Frank and Frisian tribes who occupy the domains of their forefathers.

For a century longer, Rome still retains its outward form, but the swarming nations are now in full career. The Netherlands are successively or simultaneously trampled by Franks, Vandals, Alani, Suevi, Saxons, Frisians, and even Sclavonians, as the great march of Germany to universal empire, which her prophets and bards had foretold, went majestically forward. The fountains of the frozen North were opened, the waters prevailed, but the ark of Christianity floated upon the flood. As the deluge assuaged, the earth had returned to chaos, the last pagan empire had been washed out of existence, but the faltering infancy of Christian Europe had begun.

After the wanderings had subsided, the Netherlands are found with much the same ethnological character. The Frank dominion has succeeded the Roman, the German stock preponderates over the Celtic, but the national ingredients, although in somewhat altered proportions, remain essentially as before. The old Belgæ, having become Romanized in tongue and customs, accept the new empire of the Franks. That people, however, pushed from its hold of the Rhine by thickly-thronging hordes of Gepidi, Quadi, Sarmati, Heruli, Saxons, Burgundians, moves towards the South and West. As the Empire falls before Odoacer, they occupy Celtic Gaul with the Belgian portion of the Netherlands, while the Frisians, into which ancient German tribe the old Batavian element has melted, not to be extinguished, but to renew its existence, the "free Frisians," whose name is synonymous with liberty, nearest blood relations of the Anglo-Saxon race, now occupy the northern portion, including the whole future European territory of the Dutch republic.

The history of the Franks becomes, therefore, the history of the Netherlands. The Frisians struggle, for several centuries, against their dominion, until eventually subjugated by Charlemagne. They even encroach upon the

Franks in Belgic Gaul, who are determined not to yield their possessions. Moreover, the pious Merovingian *fainéans* desire to plant Christianity among the still pagan Frisians. Dagobert, son of the second Clotaire, advances against them as far as the Weser, takes possession of Utrecht, founds there the first Christian church in Friesland, and establishes a nominal dominion over the whole country.

Yet the feeble Merovingians would have been powerless against rugged Friesland, had not their dynasty already merged in that puissant family of Brabant, which long wielded their power before it assumed their crown. It was Pepin of Heristal, grandson of the Netherlander, Pepin of Landen, who conquered the Frisian Radbod (A.D. 692), and forced him to exchange his royal for the ducal title.

It was Pepin's bastard, Charles the Hammer, whose tremendous blows completed his father's work. The new mayor of the palace soon drove the Frisian chief into submission, and even into Christianity. A bishop's indiscretion, however, neutralized the apostolic blows of the mayor. The pagan Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font, when a thought struck him. "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfran. "In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer. "Mighty well," replied Radbod, removing his leg, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden, than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven." Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred, and he died, as he had lived, a heathen. His son, Poppo, succeeding to the nominal sovereignty, did not actively oppose the introduction of Christianity among his people, but himself refused to be converted. Rebelling against the Frank dominion, he was totally routed by Charles Martell in a great battle (A.D. 750), and perished with a vast number of Frisians. The Christian dispensation, thus enforced, was now accepted by these northern pagans. The commencement of their conversion had been mainly the work of their brethren from Britain. The monk Wilfred was followed

in a few years by the Anglo-Saxon Willibrod. It was he who destroyed the images of Woden in Walcheren, abolished his worship, and founded churches in North Holland. Charles Martell rewarded him with extensive domains about Utrecht, together with many slaves and other chattels. Soon afterwards he was consecrated bishop of all the Frisians. Thus rose the famous episcopate of Utrecht. Another Anglo-Saxon, Winfred, or Bonifacius, had been equally active among his Frisian cousins. His crozier had gone hand in hand with the battle-axe. Bonifacius followed close upon the track of his orthodox coadjutor Charles. By the middle of the eighth century, some hundred thousand Frisians had been slaughtered, and as many more converted. The hammer which smote the Saracens at Tours was at last successful in beating the Netherlanders into Christianity. The labours of Bonifacius through Upper and Lower Germany were immense; but he, too, received great material rewards. He was created Archbishop of Mayence, and, upon the death of Willibrod, Bishop of Utrecht. Faithful to his mission, however, he met, heroically, a martyr's death at the hands of the refractory pagans at Dokkum. Thus was Christianity established in the Netherlands.

Under Charlemagne, the Frisians often rebelled, making common cause with the Saxons. In 785, A.D., they were, however, completely subjugated, and never rose again until the epoch of their entire separation from the Frank empire. Charlemagne left them their name of free Frisians, and the property in their own land. The feudal system never took root in their soil. "The Frisians," says their statute book, "shall be free, as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands." They agreed, however, to obey the chiefs whom the Frank monarch should appoint to govern them, according to their own laws. Those laws were collected, and are still extant. The vernacular version of their Asega book contains their ancient customs, together with the Frank additions. The general statutes of Charlemagne were, of course, in vigour also; but that great legislator knew too well the importance attached by all mankind to local customs, to allow his imperial capitulars to interfere, unnecessarily, with the Frisian laws.

Thus again the Netherlands, for the first time since the fall of Rome, were united under one crown imperial. They had already been once united, in their slavery, to Rome. Eight centuries pass away, and they are again united, in subjection, to Charlemagne. Their union was but in forming a single link in the chain of a new realm. The reign of Charlemagne had at last accomplished the promise of the sorceress Velleda and other soothsayers. A German race had re-established the empire of the world. The Netherlands, like the other provinces of the great monarch's dominion, were governed by crown-appointed functionaries, military and judicial. In the north-eastern, or Frisian portion, however, the grants of land were never in the form of revocable benefices or feuds. With this important exception, the whole country shared the fate, and enjoyed the general organization of the Empire.

But Charlemagne came an age too soon. The chaos which had brooded over Europe since the dissolution of the Roman world, was still too absolute. It was not to be fashioned into permanent forms, even by his bold and constructive genius. A soil, exhausted by the long culture of pagan empires, was to lie fallow for a still longer period. The discordant elements out of which the Emperor had compounded his realm, did not coalesce during his lifetime. They were only held together by the vigorous grasp of the hand which had combined them. When the great statesman died, his empire necessarily fell to pieces. Society had need of further disintegration before it could begin to reconstruct itself locally. A new civilization was not to be improvised by a single mind. When did one man ever civilize a people? In the eighth and ninth centuries there was not even a people to be civilized. The construction of Charles was, of necessity, temporary. His empire was supported by columns, which fell prostrate almost as soon as the hand of their architect was cold. His institutions had not struck down into the soil. There were no extensive and vigorous roots to nourish, from below, a flourishing empire through time and tempest.

Moreover, the Carlovingian race had been exhausted by producing a race of heroes like the Pepins and the Charleses. The family became, soon, as contemptible as the ox-drawn,

long-haired "do-nothings" whom it had expelled; but it is not our task to describe the fortunes of the Emperor's ignoble descendants. The realm was divided, subdivided, at times partially reunited, like a family farm, among monarchs incompetent alike to hold, to delegate, or to resign the inheritance of the great warrior and lawgiver. The meek, bald, fat, stammering, simple Charles, or Louis, who successively sat upon his throne—princes, whose only historic individuality consists in these insipid appellations—had not the sense to comprehend, far less to develop, the plans of their ancestor.

Charles the Simple was the last Carlovingian who governed Lotharingia, in which were comprised most of the Netherlands and Friesland. The German monarch, Henry the Fowler, at that period called King of the East Franks, as Charles of the West Franks, acquired Lotharingia by the treaty of Bonn, Charles reserving the sovereignty over the kingdom during his lifetime. In 925 A.D., however, the Simpleton having been imprisoned and deposed by his own subjects, the Fowler was recognized King of Lotharingia. Thus the Netherlands passed out of France into Germany, remaining, still, provinces of a loose, disjointed Empire.

This is the epoch in which the various dukedoms, earldoms, and other petty sovereignties of the Netherlands became hereditary. It was in the year 922 that Charles the Simple presented to Count Dirk the territory of Holland, by letters patent. This narrow hook of land, destined, in future ages, to be the cradle of a considerable empire, stretching through both hemispheres, was, thenceforth, the inheritance of Dirk's descendants. Historically, therefore, he is Dirk I., Count of Holland.

Of this small sovereign and his successors, the most powerful foe, for centuries, was the Bishop of Utrecht, the origin of whose greatness has been already indicated. Of the other Netherland provinces, now hereditary, the first in rank was Lotharingia, once the kingdom of Lothaire, now the dukedom of Lorraine. In 965 it was divided into Upper and Lower Lorraine, of which the lower duchy alone belonged to the Netherlands. Two centuries later, the Counts of Louvain, then occupying most of Brabant, obtained a permanent hold of Lower Lorraine, and began to

call themselves Dukes of Brabant. The same principle of local independence and isolation which created these dukes, established the hereditary power of the counts and barons who formerly exercised jurisdiction under them and others. Thus arose sovereign Counts of Namur, Hainault, Limburg, Zutphen, Dukes of Luxemburg and Gueldres, Barons of Mechlin, Marquesses of Antwerp, and others; all petty autocrats. The most important of all, after the house of Lorraine, were the Earls of Flanders; for the bold foresters of Charles the Great had soon wrested the sovereignty of their little territory from his feeble descendants as easily as Baldwin, with the iron arm, had deprived the bald Charles of his daughter. Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Friesland (all seven being portions of Friesland in a general sense), were crowded together upon a little desolate corner of Europe; an obscure fragment of Charlemagne's broken empire. They were afterwards to constitute the United States of the Netherlands, one of the most powerful republics of history. Meantime, for century after century, the Counts of Holland and the Bishops of Utrecht were to exercise divided sway over the territory.

Thus the whole country was broken into many shreds and patches of sovereignty. The separate history of such half-organized morsels is tedious and petty. Trifling dynasties, where a family or two were everything, the people nothing, leave little worth recording. Even the most devout of genealogists might shudder to chronicle the long succession of so many illustrious obscure.

A glance, however, at the general features of the governmental system now established in the Netherlands, at this important epoch in the world's history, will show the transformations which the country, in common with other portions of the western world, had undergone.

In the tenth century the old Batavian and later Roman forms have faded away. An entirely new polity has succeeded. No great popular assembly asserts its sovereignty, as in the ancient German epoch; no generals and temporary kings are chosen by the nation. The elective power had been lost under the Romans, who, after conquest, had conferred the administrative authority over their subject provinces upon officials appointed by the metropolis. The

Franks pursued the same course. In Charlemagne's time, the revolution is complete. Popular assemblies and popular election entirely vanish. Military, civil, and judicial officers —dukes, earls, margraves, and others—are all king's creatures, *knegten des konings*, *pueri regis*, and so remain, till they abjure the creative power, and set up their own. The principle of Charlemagne, that his officers should govern according to local custom, helps them to achieve their own independence, while it preserves all that is left of national liberty and law.

The counts, assisted by inferior judges, hold diets from time to time—thrice, perhaps, annually. They also summon assemblies in case of war. Thither are called the great vassals, who, in turn, call their lesser vassals, each armed with "a shield, a spear, a bow, twelve arrows, and a cuirass." Such assemblies, convoked in the name of a distant sovereign, whose face his subjects had never seen, whose language they could hardly understand, were very different from those tumultuous mass-meetings, where boisterous freemen, armed with the weapons they loved the best, and arriving sooner or later, according to their pleasure, had been accustomed to elect their generals and magistrates and to raise them upon their shields. The people are now governed, their rulers appointed by an invisible hand. Edicts, issued by a power, as it were, supernatural, demand implicit obedience. The people, acquiescing in their own annihilation, abdicate not only their political, but their personal rights. On the other hand, the great source of power diffuses less and less of light and warmth. Losing its attractive and controlling influence, it becomes gradually eclipsed, while its satellites fly from their prescribed bounds, and chaos and darkness return. The sceptre, stretched over realms so wide, requires stronger hands than those of degenerate Carlovingians. It breaks asunder. Functionaries become sovereigns, with hereditary, not delegated, right to own the people, to tax their roads and rivers, to take tithings of their blood and sweat, to harass them in all the relations of life. There is no longer a metropolis to protect them from official oppression. Power, the more subdivided, becomes the more tyrannical. The sword is the only symbol of law, the cross is a weapon of offence, the bishop is a con-

secrated pirate, and every petty baron a burglar, while the people, alternately the prey of duke, prelate, and seignor, shorn and butchered like sheep, esteem it happiness to sell themselves into slavery, or to huddle beneath the castle walls of some little potentate, for the sake of his wolfish protection. Here they build hovels, which they surround from time to time with palisades and muddy entrenchments; and here, in these squalid abodes of ignorance and misery, the genius of liberty, conducted by the spirit of commerce, descends at last to awaken mankind from its sloth and cowardly stupor. A longer night was to intervene, however, before the dawn of day.

The crown-appointed functionaries had been, of course, financial officers. They collected the revenue of the sovereign, one-third of which slipped through their fingers into their own coffers. Becoming sovereigns themselves, they retain these funds for their private emolument. Four principal sources yielded this revenue: royal domains, tolls and imposts, direct levies, and a pleasantry called voluntary contributions or benevolences. In addition to these supplies were also the proceeds of fines. Taxation upon sin was, in those rude ages, a considerable branch of the revenue. The old Frisian laws consisted almost entirely of a discriminating tariff upon crimes. Nearly all the misdeeds which man is prone to commit were punished by a money-bote only. Murder, larceny, arson, rape—all offences against the person were commuted for a definite price. There were a few exceptions, such as parricide, which was followed by loss of inheritance; sacrilege and the murder of a master by a slave, which were punished with death. It is a natural inference that, as the royal treasury was enriched by these imposts, the sovereign would hardly attempt to check the annual harvest of iniquity by which his revenue was increased. Still, although the moral sense is shocked by a system which makes the ruler's interest identical with the wickedness of his people and holds out a comparative immunity in evil doing for the rich, it was better that crime should be punished by money rather than not be punished at all. A severe tax which the noble reluctantly paid and which the penniless culprit commuted by personal slavery, was sufficiently unjust as well as absurd, yet it served to mitigate

the horrors with which tumult, rapine, and murder enveloped those early days. Gradually, as the light of reason broke upon the dark ages, the most noxious features of the system were removed, while the general sentiment of reverence for law remained.

VI.

Five centuries of isolation succeed. In the Netherlands, as throughout Europe, a thousand obscure and slender rills are slowly preparing the great stream of universal culture. Five dismal centuries of feudalism: during which period there is little talk of human right, little obedience to divine reason. Rights there are none, only forces; and, in brief, three great forces, gradually arising, developing themselves, acting upon each other, and upon the general movement of society.

The sword—the first, for a time the only force: the force of iron. The "land's master," having acquired the property in the territory and in the people who feed thereon, distributes to his subalterns, often but a shade beneath him in power, portions of his estate, getting the use of their faithful swords in return. Vavasours subdivide again to vassals, exchanging land and cattle, human or other, against fealty, and so the iron chain of a military hierarchy, forged of mutually interdependent links, is stretched over each little province. Impregnable castles, here more numerous than in any other part of Christendom, dot the level surface of the country. Mail-clad knights, with their followers, encamp permanently upon the soil. The fortunate fable of divine right is invented to sanction the system; superstition and ignorance give currency to the delusion. Thus the grace of God, having conferred the property in a vast portion of Europe upon a certain idiot in France, makes him competent to sell large fragments of his estate, and to give a divine, and, therefore, most satisfactory title along with them. A great convenience to a man who had neither power, wit, nor will to keep the property in his own hands. So the Dirks of Holland get a deed from Charles the Simple, and, although the grace of God does not prevent the royal grantor himself from dying a miserable, discrowned captive,

the conveyance to Dirk is none the less hallowed by almighty fiat. So the Roberts and Guys, the Johns and Baldwins, become sovereigns in Hainault, Brabant, Flanders, and other little districts, affecting supernatural sanction for the authority which their good swords have won and are ever ready to maintain. Thus organized, the force of iron asserts and exerts itself. Duke, count, seignor and vassal, knight and squire, master and man swarm and struggle amain. A wild, chaotic, sanguinary scene. Here, bishop and baron contend, centuries long, murdering human creatures by ten thousands for an acre or two of swampy pasture; there, doughty families, hugging old musty quarrels to their heart, buffet each other from generation to generation; and thus they go on, raging and wrestling among themselves, with all the world, shrieking insane war-cries which no human soul ever understood—red caps and black, white hoods and grey, Hooks and Kabbeljaws, dealing destruction, building castles and burning them, tilting at tourneys, stealing bullocks, roasting Jews, robbing the highways, crusading—now upon Syrian sands against Paynim dogs, now in Frisian quagmires against Albigenses, Stedingers, and other heretics—plunging about in blood and fire, repenting, at idle times, and paying their passage through purgatory with large slices of ill-gotten gains placed in the ever-extended dead-hand of the Church; acting, on the whole, according to their kind, and so getting themselves civilized or exterminated, it matters little which. Thus they play their part, those energetic men-at-arms; and thus one great force, the force of iron, spins and expands itself, century after century, helping on, as it whirls, the great progress of society towards its goal, wherever that may be.

Another force—the force clerical—the power of clerks, arises; the might of educated mind measuring itself against brute violence; a force embodied, as often before, as priest-craft—the strength of priests: craft meaning, simply, strength, in our old mother-tongue. This great force, too, develops itself variously, being sometimes beneficent, sometimes malignant. Priesthood works out its task, age after age: now smoothing penitent death-beds, consecrating graves, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, incarnating the Christian precepts, in an age of rapine and homicide, doing a thousand

deeds of love and charity among the obscure and forsaken —deeds of which there shall never be human chronicle, but a leaf or two, perhaps, in the recording angel's book; hiving precious honey from the few flowers of gentle art which bloom upon a howling wilderness; holding up the light of science over a stormy sea; treasuring in convents and crypts the few fossils of antique learning which become visible, as the extinct Megatherium of an elder world reappears after the gothic deluge; and now, careering in helm and hauberk with the other ruffians, bandying blows in the thickest of the fight, blasting with bell, book, and candle its trembling enemies, while sovereigns, at the head of armies, grovel in the dust and offer abject submission for the kiss of peace; exercising the same conjury over ignorant baron and cowardly hind, making the fiction of apostolic authority to bind and loose, as prolific in acres as the other divine right to have and hold; thus the force of cultivated intellect, wielded by a chosen few and sanctioned by supernatural authority, becomes as potent as the sword.

A third force, developing itself more slowly, becomes even more potent than the rest: the power of gold. Even iron yields to the more ductile metal. The importance of municipalities, enriched by trade, begins to be felt. Commerce, the mother of Netherland freedom, and, eventually, its destroyer—even as in all human history the vivifying becomes afterwards the dissolving principle—commerce changes insensibly and miraculously the aspect of society. Clusters of hovels become towered cities; the green and gilded Hanse of commercial republicanism coils itself around the decaying trunk of feudal despotism. Cities leagued with cities throughout and beyond Christendom—empire within empire—bind themselves closer and closer in the electric chain of human sympathy and grow stronger and stronger by mutual support. Fishermen and river raftsmen become ocean adventurers and merchant princes. Commerce plucks up half-drowned Holland by the locks and pours gold into her lap. Gold wrests power from iron. Needy Flemish weavers become mighty manufacturers. Armies of workmen, fifty thousand strong, tramp through the swarming streets. Silk-makers, clothiers, brewers become the gossips of kings, lend their royal go-sips vast

sums, and burn the royal notes of hand in fires of cinnamon wood. Wealth brings strength, strength confidence. Learning to handle cross-bow and dagger, the burghers fear less the baronial sword, finding that their own will cut as well, seeing that great armies—flowers of chivalry—can ride away before them fast enough at battles of spurs and other encounters. Sudden riches beget insolence, tumults, civic broils. Internecine quarrels, horrible tumults stain the streets with blood, but education lifts the citizens more and more out of the original slough. They learn to tremble as little at priestcraft as at swordcraft, having acquired something of each. Gold in the end, unsanctioned by right divine, weighs up the other forces, supernatural as they are. And so, struggling along their appointed path, making cloth, making money, making treaties with great kingdoms, making war by land and sea, ringing great bells, waving great banners, they, too—these insolent, boisterous burghers accomplish their work. Thus, the mighty power of the purse develops itself, and municipal liberty becomes a substantial fact. A fact, not a principle; for the old theorem of sovereignty remains undisputed as ever. Neither the nation, in mass, nor the citizens, in class, lay claim to human rights. All upper attributes—legislative, judicial, administrative—remain in the land-master's breast alone. It is an absurdity, therefore, to argue with Grotius concerning the unknown antiquity of the Batavian republic. The republic never existed at all till the sixteenth century, and was only born after long years of agony. The democratic instincts of the ancient German savages were to survive in the breasts of their cultivated descendants, but an organized, civilized, republican polity had never existed. The cities, as they grew in strength, never claimed the right to make the laws, or to share in the government. As a matter of fact, they did make the laws, and shared, beside, in most important functions of sovereignty, in the treaty-making power especially. Sometimes by bargains, sometimes by blood, by gold, threats, promises, or good hard blows they extorted their charters. Their codes, statutes, joyful entrances, and other constitutions were dictated by the burghers and sworn to by the monarch. They were concessions from above; privileges—private laws; frag-

ments indeed of a larger liberty, but vastly better than the slavery for which they had been substituted; solid facts instead of empty abstractions, which, in those practical and violent days, would have yielded little nutriment; but they still rather sought to reconcile themselves, by a rough, clumsy fiction, with the hierarchy which they had invaded, than to overturn the system. Thus the cities, not regarding themselves as representatives or aggregations of the people, became fabulous personages, bodies without souls, corporations which had acquired vitality and strength enough to assert their existence. As persons, therefore—gigantic individualities—they wheeled into the feudal ranks and assumed feudal powers and responsibilities. The city of Dort, of Middelburg, of Ghent, of Louvain, was a living being, doing fealty, claiming service, bowing to its lord, struggling with its equals, trampling upon its slaves.

Thus, in these obscure provinces, as throughout Europe, in a thousand remote and isolated corners, civilization builds itself up, synthetically and slowly. Thus, impelled by great and conflicting forces, now obliquely, now backward, now upward, yet, upon the whole, onward, the new society moves along its predestined orbit, gathering consistency and strength as it goes. Society, civilization perhaps, but hardly humanity. The people has hardly begun to extricate itself from the clods in which it lies buried. There are only nobles, priests, and, latterly, cities. In the northern Netherlands, the degraded condition of the mass continued longest. Even in Friesland, liberty, the dearest blessing of the ancient Frisians, had been forfeited in a variety of ways. Slavery was both voluntary and compulsory. Paupers sold themselves that they might escape starvation. The timid sold themselves that they might escape violence. These voluntary sales, which were frequent, were usually made to cloisters and ecclesiastical establishments, for the condition of Church-slaves was preferable to that of other serfs. Persons worsted in judicial duels, shipwrecked sailors, vagrants, strangers, criminals unable to pay the money-bote imposed upon them, were all deprived of freedom; but the prolific source of slavery was war. Prisoners were almost universally reduced to servitude. A free woman who intermarried with a slave condemned herself and offspring to

perpetual bondage. Among the Ripuarian Franks, a free woman thus disgracing herself, was girt with a sword and a distaff. Choosing the one, she was to strike her husband dead; choosing the other, she adopted the symbol of slavery, and became a chattel for life.

The ferocious inroads of the Normans scared many weak and timid persons into servitude. They fled, by throngs, to church and monastery, and were happy, by enslaving themselves, to escape the more terrible bondage of the sea-kings. During the brief dominion of the Norman Godfrey, every free Frisian was forced to wear a halter around his neck. The lot of a Church-slave was freedom in comparison. To kill him was punishable by a heavy fine. He could give testimony in court, could inherit, could make a will, could even plead before the law, if law could be found. The number of slaves throughout the Netherlands was very large; the number belonging to the bishopric of Utrecht, enormous.

The condition of those belonging to laymen was much more painful. The Lyf-eigene, or absolute slaves, were the most wretched. They were mere brutes. They had none of the natural attributes of humanity, their life and death were in the master's hands, they had no claim to a fraction of their own labour or its fruits, they had no marriage, except under condition of the infamous *jus primæ noctis*. The villagers, or villeins, were the second class and less forlorn. They could commute the labour due to their owner by a fixed sum of money, after annual payment of which, the villein worked for himself. His master, therefore, was not his absolute proprietor. The chattel had a beneficial interest in a portion of his own flesh and blood.

The crusades made great improvement in the condition of the serfs. He who became a soldier of the cross was free upon his return, and many were adventurous enough to purchase liberty at so honourable a price. Many others were sold or mortgaged by the crusading knights, desirous of converting their property into gold, before embarking upon their enterprise. The purchasers or mortgagees were in general churches and convents, so that the slaves, thus alienated, obtained at least a preferable servitude. The place of the absent serfs was supplied by free labour, so

that agricultural and mechanical occupations, now devolving upon a more elevated class, became less degrading, and, in process of time, opened an ever-widening sphere for the industry and progress of freemen. Thus a people began to exist. It was, however, a miserable people, with personal, but no civil rights whatever. Their condition, although better than servitude, was almost desperate. They were taxed beyond their ability, while priest and noble were exempt. They had no voice in the apportionment of the money thus contributed. There was no redress against the lawless violence to which they were perpetually exposed. In the manorial courts, the criminal sat in judgment upon his victim. The functions of highwayman and magistrate were combined in one individual.

By degrees, the class of freemen, artisans, traders, and the like, becoming the more numerous, built stronger and better houses outside the castle gates of the "land's master" or the burghs of the more powerful nobles. The superiors, anxious to increase their own importance, favoured the progress of the little boroughs. The population, thus collected, began to divide themselves into guilds. These were soon afterwards erected by the community into bodies corporate; the establishment of the community, of course, preceding the incorporation of the guilds. Those communities were created by charters or *Keuren*, granted by the sovereign. Unless the earliest concessions of this nature have perished, the town charters of Holland or Zeland are nearly a century later than those of Flanders, France, and England.

The oldest *Keur*, or act of municipal incorporation, in the provinces afterwards constituting the republic, was that granted by Count William the First of Holland and Countess Joanna of Flanders, as joint proprietors of Walcheren, to the town of Middelburg. It will be seen that its main purport is to promise, as a special privilege to this community, *law*, in place of the arbitrary violence by which mankind, in general, were governed by their betters.

"The inhabitants," ran the Charter, "are taken into protection by both counts. Upon fighting, maiming, wounding, striking, scolding; upon peace-breaking, upon resistance to peace-makers and to the judgment of Schepens; upon con-

temning the Ban, upon selling spoiled wine, and upon other misdeeds, fines are imposed for behoof of the Count, the city, and sometimes of the Schepens. . . . To all Middelburgers one kind of law is guaranteed. Every man must go to law before the Schepens. If any one being summoned and present in Walcheren does not appear, or refuses submission to sentence, he shall be banished with confiscation of property. Schout or Schepen denying justice to a complainant, shall, until reparation, hold no tribunal again. . . . A burgher having a dispute with an outsider (buiten mann) must summon him before the Schepens. An appeal lies from the Schepens to the Count. No one can testify but a householder. All alienation of real estate must take place before the Schepens. If an outsider has a complaint against a burgher, the Schepens and Schout must arrange it. If either party refuses submission to them, they must ring the town bell and summon an assembly of all the burghers to compel him. Any one ringing the town bell, except by general consent, and any one not appearing when it tolls, are liable to a fine. No Middelburger can be arrested or held in durance within Flanders or Holland, except for crime."

This document was signed, sealed, and sworn to by the two sovereigns in the year 1217. It was the model upon which many other communities, cradles of great cities, in Holland and Zeland, were afterwards created.

These charters are certainly not very extensive, even for the privileged municipalities which obtained them, when viewed from an abstract stand-point. They constituted, however, a very great advance from the stand-point at which humanity actually found itself. They created, not for all inhabitants, but for great numbers of them, the right, not to govern themselves, but to be governed by law. They furnished a local administration of justice. They provided against arbitrary imprisonment. They set up tribunals, where men of burgher class were to sit in judgment. They held up a shield against arbitrary violence from above and sedition from within. They encouraged peace-makers, punished peace-breakers. They guarded the fundamental principle, *ut sua tenerent*, to the verge of absurdity; forbidding a freeman, without a freehold, from testifying—a capacity not

denied even to a country slave. Certainly all this was better than fist-law and courts manorial. For the commencement of the thirteenth century, it was progress.

The Schout and Schepens, or chief magistrate and aldermen, were originally appointed by the sovereign. In process of time, the election of these municipal authorities was conceded to the communities. This inestimable privilege, however, after having been exercised during a certain period by the whole body of citizens, was eventually monopolized by the municipal government itself, acting in common with the deans of the various guilds.

Thus organized and inspired with the breath of civic life, the communities of Flanders and Holland began to move rapidly forward. More and more they assumed the appearance of prosperous little republics. For this prosperity they were indebted to commerce, particularly with England and the Baltic nations, and to manufactures, especially of wool.

The trade between England and the Netherlands had existed for ages, and was still extending itself, to the great advantage of both countries. A dispute, however, between the merchants of Holland and England, towards the year 1275, caused a privateering warfare, and a ten years' suspension of intercourse. A reconciliation afterwards led to the establishment of the English wool staple, at Dort. A subsequent quarrel deprived Holland of this great advantage. King Edward refused to assist Count Florence in a war with the Flemings, and transferred the staple from Dort to Bruges and Mechlin.

The trade of the Netherlands with the Mediterranean and the East was mainly through this favoured city of Bruges, which, already in the thirteenth century, had risen to the first rank in the commercial world. It was the resting-place for the Lombards and other Italians, the great entrepôt for their merchandize. It now became, in addition, the great market-place for English wool, and the woollen fabrics of all the Netherlands, as well as for the drugs and spices of the East. It had, however, by no means reached its apogee, but was to culminate with Venice, and to sink with her decline. When the overland Indian trade fell off with the discovery of the Cape passage, both cities withered.

Grass grew in the fair and pleasant streets of Bruges, and sea-weed clustered about the marble halls of Venice. At this epoch, however, both were in a state of rapid and insolent prosperity.

The cities, thus advancing in wealth and importance, were no longer satisfied with being governed according to law, and began to participate, not only in their own, but in the general government. Under Guy the First of Flanders, the towns appeared regularly, as well as the nobles, in the assembly of the provincial estates. (1286-1289, A.D.) In the course of the following century, the six chief cities, or capitals, of Holland (Dort, Harlem, Delft, Leyden, Gouda, and Amsterdam) acquired the right of sending their deputies regularly to the estates of the provinces. These towns, therefore, with the nobles, constituted the parliamentary power of the nation. They also acquired letters patent from the count, allowing them to choose their burgomasters and a limited number of councillors or senators (Vroedschappen).

Thus the liberties of Holland and Flanders waxed, daily, stronger. A great physical convulsion in the thirteenth century came to add its influence to the slower process of political revolution. Hitherto there had been but one Friesland, including Holland, and nearly all the territory of the future republic. A slender stream alone separated the two great districts. The low lands along the Vlie, often threatened, at last sank in the waves. The German Ocean rolled in upon the inland Lake of Flevo. The stormy Zuyder Zee began its existence by engulfing thousands of Frisian villages, with all their population, and by spreading a chasm between kindred peoples. The political, as well as the geographical, continuity of the land was obliterated by this tremendous deluge. The Hollanders were cut off from their relatives in the east by as dangerous a sea as that which divided them from their Anglo-Saxon brethren in Britain. The deputies to the general assemblies at Aurich could no longer undertake a journey grown so perilous, West Friesland became absorbed in Holland, East Friesland remained a federation of rude but self-governed maritime provinces, until the brief and bloody dominion of the Saxon dukes led to the establish-

ment of Charles the Fifth's authority. Whatever the nominal sovereignty over them, this most republican tribe of Netherlanders, or of Europeans, had never accepted feudalism. There was an annual congress of the whole confederacy. Each of the seven little states, on the other hand, regulated its own internal affairs. Each state was subdivided into districts, each district governed by a Griet-mann (great-man, select-man) and assistants. Above all these district officers was a Podestà, a magistrate identical, in name and functions, with the chief officer of the Italian republics. There was sometimes but one Podestà; sometimes one for each province. He was chosen by the people, took oath of fidelity to the separate estates, or, if Podestà-general, to the federal diet, and was generally elected for a limited term, although sometimes for life. He was assisted by a board of eighteen or twenty councillors. The deputies to the general congress were chosen by popular suffrage in Easter-week. The clergy were not recognized as a political estate.

Thus, in those lands which a niggard nature had apparently condemned to perpetual poverty and obscurity, the principle of reasonable human freedom, without which there is no national prosperity or glory worth contending for, was taking deepest and strongest root. Already in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Friesland was a republic, except in name; Holland, Flanders, Brabant, had acquired a large share of self-government. The powerful commonwealth, at a later period to be evolved out of the great combat between centralized tyranny and the spirit of civil and religious liberty, was already foreshadowed. The elements, of which that important republic was to be compounded, were germinating for centuries. Love of freedom, readiness to strike and bleed at any moment in her cause, manly resistance to despotism, however overshadowing, were the leading characteristics of the race in all regions or periods, whether among Frisian swamps, Dutch dykes, the gentle hills and dales of England, or the pathless forests of America. Doubtless, the history of human liberty in Holland and Flanders, as everywhere else upon earth where there has been such a history, unrolls many scenes of turbulence and bloodshed: although these features have been exaggerated by prejudiced

historians. Still, if there were luxury and insolence, sedition and uproar, at any rate there was life. Those violent little commonwealths had blood in their veins. They were compact of proud, self-helping, muscular vigour. The most sanguinary tumults which they ever enacted in the face of day, were better than the order and silence born of the midnight darkness of despotism. That very unruliness was educating the people for their future work. Those merchants, manufacturers, country squires, and hard-fighting barons, all pent up in a narrow corner of the earth, quarrelling with each other and with all the world for centuries, were keeping alive a national pugnacity of character, for which there was to be a heavy demand in the sixteenth century, and without which the fatherland had perhaps succumbed in the most unequal conflict ever waged by man against oppression.

To sketch the special history of even the leading Netherland provinces, during the five centuries which we have thus rapidly sought to characterize, is foreign to our purpose. By holding the clue of Holland's history, the general maze of dynastic transformations throughout the country may, however, be swiftly threaded. From the time of the first Dirk to the close of the thirteenth century there were nearly four hundred years of unbroken male descent, a long line of Dirks and Florences. This iron-handed, hot-headed, adventurous race, placed as sovereign upon its little sandy hook, making ferocious exertions to swell into larger consequence, conquering a mile or two of morass or barren furze, after harder blows and bloodier encounters than might have established an empire under more favourable circumstances, at last dies out. The countship falls to the house of Avennes, Counts of Hainault. Holland, together with Zeland, which it had annexed, is thus joined to the province of Hainault. At the end of another half century the Hainault line expires. William the Fourth died childless in 1355. His death is the signal for the outbreak of an almost interminable series of civil commotions. Those two great parties, known by the uncouth names of Hook and Kabbeljaw, come into existence, dividing noble against noble, city against city, father against son, for some hundred and fifty years, without foundation upon any abstract or intelligible

principle. It may be observed, however, that, in the sequel, and as a general rule, the Kabbeljaw, or cod-fish party, represented the city or municipal faction, while the Hooks (fish-hooks) that were to catch and control them, were the nobles; iron and audacity against brute number and weight.

Duke William of Bavaria, sister's son of William the Fourth, gets himself established in 1354. He is succeeded by his brother Albert; Albert by his son William. William, who had married Margaret of Burgundy, daughter of Philip the Bold, dies in 1417. The goodly heritage of these three Netherland provinces descends to his daughter Jacqueline, a damsel of seventeen. Little need to trace the career of the fair and ill-starred Jacqueline. Few chapters of historical romance have drawn more frequent tears. The favourite heroine of ballad and drama, to Netherlanders she is endued with the palpable form and perpetual existence of the Iphigenias, Mary Stuarts, Joans of Arc, or other consecrated individualities. Exhausted and broken-hearted, after thirteen years of conflict with her own kinsmen, consoled for the cowardice and brutality of three husbands by the gentle and knightly spirit of the fourth, dispossessed of her father's broad domains, degraded from the rank of sovereign to be lady forester of her own provinces by her cousin, the bad Duke of Burgundy, Philip, surnamed "the Good," she dies at last, and the good cousin takes undisputed dominion of the land. (1437.)

VII.

The five centuries of isolation are at end. The many obscure streams of Netherland history are merged in one broad current. Burgundy has absorbed all the provinces which, once more, are forced to recognize a single master. A century and a few years more succeed, during which this house and its heirs are undisputed sovereigns of the soil.

Philip the Good had already acquired the principal Netherlands, before dispossessing Jacqueline. He had inherited, besides the two Burgundies, the counties of Flanders and Artois. He had purchased the county of Namur, and had usurped the duchy of Brabant, to which the duchy of Lim-

burg, the marquisate of Antwerp, and the barony of Mechlin, had already been annexed. By his assumption of Jacqueline's dominions, he was now lord of Holland, Zeland, and Hainault, and titular master of Friesland. He acquired Luxemburg a few years later.

Lord of so many opulent cities and fruitful provinces, he felt himself equal to the kings of Europe. Upon his marriage with Isabella of Portugal, he founded, at Bruges, the celebrated order of the Golden Fleece. What could be more practical or more devout than the conception? Did not the Lamb of God, suspended at each knightly breast, symbolize at once the woollen fabrics to which so much of Flemish wealth and Burgundian power was owing, and the gentle humility of Christ, which was ever to characterize the order? Twenty-five was the limited number, including Philip himself, as grand master. The chevaliers were emperors, kings, princes, and the most illustrious nobles of Christendom: while a leading provision, at the outset, forbade the brethren, crowned heads excepted, to accept or retain the companionship of any other order.

The accession of so potent and ambitious a prince as the good Philip boded evil to the cause of freedom in the Netherlands. The spirit of liberty seemed to have been typified in the fair form of the benignant and unhappy Jacqueline, and to be buried in her grave. The usurper, who had crushed her out of existence, now strode forward to trample upon all the laws and privileges of the provinces which had formed her heritage.

At his advent, the municipal power had already reached an advanced stage of development. The burgher class controlled the government, not only of the cities, but often of the provinces, through its influence in the estates. Industry and wealth had produced their natural results. The supreme authority of the sovereign and the power of the nobles were balanced by the municipal principle which had even begun to preponderate over both. All three exercised a constant and salutary check upon each other. Commerce had converted slaves into freemen, freemen into burghers, and the burghers were acquiring, daily, a larger practical hold upon the government. The town councils were becoming almost omnipotent. Although with an oligarchical

tendency, which at a later period was to be more fully developed, they were now composed of large numbers of individuals, who had raised themselves, by industry and intelligence, out of the popular masses. There was an unquestionably republican tone to the institutions. Power, actually, if not nominally, was in the hands of many who had achieved the greatness to which they had not been born.

The assemblies of the estates were rather diplomatic than representative. They consisted, generally, of the nobles and of the deputations from the cities. In Holland, the clergy had neither influence nor seats in the parliamentary body. Measures were proposed by the stadholder, who represented the sovereign. A request, for example, of pecuniary accommodation, was made by that functionary or by the count himself in person. The nobles then voted upon the demand, generally as one body, but sometimes by heads. The measure was then laid before the burghers. If they had been specially commissioned to act upon the matter, they voted, each city as a city, not each deputy individually. If they had received no instructions, they took back the proposition to lay before the councils of their respective cities, in order to return a decision at an adjourned session, or at a subsequent diet. It will be seen, therefore, that the principle of national, popular representation was but imperfectly developed. The municipal deputies acted only under instructions. Each city was a little independent state, suspicious not only of the sovereign and nobles, but of its sister cities. This mutual jealousy hastened the general humiliation now impending. The centre of the system waxing daily more powerful, it more easily unsphered these feebler and mutually repulsive bodies.

Philip's first step, upon assuming the government, was to issue a declaration, through the council of Holland, that the privileges and constitutions, which he had sworn to as Ruward, or guardian, during the period in which Jacqueline had still retained a nominal sovereignty, were to be considered null and void, unless afterwards confirmed by him as count. At a single blow he thus severed the whole knot of pledges, oaths, and other political complications, by which

he had entangled himself during his cautious advance to power. He was now untrammelled again. As the conscience of the smooth usurper was, thenceforth, the measure of provincial liberty, his subjects soon found it meted to them more sparingly than they wished. From this point, then, through the Burgundian period, and until the rise of the republic, the liberty of the Netherlands, notwithstanding several brilliant but brief luminations, occurring at irregular intervals, seemed to remain in almost perpetual eclipse.

The material prosperity of the country had, however, vastly increased. The fisheries of Holland had become of enormous importance. The invention of the humble Beukelzoon of Biervliet, had expanded into a mine of wealth. The fisheries, too, were most useful as a nursery of seamen, and were already indicating Holland's future naval supremacy. The fishermen were the militia of the ocean, and their prowess was attested in the war with the Hanseatic cities, which the provinces of Holland and Zeland, in Philip's name, but by their own unassisted exertions, carried on triumphantly at this epoch. Then came into existence that race of cool and daring mariners, who, in after times, were to make the Dutch name illustrious throughout the world—the men, whose fierce descendants, the "beggars of the sea," were to make the Spanish empire tremble—the men whose later successors swept the seas with brooms at the mast-head, and whose ocean battles with their equally fearless English brethren often lasted four uninterrupted days and nights.

The main strength of Holland was derived from the ocean, from whose destructive grasp she had wrested herself, but in whose friendly embrace she remained. She was already placing securely the foundations of commercial wealth and civil liberty upon those shifting quicksands which the Roman doubted whether to call land or water. Her submerged deformity, as she floated, mermaid-like, upon the waves, was to be forgotten in her material splendour. Enriched with the spoils of every clime, crowned with the divine jewels of science and art, she was, one day, to sing a siren song of freedom, luxury, and power.

As with Holland, so with Flanders, Brabant, and the other leading provinces. Industry and wealth, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, were constantly augmenting.

Philip died in February, 1467. The details of his life and career do not belong to our purpose. The practical tendency of his government was to repress the spirit of liberty, while especial privileges, extensive in nature, but limited in time, were frequently granted to corporations. Philip, in one day, conferred thirty charters upon as many different bodies of citizens. These were, however, grants of monopoly, not concessions of rights. He also fixed the number of city councils or Vroedschappen in many Netherland cities, giving them permission to present a double list of candidates for burgomasters and judges, from which he himself made the appointments. He was certainly neither a good nor great prince, but he possessed much administrative ability. His military talents were considerable, and he was successful in his wars. He was an adroit dissembler, a practical politician. He had the sense to comprehend that the power of a prince, however absolute, must depend upon the prosperity of his subjects. He taxed severely the wealth, but he protected the commerce and the manufactures of Holland and Flanders. He encouraged art, science, and literature. The brothers, John and Hubert Van Eyck, were attracted by his generosity to Bruges, where they painted many pictures. John was even a member of the duke's council. The art of oil-painting was carried to great perfection by Hubert's scholar, John of Bruges. An incredible number of painters, of greater or less merit, flourished at this epoch in the Netherlands, heralds of that great school, which, at a subsequent period, was to astonish the world with brilliant colours, profound science, startling effects, and vigorous reproductions of nature. Authors, too, like Olivier de la Marche and Philippe de Comines, who, in the words of the latter, "wrote, not for the amusement of brutes, and people of low degree, but for princes and other persons of quality," these and other writers, with aims as lofty, flourished at the court of Burgundy, and were rewarded by the duke with princely generosity. Philip remodelled and befriended the university of Louvain. He founded at Brussels the Burgundian library, which became celebrated throughout Europe. He levied largely, spent profusely, but was yet so thrifty a housekeeper, as to leave four hundred thousand crowns of gold, a vast amount in those days, besides three million marks' worth of plate and

furniture, to be wasted like water in the insane career of his son.

The exploits of that son require but few words of illustration. Hardly a chapter of European history or romance is more familiar to the world than the one which records the meteoric course of Charles the Bold. The propriety of his title was never doubtful. No prince was ever bolder, but it is certain that no quality could be less desirable, at that particular moment in the history of his house. It was not the quality to confirm a usurping family in its ill-gotten possessions. Renewed aggressions upon the rights of others justified retaliation and invited attack. Justice, prudence, firmness, wisdom of internal administration, were desirable in the son of Philip and the rival of Louis. These attributes the gladiator lacked entirely. His career might have been a brilliant one in the old days of chivalry. His image might have appeared as imposing as the romantic forms of Baldwin Bras de Fer or Godfrey of Bouillon, had he not been misplaced in history. Nevertheless, he imagined himself governed by a profound policy. He had one dominant idea, to make Burgundy a kingdom. From the moment when, with almost the first standing army known to history, and with coffers well filled by his cautious father's economy, he threw himself into the lists against the crafty Louis, down to the day when he was found dead, naked, deserted, and with his face frozen into a pool of blood and water, he faithfully pursued this thought. His ducal cap was to be exchanged for a kingly crown, while all the provinces which lay beneath the Mediterranean and the North Sea, and between France and Germany, were to be united under his sceptre. The Netherlands, with their wealth, had been already appropriated, and their freedom crushed. Another land of liberty remained: physically, the reverse of Holland, but stamped with the same courageous nationality, the same ardent love of human rights. Switzerland was to be conquered. Her eternal battlements of ice and granite were to constitute the great bulwark of his realm. The world knows well the result of the struggle between the lord of so many duchies and earldoms, and the Alpine mountaineers. With all his boldness, Charles was but an indifferent soldier. His only merit was physical courage. He imagined himself a consummate commander,

and, in conversation with his jester, was fond of comparing himself to Hannibal. "We are getting well Hannibalized to-day, my lord," said the bitter fool, as they rode off together from the disastrous defeat of Gransen. Well "Hannibalized" he was, too, at Gransen, at Murten, and at Nancy. He followed in the track of his prototype only to the base of the mountains.

As a conqueror, he was signally unsuccessful; as a politician, he could outwit none but himself; it was only as a tyrant within his own ground, that he could sustain the character which he chose to enact. He lost the crown, which he might have secured, because he thought the emperor's son unworthy the heiress of Burgundy; and yet, after his father's death, her marriage with that very Maximilian alone secured the possession of her paternal inheritance. Unsuccessful in schemes of conquest, and in political intrigue, as an oppressor of the Netherlands, he nearly carried out his plans. Those provinces he regarded merely as a bank to draw upon. His immediate intercourse with the country was confined to the extortion of vast requests. These were granted, with ever-increasing reluctance, by the estates. The new taxes and excises, which the sanguinary extravagance of the duke rendered necessary, could seldom be collected in the various cities without tumults, sedition, and bloodshed. Few princes were ever a greater curse to the people whom they were allowed to hold as property. He nearly succeeded in establishing a centralized despotism upon the ruins of the provincial institutions. His sudden death alone deferred the catastrophe. His removal of the supreme court of Holland from the Hague to Mechlin, and his maintenance of a standing army, were the two great measures by which he prostrated the Netherlands. The tribunal had been remodelled by his father; the expanded authority which Philip had given to a bench of judges dependent upon himself, was an infraction of the rights of Holland. The court, however, still held its sessions in the country; and the sacred privilege—*de non evocando*—the right of every Hollander to be tried in his own land, was, at least, retained. Charles threw off the mask; he proclaimed that this council—composed of his creatures, holding office at his pleasure—should have supreme jurisdiction over all the charters of the pro-

vinces; that it was to follow his person, and derive all authority from his will. The usual seat of the court he transferred to Mechlin. It will be seen, in the sequel, that the attempt, under Philip the Second, to enforce its supreme authority, was a collateral cause of the great revolution of the Netherlands.

Charles, like his father, administered the country by stadholders. From the condition of flourishing self-ruled little republics, which they had, for a moment, almost attained, they became departments of an ill-assorted, ill-conditioned, ill-governed realm, which was neither commonwealth nor empire, neither kingdom nor duchy; and which had no homogeneousness of population, no affection between ruler and people, small sympathies of lineage or of language.

His triumphs were but few, his fall ignominious. His father's treasure was squandered, the curse of a standing army fixed upon his people, the trade and manufactures of the country paralyzed by his extortions, and he accomplished nothing. He lost his life in the forty-fourth year of his age (1477), leaving all the provinces, duchies, and lordships, which formed the miscellaneous realm of Burgundy, to his only child, the Lady Mary. Thus already the countries which Philip had wrested from the feeble hand of Jacqueline, had fallen to another female. Philip's own granddaughter, as young, fair, and unprotected as Jacqueline, was now sole mistress of those broad domains.

VIII.

A crisis, both for Burgundy and the Netherlands, succeeds. Within the provinces there is an elastic rebound, as soon as the pressure is removed from them by the tyrant's death. A sudden spasm of liberty gives the whole people gigantic strength. In an instant they recover all, and more than all, the rights which they had lost. The cities of Holland, Flanders, and other provinces call a convention at Ghent. Laying aside their musty feuds, men of all parties - Hooks and Kabbeljaws, patricians and people - move forward in phalanx to recover their national constitutions. On the other hand, Louis the Eleventh seizes Burgundy, claiming the territory for his crown, the heiress for his son. The

situation is critical for the Lady Mary. As usual in such cases, appeals are made to the faithful commons. Oaths and pledges are showered upon the people, that their loyalty may be refreshed and grow green. The congress meets at Ghent. The Lady Mary professes much, but she will keep her vow. The deputies are called upon to rally the country around the duchess, and to resist the fraud and force of Louis. The congress is willing to maintain the cause of its young mistress. The members declare, at the same time, very roundly, "that the provinces have been much impoverished and oppressed by the enormous taxation imposed upon them by the ruinous wars waged by Duke Charles from the beginning to the end of his life." They rather require "to be relieved than additionally encumbered." They add that, "for many years past, there has been a constant violation of the provincial and municipal charters, and that they should be happy to see them restored."

The result of the deliberations is the formal grant by Duchess Mary of the "Groot Privilegie," or Great Privilege, the Magna Charta of Holland. Although this instrument was afterwards violated, and indeed abolished, it became the foundation of the republic. It was a recapitulation and recognition of ancient rights, not an acquisition of new privileges. It was a restoration, not a revolution. Its principal points deserve attention from those interested in the political progress of mankind.

"The duchess shall not marry without consent of the estates of her provinces. All offices in her gift shall be conferred on natives only. No man shall fill two offices. No office shall be farmed. The 'Great Council and Supreme Court of Holland' is re-established. Causes shall be brought before it on appeal from the ordinary courts. It shall have no original jurisdiction of matters within the cognizance of the provincial and municipal tribunals. The estates and cities are guaranteed in their right not to be summoned to justice beyond the limits of their territory. The cities, in common with all the provinces of the Netherlands, *may hold diets as often and at such places as they choose. No new taxes shall be imposed but by consent of the provincial estates.* Neither the duchess nor her descendants shall *begin either an offensive or defensive war without consent of the estates.*

In case a war be illegally undertaken, the estates are not bound to contribute to its maintenance. In all public and legal documents, the Netherland language shall be employed. The commands of the duchess shall be invalid, if conflicting with the privileges of a city. The seat of the Supreme Council is transferred from Mechlin to the Hague. No money shall be coined, nor its value raised or lowered, but by consent of the estates. Cities are not to be compelled to contribute to requests which they have not voted. The sovereign shall come in person before the estates, to make his request for supplies."

Here was good work. The land was rescued at a blow from the helpless condition to which it had been reduced. This summary annihilation of all the despotic arrangements of Charles was enough to raise him from his tomb. The law, the sword, the purse, were all taken from the hand of the sovereign and placed within the control of parliament. Such sweeping reforms, if maintained, would restore health to the body politic. They gave, moreover, an earnest of what was one day to arrive. Certainly, for the fifteenth century, the "Great Privilege" was a reasonably liberal constitution. Where else upon earth, at that day, was there half so much liberty as was thus guaranteed? The congress of the Netherlands, according to their Magna Charta, had power to levy all taxes, to regulate commerce and manufactures, to declare war, to coin money, to raise armies and navies. The executive was required to ask for money in person, could appoint only natives to office, recognized the right of disobedience in his subjects, if his commands should conflict with law, and acknowledged himself bound by decisions of courts of justice. The cities appointed their own magistrates, held diets at their own pleasure, made their local by-laws and saw to their execution. Original cognizance of legal matters belonged to the municipal courts, appellate jurisdiction to the supreme tribunal, in which the judges were appointed by the sovereign. The liberty of the citizen against arbitrary imprisonment was amply provided for. The *jus de non evocando*, the *habeas corpus* of Holland, was re-established.

Truly, here was a fundamental law which largely, roundly, and reasonably recognized the existence of a people with

hearts, heads, and hands of their own. It was a vast step in advance of natural servitude, the dogma of the dark ages. It was a noble and temperate vindication of natural liberty, the doctrine of more enlightened days. To no people in the world more than to the stout burghers of Flanders and Holland belongs the honour of having battled audaciously and perennially in behalf of human rights.

Similar privileges to the great charter of Holland are granted to many other provinces; especially to Flanders, ever ready to stand forward in fierce vindication of freedom. For a season all is peace and joy: but the duchess is young, weak, and a woman. There is no lack of intriguing politicians, reactionary councillors. There is a cunning old king in the distance, lying in wait, seeking what he can devour. A mission goes from the estates to France. The well-known tragedy of Imbrecourt and Hugonet occurs. Envoys from the states, they dare to accept secret instructions from the duchess to enter into private negotiations with the French monarch, against their colleagues—against the great charter—against their country. Louis betrays them, thinking that policy the more expedient. They are seized in Ghent, rapidly tried, and as rapidly beheaded by the enraged burghers. All the entreaties of the Lady Mary, who, dressed in mourning garments, with dishevelled hair, unloosed girdle, and streaming eyes, appears at the town-house and afterwards in the market-place, humbly to intercede for her servants, are fruitless. There is no help for the juggling diplomatists. The punishment was sharp. Was it more severe and sudden than that which betrayed monarchs usually inflict? Would the Flemings, at that critical moment, have deserved their freedom had they not taken swift and signal vengeance for this first infraction of their newly-recognized rights? Had it not been weakness to spare the traitors who had thus stained the childhood of the national joy at liberty regained?

IX.

Another step, and a wide one, into the great stream of European history. The Lady Mary espouses the Archduke Maximilian. The Netherlands are about to become

Habsburg property. The Ghenters reject the pretensions of the dauphin, and select for husband of their duchess the very man whom her father had so stupidly rejected. It had been a wiser choice for Charles the Bold than for the Netherlanders. The marriage takes place on the 18th of August, 1477. Mary of Burgundy passes from the guardianship of Ghent burghers into that of the emperor's son. The crafty husband allies himself with the city party, feeling where the strength lies. He knows that the voracious Kabbeljaws have at last swallowed the Hooks, and run away with them. Promising himself future rights of reconsideration, he is liberal in promises to the municipal party. In the meantime he is governor and guardian of his wife and her provinces. His children are to inherit the Netherlands and all that therein is. What can be more consistent than laws of descent, regulated by right divine? At the beginning of the century, good Philip dispossesses Jacqueline, because females cannot inherit. At its close, his granddaughter succeeds to the property, and transmits it to her children. Pope and emperor maintain both positions with equal logic. The policy and promptness of Maximilian are as effective as the force and fraud of Philip.

The Lady Mary falls from her horse and dies. Her son, Philip, four years of age, is recognized as successor. Thus the house of Burgundy is followed by that of Austria, the fifth and last family which governed Holland, previously to the erection of the republic. Maximilian is recognized by provinces as governor and guardian, during the minority of his children. Flanders alone refuses. The burghers, ever prompt in action, take personal possession of the child Philip, and carry on the government in his name. A commission of citizens and nobles thus maintain their authority against Maximilian for several years. In 1488, the archduke, now King of the Romans, with a small force of cavalry, attempts to take the city of Bruges, but the result is a mortifying one to the Roman king. The citizens of Bruges take him, Maximilian, with several councillors, is kept a prisoner in a house on the market-place. The magistrates are all changed, the affairs of government conducted in the name of the young Philip alone. Meantime, the estates of the

the coin of the country, and thereby authorized unlimited swindling on the part of all his agents, from stadholders down to the meanest official. If such oppression and knavery did not justify the resistance of the Flemings to the guardianship of Maximilian, it would be difficult to find any reasonable course in political affairs save abject submission to authority.

In 1493 Maximilian succeeds to the imperial throne, at the death of his father. In the following year his son, Philip the Fair, now seventeen years of age, receives the homage of the different states of the Netherlands. He swears to maintain only the privileges granted by Philip and Charles of Burgundy, or their ancestors, proclaiming null and void all those which might have been acquired since the death of Charles. Holland, Zeland, and the other provinces accept him upon these conditions, thus ignominiously, and without a struggle, relinquishing the Great Privilege, and all similar charters.

Friesland is, for a brief season, politically separated from the rest of the country. Harassed and exhausted by centuries of warfare, foreign and domestic, the free Frisians, at the suggestion or command of Emperor Maximilian, elect the Duke of Saxony as their Podestà. The sovereign prince, naturally proving a chief magistrate far from democratic, gets himself acknowledged, or submitted to, soon afterwards, as legitimate sovereign of Friesland. Seventeen years afterward Saxony sells the sovereignty to the Austrian house for 350,000 crowns. This little country, whose statutes proclaimed her to be "free as the wind, as long as it blew," whose institutions Charlemagne had honoured and left unmolested, who had freed herself with ready poniard from Norman tyranny, who never bowed her neck to feudal chieftain, nor to the papal yoke, now driven to madness and suicide by the dissensions of her wild children, forfeits at last her independent existence. All the provinces are thus united in a common servitude, and regret, too late, their supineness at a moment when their liberties might yet have been vindicated. Their ancient and cherished charters are at the mercy of an autocrat, and liable to be superseded by his edicts.

In 1496, the momentous marriage of Philip the Fair with Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile and

Aragon, is solemnized. Of this union, in the first year of the century, is born the second Charlemagne, who is to unite Spain and the Netherlands, together with so many vast and distant realms, under a single sceptre. Six years afterwards (Sept. 25, 1506), Philip dies at Burgos. A handsome profligate, devoted to his pleasures, and leaving the cares of state to his ministers, Philip, "croit-conseil," is the bridge over which the house of Habsburg passes to almost universal monarchy, but, in himself, is nothing.

X.

Two prudent marriages, made by Austrian archdukes within twenty years, have altered the face of the earth. The stream, which we have been tracing from its source, empties itself at last into the ocean of a world-empire. Count Dirk the First, lord of a half-submerged corner of Europe, is succeeded by Count Charles the Second of Holland, better known as Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, Dominator in Asia and Africa, autocrat of half the world. The leading events of his brilliant reign are familiar to every child. The Netherlands now share the fate of so large a group of nations, a fate, to these provinces, most miserable. The weddings of Austria Felix[1] were not so prolific of happiness to her subjects as to herself. It can never seem just or reasonable that the destiny of many millions of human beings should depend upon the marriage settlements of one man with one woman, and a permanent, prosperous empire can never be reared upon so frail a foundation. The leading thought of the first Charlemagne was a noble and a useful one, nor did his imperial scheme seem chimerical, even although time, wiser than monarchs or lawgivers, was to prove it impracticable. To weld into one great whole the various tribes of Franks, Frisians, Saxons, Lombards, Burgundians, and others, still in their turbulent youth, and still composing one great Teutonic family; to enforce the mutual adhesion of naturally coherent masses, all of one lineage, one language, one history, and which were only beginning to exhibit their tendencies to insulation, to

[1] "Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube," etc., etc.

acquiesce in a variety of local laws and customs, while an iron will was to concentrate a vast, but homogeneous, people into a single nation; to raise up from the grave of corrupt and buried Rome a fresh, vigorous, German, Christian empire; this was a reasonable and manly thought. Far different the conception of the second Charlemagne. To force into discordant union tribes which, for seven centuries, had developed themselves into hostile nations, separated by geography and history, customs and laws, to combine many millions under one sceptre, not because of natural identity, but for the sake of composing one splendid family property, to establish unity by annihilating local institutions, to supersede popular and liberal charters by the edicts of a central despotism, to do battle with the whole spirit of an age, to regard the souls as well as the bodies of vast multitudes as the personal property of one individual, to strive for the perpetuation in a single house of many crowns, which accident had blended, and to imagine the consecration of the whole system by placing the pope's triple diadem for ever upon the imperial head of the Habsburgs;—all this was not the effort of a great, constructive genius, but the selfish scheme of an autocrat.

The union of no two countries could be less likely to prove advantageous or agreeable than that of the Netherlands and Spain. They were widely separated geographically, while in history, manners, and politics, they were utterly opposed to each other. Spain, which had but just assumed the form of a single state by the combination of all its kingdoms, with its haughty nobles descended from petty kings, and arrogating almost sovereign power within their domains, with its fierce enthusiasm for the Catholic religion, which, in the course of long warfare with the Saracens, had become the absorbing characteristic of a whole nation, with its sparse population scattered over a wide and stern country, with a military spirit which led nearly all classes to prefer poverty to the wealth attendant upon degrading pursuits of trade;—Spain, with her gloomy, martial, and exaggerated character, was the absolute contrast of the Netherlands.

These provinces had been rarely combined into a whole, but there was natural affinity in their character, history, and

position. There was life, movement, bustling activity everywhere. An energetic population swarmed in all the flourishing cities which dotted the surface of a contracted and highly cultivated country. Their ships were the carriers for the world;—their merchants, if invaded in their rights, engaged in vigorous warfare with their own funds and their own frigates; their fabrics were prized over the whole earth; their burghers possessed the wealth of princes, lived with royal luxury, and exercised vast political influence, their love of liberty was their predominant passion. Their religious ardour had not been fully awakened; but the events of the next generation were to prove that in no respect more than in the religious sentiment, were the two races opposed to each other. It was as certain that the Netherlanders would be fierce reformers as that the Spaniards would be uncompromising persecutors. Unhallowed was the union between nations thus utterly contrasted.

Philip the Fair and Ferdinand had detested and quarrelled with each other from the beginning. The Spaniards and Flemings participated in the mutual antipathy, and hated each other cordially at first sight. The unscrupulous avarice of the Netherland nobles in Spain, their grasping and venal ambition, enraged and disgusted the haughty Spaniards. This international malignity furnishes one of the keys to a proper understanding of the great revolt in the next reign.

The provinces, now all united again under an emperor, were treated, opulent and powerful as they were, as obscure dependencies. The regency over them was entrusted by Charles to his near relatives, who governed in the interest of his house, not of the country. His course towards them upon the religious question will be hereafter indicated. The political character of his administration was typified, and, as it were, dramatized, on the occasion of the memorable insurrection at Ghent. For this reason, a few interior details concerning that remarkable event, seem requisite.

XI.

Ghent was, in all respects, one of the most important cities in Europe. Erasmus, who, as a Hollander and a

courtier, was not likely to be partial to the turbulent Flemings, asserted that there was no town in all Christendom to be compared to it for size, power, political constitution, or the culture of its inhabitants. It was, said one of its inhabitants at the epoch of the insurrection, rather a commonwealth than a city. The activity and wealth of its burghers were proverbial. The bells were rung daily, and the drawbridges over the many arms of the river intersecting the streets were raised, in order that all business might be suspended, while the armies of workmen were going to or returning from their labours. As early as the fourteenth century, the age of the Arteveldes, Froissart estimated the number of fighting men whom Ghent could bring into the field at eighty thousand. The city, by its jurisdiction over many large but subordinate towns, disposed of more than its own immediate population, which has been reckoned as high as two hundred thousand.

Placed in the midst of well-cultivated plains, Ghent was surrounded by strong walls, the external circuit of which measured nine miles. Its streets and squares were spacious and elegant, its churches and other public buildings numerous and splendid. The sumptuous church of Saint John or Saint Bavon, where Charles the Fifth had been baptized, the ancient castle whither Baldwin Bras de Fer had brought the daughter of Charles the Bald, the city hall with its graceful Moorish front, the well-known belfry, where for three centuries had perched the dragon sent by the Emperor Baldwin of Flanders from Constantinople, and where swung the famous Roland, whose iron tongue had called the citizens, generation after generation, to arms, whether to wi battles over foreign kings at the head of their chivalry, or t plunge their swords into each others' breasts, were all co spicuous in the city and celebrated in the land. Especial the great bell was the object of the burghers' affection, an generally, of the sovereign's hatred; while to all it seem as it were, a living historical personage, endowed with t human powers and passions which it had so long direct and inflamed.

The constitution of the city was very free. It was a re republic in all but name. Its population was divided in fifty-two guilds of manufacturers and into thirty-two tribes

weavers: each fraternity electing annually or biennially its own deans and subordinate officers. The senate, which exercised functions legislative, judicial, and administrative, subject of course to the grand council of Mechlin and to the sovereign authority, consisted of twenty-six members. These were appointed partly from the upper class, or the men who lived upon their means, partly from the manufacturers in general, and partly from the weavers. They were chosen by a college of eight electors, who were appointed by the sovereign on nomination by the citizens. The whole city, in its collective capacity, constituted one of the four estates (Membra) of the province of Flanders. It is obvious that so much liberty of form and of fact, added to the stormy character by which its citizens were distinguished, would be most offensive in the eyes of Charles, and that the delinquencies of the little commonwealth would be represented in the most glaring colours by all those quiet souls who preferred the tranquillity of despotism to the turbulence of freedom. The city claimed, moreover, the general provisions of the "Great Privilege" of the Lady Mary, the Magna Charta, which, according to the monarchical party, had been legally abrogated by Maximilian. The liberties of the town had also been nominally curtailed by the "calf-skin" (Kalf Vel). By this celebrated document, Charles the Fifth, then fifteen years of age, had been made to threaten with condign punishment all persons who should maintain that he had sworn at his inauguration to observe any privileges or charters claimed by the Ghenters before the peace of Cadsand.

The immediate cause of the discontent, the attempt to force from Flanders a subsidy of four hundred thousand caroli, as the third part of the twelve hundred thousand granted by the states of the Netherlands, and the resistance of Ghent in opposition to the other three members of the province, will, of course, be judged differently, according as the sympathies are stronger with popular rights or with prerogative. The citizens claimed that the subsidy could only be granted by the unanimous consent of the four estates of the province. Among other proofs of this their unquestionable right, they appealed to a muniment, which had never existed, save in the imagination of the credulous popu-

lace. At a certain remote epoch, one of the Counts of Flanders, it was contended, had gambled away his countship to the Earl of Holland, but had been extricated from his dilemma by the generosity of Ghent. The burghers of the town had paid the debts and redeemed the sovereignty of their lord, and had thereby gained, in return, a charter, called the Bargain of Flanders (Koop van Flandern). Among the privileges granted by this document, was an express stipulation that no subsidy should ever be granted by the province without the consent of Ghent. This charter would have been conclusive in the present emergency, had it not laboured under the disadvantage of never having existed. It was supposed by many that the magistrates, some of whom were favourable to government, had hidden the document. Lieven Pyl, an ex-senator, was supposed to be privy to its concealment. He was also, with more justice, charged with an act of great baseness and effrontery. Deputed by the citizens to carry to the Queen Regent their positive refusal to grant the subsidy, he had, on the contrary, given an answer, in their name, in the affirmative. For these delinquencies, the imaginary and the real, he was inhumanly tortured and after

tinguished guests excited his warmest admiration. It was wonderful to behold, he said, "the nobility and great richness of the princes and seignors, displayed as well in their beautiful furs, martens and sables, as in the great chains of fine gold which they wore twisted round their necks, and the pearls and precious stones in their bonnets and otherwise, which they displayed in great abundance. It was a *very triumphant thing* to see them thus richly dressed and accoutred."

An idea may be formed of the size and wealth of the city at this period, from the fact that it received and accommodated sixty thousand strangers, with their fifteen thousand horses, upon the occasion of the Emperor's visit. Charles allowed a month of awful suspense to intervene between his arrival and his vengeance. Despair and hope alternated during the interval. On the 17th of March, the spell was broken by the execution of nineteen persons, who were beheaded as ringleaders. On the 29th of April, he pronounced sentence upon the city. The hall where it was rendered was open to all comers, and graced by the presence of the Emperor, the Queen Regent, and the great functionaries of Court, Church, and State. The decree, now matured, was read at length. It annulled all the charters, privileges, and laws of Ghent. It confiscated all its public property, rents, revenues, houses, artillery, munitions of war, and in general everything which the corporation, or the traders, each and all, possessed in common. In particular, the great bell Roland was condemned and sentenced to immediate removal. It was decreed that the four hundred thousand florins, which had caused the revolt, should forthwith be paid, together with an additional fine by Ghent of one hundred and fifty thousand, besides six thousand a year, for ever after. In place of their ancient and beloved constitution, thus annihilated at a blow, was promulgated a new form of municipal government of the simplest kind, according to which *all officers* were in future to be appointed by himself and the guilds, to be reduced to half their number; shorn of all political power, and deprived entirely of self-government. It was, moreover, decreed, that the senators, their pensionaries, clerks and secretaries, thirty notable burghers, to be named by the Emperor, with the great dean and second dean of the weavers, all dressed in black robes, without their

As soon as the words had been all spoken by the pensionary, the Emperor, whose cue was now to appear struggling with mingled emotions of reasonable wrath and of natural benignity, performed his part with much dramatic effect. "He held himself coyly for a little time," says the eye-witness, "without saying a word; deporting himself as though he were considering whether or not he would grant the pardon for which the culprits had prayed." Then the Queen Regent enacted her share in the show. Turning to his Majesty "with all reverence, honour, and humility, she begged that he would concede forgiveness, in honour of his nativity, which had occurred in that city."

Upon this the Emperor "made a fine show of benignity," and replied "very sweetly" that in consequence of his "fraternal love for her, by reason of his being a gentle and virtuous prince, who preferred mercy to the rigour of justice, and in view of their repentance, he would accord his pardon to the citizens."

The Netherlands, after this issue to the struggle of Ghent, were reduced, practically, to a very degraded condition. The form of local self-government remained, but its spirit, when invoked, only arose to be derided. The supreme court of Mechlin, as in the days of Charles the Bold, was again placed in despotic authority above the ancient charters. Was it probable that the lethargy of provinces, which had reached so high a point of freedom only to be deprived of it at last, could endure for ever? Was it to be hoped that the stern spirit of religious enthusiasm, allying itself with the keen instinct of civil liberty, would endue the provinces with strength to throw off the Spanish yoke?

pope. As the papal authority made progress, strong resistance was often made to its decrees. The bishops of Utrecht were dependent for their wealth and territory upon the good will of the Emperor. They were the determined opponents of Hildebrand, warm adherents of the Hohenstaufers—Ghibelline rather than Guelph. Heresy was a plant of early growth in the Netherlands. As early as the beginning of the twelfth century, the notorious Tanchelyn preached at Antwerp, attacking the authority of the pope and of all other ecclesiastics; scoffing at the ceremonies and sacraments of the Church. Unless his character and career have been grossly misrepresented, he was the most infamous of the many impostors who have so often disgraced the cause of religious reformation. By more than four centuries, he anticipated the licentiousness and greediness manifested by a series of false prophets, and was the first to turn both the stupidity of a populace and the viciousness of a priesthood to his own advancement; an ambition which afterwards reached its most signal expression in the celebrated John of Leyden.

The impudence of Tanchelyn and the superstition of his followers seem alike incredible. All Antwerp was his harem. He levied, likewise, vast sums upon his converts, and whenever he appeared in public, his apparel and pomp were befitting an emperor. Three thousand armed satellites escorted his steps and put to death all who resisted his commands. So grovelling became the superstition of his followers that they drank of the water in which he had washed, and treasured it as a divine elixir. Advancing still further in his experiments upon human credulity, he announced his approaching marriage with the Virgin Mary, bade all his disciples to the wedding, and exhibited himself before an immense crowd in company with an image of his holy bride. He then ordered the people to provide for the expenses of the nuptials and the dowry of his wife, placing a coffer upon each side of the image, to receive the contributions of either sex. Which is the most wonderful manifestation in the history of this personage—the audacity of the impostor, or the bestiality of his victims? His career was so successful in the Netherlands that he had the effrontery to proceed to Rome, promulgating what he called his doctrines

as he went. He seems to have been assassinated by a priest in an obscure brawl, about the year 1115.

By the middle of the twelfth century, other and purer heresiarchs had arisen. Many Netherlanders became converts to the doctrines of Waldo. From that period until the appearance of Luther, a succession of sects—Waldenses, Albigenses, Perfectists, Lollards, Poplicans, Arnaldists, Bohemian Brothers—waged perpetual but unequal warfare with the power and depravity of the Church, fertilizing with their blood the future field of the Reformation. Nowhere was the persecution of heretics more relentless than in the Netherlands. Suspected persons were subjected to various torturing but ridiculous ordeals. After such trial, death by fire was the usual but, perhaps, not the most severe form of execution. In Flanders, monastic ingenuity had invented another most painful punishment for Waldenses and similar malefactors. A criminal whose guilt had been established by the hot iron, hot ploughshare, boiling kettle, or other logical proof, was stripped and bound to the stake:—he was then flayed, from the neck to the navel, while swarms of bees were let loose to fasten upon his bleeding flesh and

leges and charters from petty princes, gifts and devises from private persons, were documents which few, save ecclesiastics, could draw or dispute. Not content, moreover, with their territories and their tithings, the churchmen perpetually devised new burthens upon the peasantry. Ploughs, sickles, horses, oxen, all implements of husbandry, were taxed for the benefit of those who toiled not, but who gathered into barns. In the course of the twelfth century, many religious houses, richly endowed with lands and other property, were founded in the Netherlands. Was hand or voice raised against clerical encroachment — the priests held ever in readiness a deadly weapon of defence: a blasting anathema was thundered against their antagonist, and smote him into submission. The disciples of Him who ordered His followers to bless their persecutors, and to love their enemies, invented such Christian formulas as these:—"In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the blessed Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Peter and Paul, and all other Saints in Heaven, do we curse and cut off from our Communion him who has thus rebelled against us. May the curse strike him in his house, barn, bed, field, path, city, castle. May he be cursed in battle, accursed in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, in drinking, in sleeping. May he be accursed in his taste, hearing, smell, and all his senses. May the curse blast his eyes, head, and his body, from his crown to the soles of his feet. I conjure you, Devil, and all your imps, that you take no rest till you have brought him to eternal shame; till he is destroyed by drowning or hanging, till he is torn to pieces by wild beasts, or consumed by fire. Let his children become orphans, his wife a widow. I command you, Devil, and all your imps, that even as I now blow out these torches, you do immediately extinguish the light from his eyes. So be it—so be it. Amen. Amen." So speaking, the curser was wont to blow out two waxen torches which he held in his hands, and, with this practical illustration, the anathema was complete.

Such insane ravings, even in the mouth of some impotent beldame, were enough to excite a shudder, but in that dreary epoch, these curses from the lips of clergymen were deemed sufficient to draw down celestial lightning upon the head, not of the blasphemer, but of his victim. Men, who

trembled neither at sword nor fire, cowered like slaves before such horrid imprecations, uttered by tongues gifted, as it seemed, with superhuman power. Their fellow-men shrank from the wretches thus blasted, and refused communication with them as unclean and abhorred.

By the end of the thirteenth century, however, the clerical power was already beginning to decline. It was not the corruption of the Church, but its enormous wealth, which engendered the hatred with which it was by many regarded. Temporal princes and haughty barons began to dispute the right of ecclesiastics to enjoy vast estates, while refusing the burthen of taxation, and unable to draw a sword for the common defence. At this period, the Counts of Flanders of Holland, and other Netherland sovereigns, issued decrees forbidding clerical institutions from acquiring property, by devise, gift, purchase, or any other mode. The downfall of the rapacious and licentious knights templar in the provinces and throughout Europe, was another severe blow administered at the same time. The attacks upon Church abuses redoubled in boldness, as its authority declined. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the doctrines of Wicklif had made great progress in the land. Early in the fifteenth, the executions of Huss and Jerome of Prague produced the Bohemian rebellion. The Pope proclaims a crusade against the Hussites. Knights and prelates, esquires and citizens enlist in the sacred cause, throughout Holland and its sister provinces; but many Netherlanders, who had felt the might of Ziska's arm, come back, feeling more sympathy with the heresy which they had attacked, than with the Church for which they had battled.

stinct of self-interest sharpens the eye of the public. Many greedy priests, of lower rank, had turned shop-keepers in the Netherlands, and were growing rich by selling their wares, exempt from taxation, at a lower rate than lay hucksters could afford. The benefit of clergy, thus taking the bread from the mouths of many, excites jealousy; the more so, as besides their miscellaneous business, the reverend traders have a most lucrative branch of commerce from which other merchants are excluded. The sale of absolutions was the source of large fortunes to the priests. The enormous impudence of this traffic almost exceeds belief. Throughout the Netherlands, the price current of the wares thus offered for sale, was published in every town and village. God's pardon for crimes already committed, or about to be committed, was advertised according to a graduated tariff. Thus, poisoning, for example, was absolved for eleven ducats, six livres tournois. Absolution for incest was afforded at thirty-six livres, three ducats. Perjury came to seven livres and three carlines. Pardon for murder, if not by poison, was cheaper. Even a parricide could buy forgiveness at God's tribunal at one ducat, four livres, eight carlines. Henry de Montfort, in the year 1448, purchased absolution for that crime at that price. Was it strange that a century or so of this kind of work should produce a Luther? Was it unnatural that plain people, who loved the ancient Church, should rather desire to see her purged of such blasphemous abuses, than to hear of St. Peter's dome rising a little nearer to the clouds on these proceeds of commuted crime?

At the same time, while ecclesiastical abuses are thus augmenting, ecclesiastical power is diminishing in the Netherlands. The Church is no longer able to protect itself against the secular arm. The halcyon days of ban, book, and candle are gone. In 1459, Duke Philip of Burgundy prohibits the churches from affording protection to fugitives. Charles the Bold, in whose eyes nothing is sacred save war and the means of making it, lays a heavy impost upon all clerical property. Upon being resisted, he enforces collection with the armed hand. The sword and the pen, strength and intellect, no longer the exclusive servants or instruments of priestcraft, are both in open revolt. Charles the Bold storms one fortress, Doctor Grandfort, of Groningen, batters another. This

learned Frisian, called "the light of the world," friend and compatriot of the great Rudolph Agricola, preaches throughout the provinces, uttering bold denunciations of ecclesiastical error. He even disputes the infallibility of the Pope, denies the utility of prayers for the dead, and inveighs against the whole doctrine of purgatory and absolution.

With the beginning of the sixteenth century, the great Reformation was actually alive. The name of Erasmus of Rotterdam was already celebrated; the man, who, according to Grotius, "so well showed the road to a reasonable reformation." But if Erasmus showed the road, he certainly did not travel far upon it himself. Perpetual type of the quietist, the moderate man, he censured the errors of the Church with discrimination and gentleness, as if Borgianism had not been too long rampant at Rome, as if men's minds throughout Christendom were not too deeply stirred to be satisfied with mild rebukes against sin, especially when the mild rebuker was in receipt of livings and salaries from the sinner. Instead of rebukes, the age wanted reforms. The Sage of Rotterdam was a keen observer, a shrewd satirist, but a moderate moralist. He loved ease, good company, the soft repose of princely palaces, better than a life of martyrdom and a death at the stake. He was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, as he handsomely confessed on more than one occasion. "Let others affect martyrdom," he said, "for myself I am unworthy of the honour;" and at another time "I am not of a mind," he observed, "to venture my life for

sound criticism, a love for the beautiful and the classic, in place of the owlish pedantry which had so long flapped and hooted through mediæval cloisters, will always be held in grateful reverence. In the history of the religious Reformation, his name seems hardly to deserve the commendations of Grotius.

As the schism yawns, more and more ominously, throughout Christendom, the Emperor naturally trembles. Anxious to save the state, but being no antique Roman, he wishes to close the gulf, but with more convenience to himself. He conceives the highly original plan of combining Church and Empire under one crown. This is Maximilian's scheme for Church reformation. An hereditary papacy, a perpetual pope-emperor, the Charlemagne and Hildebrand systems united and simplified—thus the world may yet be saved. "Nothing more honourable, nobler, better, could happen to us," writes Maximilian to Paul Lichtenstein (16th Sept., 1511), "than to re-annex the said popedom—which properly belongs to us—to our empire. Cardinal Adrian approves our reasons and encourages us to proceed, being of opinion that we should not have much trouble with the cardinals. It is much to be feared that the Pope may die of his present sickness. He has lost his appetite, and fills himself with so much drink that his health is destroyed. As such matters cannot be arranged without money, we have promised the cardinals, whom we expect to bring over, 300,000 ducats, which we shall raise from the Fuggers, and make payable in Rome upon the appointed day."

These business-like arrangements he communicates, two days afterwards, in a secret letter to his daughter Margaret, and already exults at his future eminence, both in this world and the next. "We are sending Monsieur de Gurce," he says, "to make an agreement with the Pope, that we may be taken as coadjutor, in order that, upon his death, we may *be sure of the papacy*, and afterwards, of *becoming a saint*. After my decease, therefore, you will be *constrained to adore me*, of which *I shall be very proud*. I am beginning to work upon the cardinals, in which affair two or three hundred thousand ducats will be of great service." The letter was signed, "from the hand of your good father, Maximilian, *future Pope*."

These intrigues are not destined, however, to be successful. Pope Julius lives two years longer; Leo the Tenth succeeds; and, as Medici are not much prone to Church reformation, some other scheme, and perhaps some other reformer may be wanted. Meantime, the traffic in bulls of absolution becomes more horrible than ever. Money must be raised to supply the magnificent extravagance of Rome. Accordingly, Christians, throughout Europe, are offered, by papal authority, guarantees of forgiveness for every imaginable sin, "even for the rape of God's mother, if that were possible," together with a promise of life eternal in Paradise, all upon payment of the price affixed to each crime. The Netherlands, like other countries, are districted and farmed for the collection of this papal revenue. Much of the money thus raised, remains in the hands of the vile collectors. Sincere Catholics, who love and honour the ancient religion, shrink with horror at the spectacle offered on every side. Criminals buying Paradise for money, monks spending the money thus paid in gaming-houses, taverns, and brothels; this seems, to those who have studied their Testaments, a different scheme of salvation from the one promulgated by Christ. There has evidently been a departure from the system of earlier apostles. Innocent conservative souls are much perplexed; but, at last, all these infamies arouse a giant to do battle with the giant wrong. Martin Luther enters the lists, all alone, armed only with a quiver filled with ninety-five propositions, and a bow which can send them all over Christendom with incredible swiftness. Within a few weeks the ninety-five propositions have flown through Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and are found in Jerusalem.

stands firm in the storm, demanding argument instead of illogical thunder; shows the hangmen and the people too, outside the Elster gate at Wittenberg, that papal bulls will blaze as merrily as heretic scrolls. What need of allusion to events which changed the world—which every child has learned—to the war of Titans, uprooting of hoary trees and rock-ribbed hills, to the Worms Diet, Peasant wars, the Patmos of Eisenach, and huge wrestlings with the Devil?

Imperial edicts are soon employed to suppress the Reformation in the Netherlands by force. The provinces, unfortunately, are the private property of Charles, his paternal inheritance; and most paternally, according to his view of the matter, does he deal with them. Germany cannot be treated thus summarily, not being his heritage. "As it appears," says the edict of 1521, "that the aforesaid Martin is not a man, but a devil under the form of a man, and clothed in the dress of a priest, the better to bring the human race to hell and damnation, therefore all his disciples and converts are to be punished with death and forfeiture of all their goods." This was succinct and intelligible. The bloody edict, issued at Worms, without even a pretence of sanction by the estates, was carried into immediate effect. The papal inquisition was introduced into the provinces to assist its operations. The bloody work, for which the reign of Charles is mainly distinguished in the Netherlands, now began. In 1523, July 1st, two Augustine monks were burned at Brussels, the first victims to Lutheranism in the provinces. Erasmus observed, with a sigh, that "two had been burned at Brussels, and that the city now began strenuously to favour Lutheranism."

Pope Adrian the Sixth, the Netherland boat-maker's son and the Emperor's ancient tutor, was sufficiently alive to the sins of churchmen. The humble scholar of Utrecht was, at least, no Borgia. At the diet of Nuremberg, summoned to put down Luther, the honest Pope declared roundly, through the Bishop of Fabriane, that "these disorders had sprung from the sins of men, more especially *from the sins of priests and prelates.* Even in the holy chair," said he, "many horrible crimes have been committed. Many abuses have grown up in the ecclesiastical state. The

contagious disease, spreading from the head to the members —from the Pope to lesser prelates—has spread far and wide, so that scarcely any one is to be found who does right, and who is free from infection. Nevertheless, the evils have become so ancient and manifold, that it will be necessary to go step by step."

In those passionate days, the ardent reformers were as much outraged by this pregnant confession as the ecclesiastics. It would indeed be a slow process, they thought, to move step by step in the Reformation, if, between each step, a whole century was to intervene. In vain did the gentle pontiff call upon Erasmus to assuage the stormy sea with his smooth rhetoric. The Sage of Rotterdam was old and sickly; his day was over. Adrian's head, too, languishes beneath the triple crown but twenty months. He dies 13th Sept., 1523, having arrived at the conviction, according to his epitaph, that the greatest misfortune of his life was to have reigned.

Another edict, published in the Netherlands, forbids all private assemblies for devotion; all reading of the Scriptures; all discussions within one's own doors concerning faith, the sacraments, the papal authority, or other religious matter, under penalty of death. The edicts were no dead letter. The fires were kept constantly supplied with human fuel by monks, who knew the art of burning reformers better than that of arguing with them. The scaffold was the most conclusive of syllogisms, and used upon all occasions. Still the people remained unconvinced. Thousands of burned heretics had not made a single convert.

A fresh edict renewed and sharpened the punishment for reading the Scriptures in private or public. At the same time, the violent personal altercation between Luther and Erasmus, upon predestination, together with the bitter dispute between Luther and Zwingli concerning the real presence, did more to impede the progress of the Reformation than ban or edict, sword or fire. The spirit of humanity hung her head, finding that the bold reformer had only a new dogma in place of the old ones, seeing that dissenters, in their turn, were sometimes as ready as papists, with axe, fagot, and excommunication. In 1526, Felix Mants, the anabaptist, is drowned at Zurich, in obedience to

Zwingli's pithy formula—*Qui iterum mergit mergatur.* Thus the anabaptists, upon their first appearance, were exposed to the fires of the Church, and the water of the Zwinglians.

There is no doubt that the anabaptist delusion was so ridiculous and so loathsome, as to palliate, or at least render intelligible, the wrath with which they were regarded by all parties. The turbulence of the sect was alarming to constituted authorities, its bestiality disgraceful to the cause of religious reformation. The leaders were among the most depraved of human creatures, as much distinguished for licentiousness, blasphemy, and cruelty as their followers for grovelling superstition. The evil spirit, driven out of Luther, seemed, in orthodox eyes, to have taken possession of a herd of swine. The Germans, Muncer and Hoffmann, had been succeeded, as chief prophets, by a Dutch baker, named Matthiszoon, of Harlem; who announced himself as Enoch. Chief of this man's disciples was the notorious John Boccold, of Leyden. Under the government of this prophet, the anabaptists mastered the city of Munster. Here they confiscated property, plundered churches, violated females, murdered men who refused to join the gang, and, in brief, practised all the enormities which humanity alone can conceive or perpetrate. The prophet proclaimed himself King of Sion, and sent out apostles to preach his doctrines in Germany and the Netherlands. Polygamy being a leading article of the system, he exemplified the principle by marrying fourteen wives. Of these, the beautiful widow of Matthiszoon was chief, was called the Queen of Sion, and wore a golden crown. The prophet made many fruitless efforts to seize Amsterdam and Leyden. The armed invasion of the anabaptists was repelled, but their contagious madness spread. The plague broke forth in Amsterdam. On a cold winter's night (February, 1535), seven men and five women, inspired by the Holy Ghost, threw off their clothes and rushed naked and raving through the streets, shrieking, "Wo, wo, wo! the wrath of God, the wrath of God!" When arrested, they obstinately refused to put on clothing. "We are," they observed, "the naked truth." In a day or two, these furious lunatics, who certainly deserved a madhouse rather than the scaffold, were

all executed. The numbers of the sect increased with the martyrdom to which they were exposed, and the disorder spread to every part of the Netherlands. Many were put to death in lingering torments, but no perceptible effect was produced by the chastisement. Meantime the great chief of the sect, the prophet John, was defeated by the forces of the Bishop of Munster, who recovered his city and caused the "King of Sion" to be pinched to death with red-hot tongs.

Unfortunately the severity of government was not wreaked alone upon the prophet and his mischievous crew. Thousands and ten thousands of virtuous well-disposed men and women, who had as little sympathy with anabaptistical as with Roman depravity, were butchered in cold blood, under the sanguinary rule of Charles in the Netherlands. In 1533, Queen Dowager Mary of Hungary, sister of the Emperor, Regent of the provinces, the "Christian widow" admired by Erasmus, wrote to her brother that "in her opinion all heretics, whether repentant or not, should be prosecuted with such severity as that error might be, at once, extinguished, care being only taken that the provinces were not entirely depopulated." With this humane limitation, the "Christian widow" cheerfully set herself to superintend as foul and wholesale a system of murder as was ever organized. In 1535 an imperial edict was issued at Brussels, condemning all heretics to death; repentant males to be executed with the sword, repentant females to be buried alive, the obstinate, of both sexes, to be burned. This and similar edicts were the law of the land for twenty years, and rigidly enforced. Imperial and papal persecution continued its daily deadly work with such diligence, as to make it doubtful whether the limits set by the Regent Mary might not be overstepped. In the midst of the carnage, the Emperor sent for his son Philip, that he might receive the fealty of the Netherlands as their future lord and master. Contemporaneously a new edict was published at Brussels (29th April, 1549), confirming and re-enacting all previous decrees in their most severe provisions. Thus stood religious matters in the Netherlands at the epoch of the imperial abdication.

XIII.

The civil institutions of the country had assumed their last provincial form, in the Burgundo-Austrian epoch. As already stated, their tendency, at a later period a vicious one, was to substitute fictitious personages for men. A chain of corporations was wound about the liberty of the Netherlands; yet that liberty had been originally sustained by the system in which it, one day, might be strangled. The spirit of local self-government, always the life-blood of liberty, was often excessive in its manifestations. The centrifugal force had been too much developed, and, combining with the mutual jealousy of corporations, had often made the nation weak against a common foe. Instead of popular rights there were state rights, for the large cities, with extensive districts and villages under their government, were rather petty states than municipalities. Although the supreme legislative and executive functions belonged to the sovereign, yet each city made its by-laws, and possessed, beside, a body of statutes and regulations, made from time to time by its own authority and confirmed by the prince. Thus a large portion, at least, of the nation shared practically in the legislative functions, which, technically, it did not claim; nor had the requirements of society made constant legislation so necessary, as that to exclude the people from the work was to enslave the country. There was popular power enough to effect much good, but it was widely scattered, and, at the same time, confined in artificial forms. The guilds were vassals of the towns, the towns, vassals of the feudal lord. The guild voted in the "broad council" of the city as one person; the city voted in the estates as one person. The people of the United Netherlands was the personage yet to be invented. It was a privilege, not a right, to exercise a handiwork, or to participate in the action of government. Yet the mass of privileges was so large, the shareholders so numerous, that practically the towns were republics. The government was in the hands of a large number of the people. Industry and intelligence led to wealth and power. This was great progress from the general servitude of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, an immense barrier against arbitrary rule. Loftier ideas of human rights, larger concep-

tions of commerce, have taught mankind, in later days, the difference between liberties and liberty, between guilds and free competition. At the same time it was the principle of mercantile association, in the middle ages, which protected the infant steps of human freedom and human industry against violence and wrong. Moreover, at this period, the tree of municipal life was still green and vigorous. The healthful flow of sap from the humblest roots to the most verdurous branches indicated the internal soundness of the core, and provided for the constant development of exterior strength. The road to political influence was open to all, not by right of birth, but through honourable exertion of heads and hands.

The chief city of the Netherlands, the commercial capital of the world, was Antwerp. In the North and East of Europe, the Hanseatic league had withered with the revolution in commerce. At the South, the splendid marble channels, through which the overland India trade had been conducted from the Mediterranean by a few stately cities, were now dry, the great aqueducts ruinous and deserted. Verona, Venice, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Bruges, were sinking, but Antwerp, with its deep and convenient river, stretched its arm to the ocean and caught the golden prize, as it fell from its sister cities' grasp. The city was so ancient, that its genealogists, with ridiculous gravity, ascended to a period two centuries before the Trojan war, and discovered a giant, rejoicing in the classic name of Antigonus, established on the Scheld. This patriarch exacted one-half the merchandize of all navigators who passed his castle, and was accustomed to amputate and cast into the river the right hands of those who infringed this simple tariff. Thus *Hand-werpen*, hand-throwing, became *Antwerp*, and hence, two hands in the escutcheon of the city, were ever held up in heraldic attestation of the truth. The giant was, in his turn, thrown into the Scheld by a hero named Brabo, from whose exploits Brabant derived its name; "*de quo Brabonica tellus.*" But for these antiquarian researches, a simpler derivation of the name would seem *an t' werf*, "on the wharf." It had now become the principal entrepôt and exchange of Europe. The Fuggers, Velsens, Ostetts, of Germany, the Gualterotti and Bonvisi of Italy, and many other great mercantile houses,

were there established. No city, except Paris, surpassed it in population, none approached it in commercial splendour. Its government was very free. The sovereign, as Marquis of Antwerp, was solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws. The stadholder, as his representative, shared his authority with the four estates of the city. The Senate of eighteen members was appointed by the stadholder out of a quadruple number nominated by the Senate itself and by the fourth body, called the Borgery. Half the board was thus renewed annually. It exercised executive and appellate judicial functions, appointed two burgomasters, and two pensionaries or legal councillors, and also selected the lesser magistrates and officials of the city. The board of ancients or ex-senators, held their seats *ex officio*. The twenty-six ward masters, appointed, two from each ward, by the Senate on nomination by the wards, formed the third estate. Their especial business was to enrol the militia, and to attend to its mustering and training. The deans of the guilds, fifty-four in number, two from each guild, selected by the Senate, from a triple list of candidates presented by the guilds, composed the fourth estate. This influential body was always assembled in the broad-council of the city. Their duty was likewise to conduct the examination of candidates claiming admittance to any guild and offering specimens of art or handiwork, to superintend the general affairs of the guilds and to regulate disputes.

There were also two important functionaries, representing the king in criminal and civil matters. The Vicarius capitalis, Scultetus, Schout, Sheriff, or Margrave, took precedence of all magistrates. His business was to superintend criminal arrests, trials, and executions. The Vicarius civilis was called the Amman, and his office corresponded with that of the Podestà in the Frisian and Italian republics. His duties were nearly similar, in civil, to those of his colleague, in criminal, matters.

These four branches, with their functionaries and dependents, composed the commonwealth of Antwerp. Assembled together in council, they constituted the great and general court. No tax could be imposed by the sovereign, except with consent of the four branches, all voting separately.

The personal and domiciliary rights of the citizen were

scrupulously guarded. The Schout could only make arrests with the Burgomaster's warrant, and was obliged to bring the accused, within three days, before the judges, whose courts were open to the public.

The condition of the population was prosperous. There were but few poor, and those did not seek but were sought by the almoners. The schools were excellent and cheap. It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak, at least two languages. The sons of the wealthier citizens completed their education at Louvain, Douay, Paris, or Padua.

The city itself was one of the most beautiful in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the banks of the Scheld, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. The world-renowned church of Nôtre Dame, the stately Exchange where five thousand merchants daily congregated, prototype of all similar establishments throughout the world, the capacious mole and port where twenty-five hundred vessels were often seen at once, and where five hundred made their daily entrance or departure, were all establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the world.

From what has already been said of the municipal institutions of the country, it may be inferred that the powers of the Estates-General were limited. The members of that congress were not representatives chosen by the people, but merely a few ambassadors from individual provinces. This individuality was not always composed of the same ingredients. Thus, Holland consisted of two members, or branches —the nobles, and the six chief cities; Flanders of four branches—the cities, namely, of Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and the "freedom of Bruges;" Brabant of Louvain, Brussels, Bois le Duc, and Antwerp, four great cities, without representation of nobility or clergy; Zeland, of one clerical person, the abbot of Middelburg, one noble, the Marquis of Veer and Vliessingen, and six chief cities; Utrecht, of three branches—the nobility, the clergy, and five cities. These, and other provinces, constituted in similar manner, were supposed to be actually present at the diet when assembled. The chief business of the states-general was financial; the

sovereign, or his stadholder, only obtaining supplies by making a request in person, while any single city, as branch of a province, had a right to refuse the grant.

XIV.

Education had felt the onward movement of the country and the times. The whole system was, however, pervaded by the monastic spirit, which had originally preserved all learning from annihilation, but which now kept it wrapped in the ancient cerecloths, and stiffening in the stony sarcophagus of a bygone age. The university of Louvain was the chief literary institution in the provinces. It had been established in 1423 by Duke John IV. of Brabant. Its government consisted of a President and Senate, forming a close corporation, which had received from the founder all his own authority, and the right to supply its own vacancies. The five faculties of law, canon law, medicine, theology, and the arts, were cultivated at the institution. There was, besides, a high school for under graduates, divided into four classes. The place reeked with pedantry, and the character of the university naturally diffused itself through other scholastic establishments. Nevertheless, it had done and was doing much to preserve the love for profound learning, while the rapidly advancing spirit of commerce was attended by an ever-increasing train of humanizing arts.

The standard of culture in those flourishing cities was elevated, compared with that observed in many parts of Europe. The children of the wealthier classes enjoyed great facilities for education in all the great capitals. The classics, music, and the modern languages, particularly the French, were universally cultivated. Nor was intellectual cultivation confined to the higher orders. On the contrary, it was diffused to a remarkable degree among the hard-working artisans and handicraftsmen of the great cities.

For the principle of association had not confined itself exclusively to politics and trade. Besides the numerous guilds by which citizenship was acquired in the various cities, were many other societies for mutual improvement, support, or recreation. The great secret, architectural or

masonic brotherhood of Germany, that league to which the artistic and patient completion of the magnificent works of Gothic architecture in the middle ages is mainly to be attributed, had its branches in nether Germany, and explains the presence of so many splendid and elaborately-finished churches in the provinces. There were also military sodalities of musketeers, cross-bowmen, archers, swordsmen in every town. Once a year these clubs kept holiday, choosing a king, who was selected for his prowess and skill in the use of various weapons. These festivals, always held with great solemnity and rejoicing, were accompanied by many exhibitions of archery and swordsmanship. The people were not likely, therefore, voluntarily to abandon that privilege and duty of freemen, the right to bear arms, and the power to handle them.

Another and most important collection of brotherhoods were the so-called guilds of Rhetoric, which existed, in greater or less number, in all the principal cities. These were associations of mechanics, for the purpose of amusing their leisure with poetical effusions, dramatic and musical exhibitions, theatrical processions, and other harmless and not inelegant recreations. Such chambers of rhetoric came originally in the fifteenth century from France. The fact that in their very title they confounded rhetoric with poetry and the drama indicates the meagre attainments of these early "Rederykers." In the outset of their career they gave theatrical exhibitions. "King Herod and his Deeds" was enacted in the cathedral at Utrecht in 1418. The associations spread with great celerity throughout the Netherlands, and, as they were all connected with each other, and in habits of periodical intercourse, these humble links of literature were of great value in drawing the people of the provinces into closer union. They became, likewise, important political engines. As early as the time of Philip the Good, their songs and lampoons became so offensive to the arbitrary notions of the Burgundian government, as to cause the societies to be prohibited. It was, however, out of the sovereign's power permanently to suppress institutions, which already partook of the character of the modern periodical press combined with functions resembling the show and licence of the Athenian drama. Viewed from the stand-

point of literary criticism their productions were not very commendable, and perhaps smacked of the hammer, the yard-stick, and the pincers. Yet, if the style of these lucubrations was often depraved, the artisans rarely received a better example from the literary institutions above them. It was not for guilds of mechanics to give the tone to literature, nor were their efforts in more execrable taste than the emanations from the pedants of Louvain. The "Rhetoricians" are not responsible for all the bad taste of their generation. The gravest historians of the Netherlands often relieved their elephantine labours by the most asinine gambols, and it was not to be expected that these bustling weavers and cutlers should excel their literary superiors in taste or elegance.

Philip the Fair enrolled himself as a member in one of these societies. It may easily be inferred, therefore, that they had already become bodies of recognized importance. The rhetorical chambers existed in the most obscure villages. The number of yards of Flemish poetry annually manufactured and consumed throughout the provinces almost exceeds belief. The societies had regular constitutions. Their presiding officers were called kings, princes, captains, archdeacons, or rejoiced in similar high-sounding names. Each chamber had its treasurer, its buffoon, and its standard-bearer for public processions. Each had its peculiar title or blazon, as the Lily, the Marigold, or the Violet, with an appropriate motto. By the year 1493, the associations had become so important, that Philip the Fair summoned them all to a general assembly at Mechlin. Here they were organized, and formally incorporated under the general supervision of an upper or mother society of Rhetoric, consisting of fifteen members, and called by the title of "Jesus with the balsam flower."

The sovereigns were always anxious to conciliate these influential guilds by becoming members of them in person. Like the players, the Rhetoricians were the brief abstract and chronicle of the time, and neither prince nor private person desired their ill report. It had, indeed, been Philip's intention to convert them into engines for the arbitrary purposes of his house, but fortunately the publicly-organized societies were not the only chambers. On the contrary, the unchar-

tered guilds were the most numerous and influential. They exercised a vast influence upon the progress of the religious reformation, and the subsequent revolt of the Netherlands. They ridiculed, with their farces and their satires, the vices of the clergy. They dramatized tyranny for public execration. It was also not surprising, that among the leaders of the wild anabaptists who disgraced the great revolution in church and state by their hideous antics, should be found many who, like David of Delft, John of Leyden, and others, had been members of rhetorical chambers. The genius for mummery and theatrical exhibitions, transplanted from its sphere, and exerting itself for purposes of fraud and licentiousness, was as baleful in its effects as it was healthy in its original manifestations. Such exhibitions were but the excrescences of a system which had borne good fruit. These literary guilds befitted and denoted a people which was alive, a people which had neither sunk to sleep in the lap of material prosperity, nor abased itself in the sty of ignorance and political servitude. The spirit of liberty pervaded these rude but not illiterate assemblies, and her fair proportions were distinctly visible, even through the somewhat grotesque garb which she thus assumed.

The great leading recreations which these chambers afforded to themselves and the public, were the periodic jubilees which they celebrated in various capital cities. All the guilds of rhetoric throughout the Netherlands were then invited to partake and to compete in magnificent processions, brilliant costumes, living pictures, charades, and other animated, glittering groups, and in trials of dramatic and poetic skill, all arranged under the superintendence of the particular association which, in the preceding year, had borne away the prize. Such jubilees were called "Land-jewels."

From the amusements of a people may be gathered much that is necessary for a proper estimation of its character. No unfavourable opinion can be formed as to the culture of a nation, whose weavers, smiths, gardeners, and traders, found the favourite amusement of their holidays in composing and enacting tragedies or farces, reciting their own verses, or in personifying moral and æsthetic sentiments by ingeniously-arranged groups, or gorgeous habiliments. The

cramoisy velvets and yellow satin doublets of the court, the gold-brocaded mantles of priests and princes are often but vulgar drapery of little historic worth. Such costumes thrown around the swart figures of hard-working artisans, for literary and artistic purposes, have a real significance, and are worthy of a closer examination. Were not these amusements of the Netherlanders as elevated and humanizing as the contemporary bull-fights and autos-da-fé of Spain? What place in history does the gloomy bigot merit who, for the love of Christ, converted all these gay cities into shambles, and changed the glittering processions of their Land-jewels into fettered marches to the scaffold?

Thus fifteen ages have passed away, and in the place of a horde of savages, living among swamps and thickets, swarm three millions of people, the most industrious, the most prosperous, perhaps the most intelligent under the sun. Their cattle, grazing on the bottom of the sea, are the finest in Europe, their agricultural products of more exchangeable value than if nature had made their land to overflow with wine and oil. Their navigators are the boldest, their mercantile marine the most powerful, their merchants the most enterprising in the world. Holland and Flanders, peopled by one race, vie with each other in the pursuits of civilization. The Flemish skill in the mechanical and in the fine arts is unrivalled. Belgian musicians delight and instruct other nations, Belgian pencils have, for a century, caused the canvas to glow with colours and combinations never seen before. Flemish fabrics are exported to all parts of Europe, to the East and West Indies, to Africa. The splendid tapestries, silks, linens, as well as the more homely and useful manufactures of the Netherlands, are prized throughout the world. Most ingenious, as they had already been described by the keen-eyed Cæsar, in imitating the arts of other nations, the skilful artificers of the country at Louvain, Ghent, and other places, reproduce the shawls and silks of India with admirable accuracy.

Their national industry was untiring; their prosperity unexampled; their love of liberty indomitable; their pugnacity proverbial. Peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic by temperament, the Netherlanders were yet the most belligerent and excitable population of Europe. Two centuries of civil

war had but thinned the ranks of each generation without quenching the hot spirit of the nation.

The women were distinguished by beauty of form and vigour of constitution. Accustomed from childhood to converse freely with all classes and sexes in the daily walks of life, and to travel on foot or horseback from one town to another, without escort and without fear, they had acquired manners more frank and independent than those of women in other lands, while their morals were pure and their decorum undoubted. The prominent part to be sustained by the women of Holland in many dramas of the revolution would thus fitly devolve upon a class, enabled by nature and education to conduct themselves with courage.

Within the little circle which encloses the seventeen provinces are 208 walled cities, many of them among the most stately in Christendom, 150 chartered towns, 6,300 villages, with their watch-towers and steeples, besides numerous other more insignificant hamlets; the whole guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses of surpassing strength.

XV.

Thus in this rapid sketch of the course and development of the Netherland nation during sixteen centuries, we have seen it ever marked by one prevailing characteristic, one master passion—the love of liberty, the instinct of self-government. Largely compounded of the bravest Teutonic elements, Batavian and Frisian, the race ever battles to the death with tyranny, organizes extensive revolts in the age of Vespasian, maintains a partial independence even against the sagacious dominion of Charlemagne, refuses in Friesland to accept the papal yoke or feudal chain, and, throughout the dark ages, struggles resolutely towards the light, wresting from a series of petty sovereigns a gradual and practical recognition of the claims of humanity. With the advent of the Burgundian family, the power of the commons has reached so high a point, that it is able to measure itself, undaunted, with the spirit of arbitrary rule, of which that engrossing and tyrannical house is the embodiment. For more than a century the struggle for freedom, for civic life, goes on: Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary's husband

PART I.

PHILIP THE SECOND IN THE NETHERLANDS.

1555—1559.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING AND CLOSING SCENE.

Abdication of Charles resolved upon—Brussels in the sixteenth century—Hall of the palace described—Portraits of prominent individuals present at the ceremony—Formalities of the abdication—Universal emotion—Remarks upon the character and career of Charles—His retirement at Juste.

ON the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels.[1] They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain, even to shabbiness, in his own costume, and usually attired in black,[2] no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. We have seen the theatrical and imposing manner in which he quelled the insurrection at Ghent, and nearly crushed the life for ever out of that vigorous and turbulent little commonwealth. The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatized in a manner worthy the august character of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels; for an imperial

[1] Eml. Van Meteren. Historien der Nederlanden, i. f. 16. Pieter Bor. Nederlandshe Oorlogen, i. f. 3.

[2] Illiberalior quoque quam tantum decebat Cæsarem est habitus—vestitus fere popularis, colore atro oblectabatur. Ponti Heuteri Rerum Austriacarum Hist. (Lovanii, 1643), xiv. 346a.

abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century, been staled by custom.

The gay capital of Brabant—of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance," was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and, at that day, numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants.[1] Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old.[2] Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure, cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile corn-fields, flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, a miracle of needlework in stone, rivalling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly-wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemberg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right.[3] The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls.[4] The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armourers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers,

[1] Lud. Guicciardini. Belgii Descript. (Amst. 1660), p. 110, *sqq.*
[2] *Ibid.* Compare Les Delices des Pays Bas, par le Père Griffet (Liege, 1769), i. 193, *sqq.*
[3] Guicciardini. Le Père Griffet, *ubi sup.*
[4] *Ibid.*

whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world.[1] Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently-painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels, and was supposed at that epoch, during which astronomy was in its infancy and astrology in its prime, to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences.[2] Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates, and upon the occasion of the present ceremony, it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences, that seven crowned heads[3] would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened, had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, enclosed by an iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish-ponds and game-preserves, fountains and promenades, race-courses and archery-grounds.[4] The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations.[5] It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were

[1] Guicciardini, p. 120.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 111. Le Père Griffet.

[3] Em. Van Meteren, i. f. 17. Le Père Griffet, i. 196. Vander Vynckt Nederl. Beroerten (Amst. 1823), i. 109. Guicciardini, 110.

[4] Guicc. 116, *sqq.* Griffet, i. 196, *sqq.*

[5] Recoeil, par forme de Memoires des actes et choses les plus notables quy sont advennes ês Pays Bas, mis et redigées par escript par Pasquier de la Barre, natif de Tournay. (MS. in the royal archives of Brussels, f. 5.) This very curious manuscript, which we shall often have occasion to cite in the course of this volume, was discovered a few years since among some account books in the archives of Belgium. Its author was

held.[1] Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon, the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion,[2] the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces.[3] Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction.[4] In the rear of these were other benches, for the members of the three great councils.[5] In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs.[6] All the seats upon the platform were vacant, but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all the states but two — Gelderland and Overyssel — had already taken their places. Grave magistrates, in chain and gown, and executive officers in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted. The remainder of the hall

procureur-général at Tournay, until deprived of his office, in February 1567, by Noircarmes. The MS. is full of curious and important details for the eventful year 1566.—*Vide* Gachard. Notice d'un Manuscrit concernant l'Hist. de Tournay. Com. Roy. d'Hist., t. i. No. 1, 2eme Serie du Compte Rendu.

[1] Four days before the abdication, namely, on the 21st October, Charles had held a council of the Fleece, at which eleven knights had been present. To these personages he had made the first formal communication of his intention of conceding all his realms to his son. At the same time he intimated that, being chief of the order of the Golden Fleece, as sovereign of Burgundy and the Netherlands, he wished to divest himself of that dignity in favour of Philip. The king then retired from the council. The knights held a formal discussion upon the subject, concluding by approving unanimously the appointment. Philip then re-entered the apartment, and was congratulated upon his new office.—Inventaire de la Toison d'Or; Brussels Archives MS., tom. i.

[2] De la Barre MS., *ubi sup.* Judges, chap. vi.

[3] Gachard. Analectes Belgiques (Paris, 1830), pp. 70-106.

[4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.* [6] *Ibid. ubi sup*

Egmont.[1] The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face, and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; those other twins in doom—the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely royal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who, at least, never served but one party; the Duke of Arschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all—a splendid seignor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam,[2] according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grand-nephew of the emperor's famous tutor, Chièvres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanour; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration, for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice, as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard.[3] Foremost among the Spanish Grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favourite, Ruy Gomez, or as he was familiarly called "Re y Gomez"[4] (King and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid

[1] In the royal gallery at Amsterdam there are very good original portraits of Egmont, Horn, Alva, Orange and all his brothers, besides many other contemporary pictures.

[2] "Amplius ibi, res mirandæ: marmorea principum Croyorum monumenta, ibi genealogiam Ducum de Areschot ab Adamo usque ad præsentes," etc.—*Guicciardini*, p. 108 (art. *Lovanium*).

[3] Vita Viglii ab Aytta Zuichemi ab ipso Viglio Scripta. Apud Hoynck v. Papendrecht, i. 1-33. Levensbeschryving beroemede Ned. Mannen und Vrouwen, iv. 75-82. Prosopographia Viglii. Ex. Suf. Petri Decade xii. de Script. Frisiæ apud Hoynck.

[4] "Ma il titolo principale che gli vien dato è di Re i Gomez et non di Rui Gomez, perche non par che sia stato mai alcun uomo del monde con alcun principe di tanta autorita et cosi amato dal suo signor com egli da questo Rè."—*Relazione del Cl. Fed. Badovaro Ritornato ambasciatore della Ser. Rep. Venetiana, l'anno*, 1557. *MS. Bibl. de Bourgogne, No.* 6085 *bis.*

with intense application, and slender but handsome figure;[1] while in immediate attendance upon the emperor, was the immortal Prince of Orange.

Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes, in part, it will be our duty to narrate; how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom!—some to perish on public scaffolds, some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!

All the company present had risen to their feet as the emperor entered. By his command, all immediately afterwards resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The emperor, the King and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition, it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

. Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favourite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting.[2] These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported

[1] "Ruy Gomez—d'eta di 39 anni, di mediocre statura, ha occhi pieni di sp'o, di pelo e barba nero e riccio, di sottil ossatura, di gagliarda complessione, ma par debole forse per l'incredibile fatiche che egli sostiene, le quale lo fanno molto pallido," etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

[2] Pont. Heut. xiv. 346a. Compare Relazione di Marino Cavalli in Alberi, ser. i. vol. ii. 209; Badovaro Relazione, MS.

"Hostem non semel propria manu feriens."—*Pont. Heut.*

"Ha amazzato il toro," etc.—*Marino Cavalli.*

come, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.[1]

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy,[2] such of the audience as had seats provided for them, now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command, and made a long oration.[3] He spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for the provinces, as the land of his birth; of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers, both of body and mind, compelled him to resign his sovereignty, and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate.[4] Cæsar's gout was then depicted in energetic language, which must have cost him a twinge as he sat there and listened to the councillor's eloquence. "'Tis a most truculent executioner," said Philibert: "it invades the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched. It contracts the nerves with intolerable anguish, it enters the bones, it freezes the marrow, it converts the lubricating fluids of the joints into chalk, it pauses not until, having exhausted and debilitated the whole body, it has rendered all its necessary instruments useless, and conquered the mind by immense torture."[5] Engaged in mortal struggle with such

[1] "Si come la natura ha fatto Sua M. di corpo debole cosl l'ha fatto al quanto d'animo timido——et quanto agli effetti delle temperanza elle eccede del mangiare qualità di cibi, spetialmente intorno à pasticci."—*Badovaro MS.*

"—— e pastisce doglie di stomaco e dei fianchi."—*Ibid.*

"—— spessissimo sotto posto alle dolori di stomacho."—*Giov. Michele MS.*

[2] Godelaevus. De Abdicatione, etc., p. 640.

[3] Gachard. Anal. Belg., 81-102. P. Bor, i. 3.

[4] Bor, i. 3, 4. Pont. Heut. xiv. 336-338. Godelaevus, 640, 642.

[5] Pont. Heut., 336. The historian was present at the ceremony, and gives a very full report of the speeches, all of which he heard. His

an enemy, Cæsar felt himself obliged, as the councillor proceeded to inform his audience, to change the scene of the contest from the humid air of Flanders to the warmer atmosphere of Spain. He rejoiced, however, that his son was both vigorous and experienced, and that his recent marriage with the Queen of England had furnished the provinces with a most valuable alliance.[1] He then again referred to the Emperor's boundless love for his subjects, and concluded with a tremendous, but superfluous, exhortation to Philip on the necessity of maintaining the Catholic religion in its purity. After this long harangue, which has been fully reported by several historians who were present at the ceremony, the councillor proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including, of course, the seventeen Netherlands.[2]

As De Bruxelles finished, there was a buzz of admiration throughout the assembly, mingled with murmurs of regret, that in the present great danger upon the frontiers from the belligerent King of France and his warlike and restless nation, the provinces should be left without their ancient and puissant defender.[3] The Emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward—a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been, and will be, more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders. At that day he had rather a southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiselled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark-brown, as were also his moustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with

imagination may have assisted his memory in the task. The other reporters of the councillor's harangue have reduced this pathological flight of rhetoric to a very small compass.

[1] Pont. Heut., *ubi sup.* [2] Godelaevus, 640, 641.

[3] Pont. Heut., xiv. 338, *sqq.*

the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection.[1] He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been summoned but recently from the camp on the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers.[2]

Thus supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange,[3] the Emperor proceeded to address the states, by the aid of a closely-written brief which he held in his hand.[4] He reviewed rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. He spoke of his nine expeditions into Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, four to France, ten to the Netherlands, two to England, as many to Africa, and of his eleven voyages by sea. He sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace, assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of the Roman Catholic religion, had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for his dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigour of health. Turning toward Philip, he observed, that for a dying father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude, but that when the father

[1] The most satisfactory portrait of the Prince during the early part of his career, is one belonging to the private collection of the late King of Holland, William IV., at the Hague.

[2] Apologie ou Défense des très Illustre Prince Guillaume, Prince d'Orange.—Sylvius, 1581, pp. 29, 30, 31.

[3] "Surgens igitur, et in pede stans, dextra ob imbecillitatem scipioni, sinistra humero Gulielmi Nassauvii, Aurantii principis."—*Pont. Heut.*, 338.

[4] "Et membranula eorum quæ ad senatum referre statuisset capite continente memoriam adjuvans."—*Godelaevus*, 642.

thus descended to the grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. He added, that the debt would be paid to him and with usury, should Philip conduct himself in his administration of the provinces with a wise and affectionate regard to their true interests. Posterity would applaud his abdication, should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law, justice, and the Catholic religion in all their purity, as the true foundation of the realm. In conclusion, he entreated the estates, and, through them, the nation, to render obedience to their new Prince, to maintain concord and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offences which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.[1]

Such brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration in behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience, already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child.[2] Even the icy Philip was almost softened, as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity.[3]

[1] Pont. Heut., xiv. 338, 339. Godelaevus, 640-642. Gachard. Anal. Belg., 81-102. Compare Bor, i. 4, 5; Van Meteren, i. 16; Fam. Strada de Bello Belgico (Rom. 1653), i. 9, 7.

[2] Pont. Heut. Meteren, *ubi sup.*

[3] Godelaevus, 642.

Then raising him in his arms, he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a life-long labour would enable him to support.[1] Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was therefore obliged to ask their attention to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpreter.[2] Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces, expressed at great length, the gratitude of Philip towards his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces.[3] This long address of the prelate was responded to at equal length by Jacob Maas, member of the Council of Brabant, a man of great learning, eloquence, and prolixity, who had been selected to reply on behalf of the states-general, and who now, in the name of these bodies, accepted the abdication in an elegant and complimentary harangue.[4] Queen Mary of Hungary, the "Christian widow" of Erasmus,[5] and Regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years, then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people, her regrets at leaving them, and her hopes that all errors which she might have committed during her long administration would be forgiven her. Again the redundant Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and elegance, the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.[6]

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor, leaning

[1] Godelaevus, 642.

[2] *Ibid.* Pont. Heut., 340. Meteren, i. 16. Bor, i. 5, 6.

[3] Gachard. Anal. Belg., *ubi sup.* Pont. Heut. Bor, *ubi sup.* Godelaevus reports the bishop's speech in six folio columns, of the most flowing common-place. De Abdicat., 64*b*, *sqq.*

[4] *Ibid.*, *ibid.*

[5] Het Leven Van Desiderius Erasmus. Nederl. Mannen en Vrouwen, i. 274.

[6] Pont. Heut., Godelaevus, Bor, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren,[1] slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.[2]

It is obvious that the drama had been completely successful. It had been a scene where heroic self-sacrifice, touching confidence, ingenuous love of duty, patriotism, and paternal affection upon one side; filial reverence, with a solemn regard for public duty and the highest interests of the people on the other, were supposed to be the predominant sentiments. The happiness of the Netherlands was apparently the only object contemplated in the great transaction. All had played well their parts in the past, all hoped the best in the times which were to follow. The abdicating Emperor was looked upon as a hero and a prophet. The stage was drowned in tears. There is not the least doubt as to the genuine and universal emotion which was excited throughout the assembly. "Cæsar's oration," says Secretary Godelaevus, who was present at the ceremony, "deeply moved the nobility and gentry, many of whom burst into tears; *even* the illustrious Knights of the Fleece were melted."[3] The historian Pontus Heuterus, who, then twenty years of age, was likewise among the audience, attests that "most of the assembly were dissolved in tears; uttering the while such sonorous sobs as compelled his Cæsarean Majesty and the Queen to cry with them. My own face," he adds, "was certainly quite wet."[4] The English envoy, Sir John Mason, describing in a despatch to his government the scene which he had just witnessed, paints the same picture. "The Emperor," he said, "begged the forgiveness of his subjects if he had ever unwittingly omitted the performance of any of his duties towards them. And here," continues the envoy, "he broke into a weeping, whereunto, besides the dolefulness of the matter, I think, he was moche provoked by seeing the whole company to do the lyke before;

[1] Godelaevus, 645.

[2] Gachard. Anal. Belg.

[3] "Commovit ea Cæsaris oratio Proceres et multi in profusissimas eruperunt lachrymas *etiam* illustres aurei Velleris equites."—*Godel.*, 642.

[4] Pont. Heut., xiv. 336-339.

there beyng in myne opinion not one man in the whole assemblie, stranger or another, that dewring the time of a good piece of his oration poured not out as abundantly teares, some more, some lesse. And yet he prayed them to beare with his imperfections, proceeding of his sickly age, and of the mentioning of so tender a matter as the departing from such a sort of dere and loving subjects."[1]

And yet what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all these forty voyages by sea and land, these journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? The interests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them, he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to them than if they had been waged in another planet. Of five millions of gold annually, which he derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces, while but a half million came from Spain and another half from the Indies.[2] The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket,[3] con-

[1] Extracts from this despatch are given by J. W. Burgon. Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, a work which contains various documents, both rare and important.

[2] "Di tutti questi Suoi Regni ha sua M. cinque millioni d'oro d'intrata in tempo di pace, cioé mez della Spagna, mez dalle Indie, uno da Milano et da Sicilia, *un altro di Fiandra et dalli paesi bassi un altro.*"—*Relazione del Cl. M. Mich. Suriano.* MS. Bib. de Bourg., No. 12, 871.

"Le rendite de S. M. (dalli paesi bassi) sono al presente da un millione et 150 scudi—ma in poco più da cinque anni vengono ad haver contributio i Fiammenghi di straordinario quasi otto millioni d'oro e tutto il peso si fuo dir vien portato dalla Fiandra Brabantia, Olanda e Zelanda."—*Badovaro MS.*

[3] Badovaro estimated the annual valtre of butter and cheese produced in those meadows which Holland had rescued from the ocean at 800.000 crowns, a sum which, making allowance for the difference in the present value of money from that which it bore in 1557, would represent nearly eight millions. (MS. Relazione.) In agriculture, commerce, and

tributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru. Yet the artisans, the farmers, and the merchants, by whom these riches were produced, were consulted about as much in the expenditure of the imposts upon their industry as were the savages of America as to the distribution of the mineral treasures of their soil. The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois, this was the absorbing theme, during the greater part of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions, was his occupation afterwards, till he abandoned the field in despair. It was certainly not desirable for the Netherlanders that they should be thus controlled by a man who forced them to contribute so largely to the success of schemes, some of which were at best indifferent, and others entirely odious to them. They paid 1,200,000 crowns a year regularly; they paid in five years an extraordinary subsidy of eight millions of ducats, and the states were roundly rebuked by the courtly representatives of their despot, if they presumed to inquire into the objects of the appropriations, or to express an interest in their judicious administration.[1] Yet it may be supposed to have been a matter of indifference to them whether Francis or Charles had won the day at Pavia, and it certainly was not a cause of triumph to the daily increasing thousands of religious reformers in Holland and Flanders that their brethren had been crushed by the Emperor at Mühlberg. But it was not alone that he drained their treasure, and hampered their industry. He was in constant conflict with their ancient and dearly-bought political liberties. Like his ancestor, Charles the Bold, he was desirous of constructing a

manufactures, the Netherlanders were the foremost nation in the world. The fabrics of Arras, Tournay, Brussels, Louvain, Ghent, Bruges, were entirely unrivalled. Antwerp was the great commercial metropolis of Christendom. "Aversa," says Badovaro, "estimata la maggiore piazza del Mondo—si può credere quanto sia la somma si afferma passare 40 millioni d'oro l'anno, quelli che incontanto girano."

[1] *Postea.* Granvelle's Complaints.

kingdom out of the provinces. He was disposed to place all their separate and individual charters on a Procrustean bed, and shape them all into uniformity simply by reducing the whole to a nullity. The difficulties in the way, the stout opposition offered by burghers, whose fathers had gained these charters with their blood, and his want of leisure during the vast labours which devolved upon him as the autocrat of so large a portion of the world, caused him to defer indefinitely the execution of his plan. He found time only to crush some of the foremost of the liberal institutions of the provinces in detail. He found the city of Tournay a happy, thriving, self-governed little republic in all its local affairs; he destroyed its liberties, without a tolerable pretext, and reduced it to the condition of a Spanish or Italian provincial town.[1] His memorable chastisement of Ghent for having dared to assert its ancient rights of self-taxation, is sufficiently known to the world, and has been already narrated at length.[2] Many other instances might be adduced, if it were not a superfluous task, to prove that Charles was not only a political despot, but most arbitrary and cruel in the exercise of his despotism.

But if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution ever had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organized a papal inquisition, side by side with those terrible "placards" of his invention, which constituted a masked inquisition even more

[1] Extraits des Registres des Consaux de Tournay, 1472-1581, par M. Gachard (Bruxelles, 1846), pp. 8-13.

[2] Introduction to this work.

cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offences of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have rarely been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand.[1] The Venetian envoy Navigero estimated the victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546,[2] ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this, his name deserves to be handed down to eternal infamy, not only throughout the Netherlands, but in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom. To eradicate these institutions after they had been watered and watched by the care of his successor, was the work of an eighty years' war, in the course of which millions of lives were sacrificed. Yet the abdicating Emperor had summoned his faithful estates around him, and stood up before them in his imperial robes for the last time, to tell them of the affectionate regard which he had always borne them, and to mingle his tears with theirs.

Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven if he had ever unwittingly

[1] "Nam post carnificata hominum *non minus centum millia*, ex quo tentatum an posset incendium hoc sanguine restingui, tanta multitudo per Belgicam insurrexerat, ut publica interdum supplicia quoties insignior reus, aut atrociore cruciatus seditione impedirentur."—*Hugonis Grotii Annal.*, lib. i. 17 (Amst. 1658).

[2] Relazione di Cl. Bernardo Navigero, 1546. Correspondence of Charles the Fifth, by Rev. W. Bradford (London, 1850), p. 471. Doubtless these statistics are inaccurate; but the very exaggeration indicates the wholesale character of the massacres.

offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offence to torture, strangle, burn, and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. The usual but trifling excuse for such enormities cannot be pleaded for the Emperor. Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was *then* no bigot. He believed in nothing, save that when the course of his imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as anabaptists. It was the political heresy which lurked in the restiveness of the religious reformers under dogma, tradition, and supernatural sanction to temporal power which he was disposed to combat to the death. He was too shrewd a politician not to recognize the connection between aspirations for religious and for political freedom. His hand was ever ready to crush both heresies in one. Had he been a true son of the Church, a faithful champion of her infallibility, he would not have submitted to the peace of Passau, so long as he could bring a soldier to the field. Yet he acquiesced in the Reformation for Germany, while the fires for burning the reformers were ever blazing in the Netherlands, where it was death even to allude to the existence of the peace of Passau. Nor did he acquiesce only from compulsion, for long before his memorable defeat by Maurice, he had permitted the German troops, with whose services he could not dispense, regularly to attend Protestant worship performed by their own Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison-preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous, both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but

it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or peasant, who failed to fast during the whole forty days.[1] He was too good a politician not to know the value of blood-phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith;" as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the Inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among other, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow

[1] "—— Ha Sua M. in tutti i suoi *ragionamenti* et atti esteriori mostrate haver la fede catt. in somma osservanza, et in tutta la vita sua ha udita la messe ogni giorno et gran tempo due et hora tre——et le prediche nei giorni solenni, et in tutte le co e le feste de la quadragesima et alle volte vesperi et altri divini officii et hora si fa ogni giorno leggere la bibbia et come ha usato di *confesarsi* et *communicarsi* ogni anno quatro volte——e quando all.i si ritrova al Ingolstadt et avicinata al exercitio degli protestanti, *fu veduta* mezza notte nel suo padiglione in ginocchioni avanti un crocifisso con le mani quinte et la *quadragesima innanzi fece una diligenza estraordinaria per intendere chi nelle corte* magnava carne," etc., etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly-sworn rights, have been palliated as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity no doubt lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier,"[1] and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment, when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were, himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency."[2] It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home."[3] There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness.[4] He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change colour except upon two occasions; after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gon-

[1] "Pero acuerdesele à V. E. que es hijo de tal padre, qui en naciendo en el mundo nacio soldado."—*Carta del Duque de Alba al S. Don Juan de Austria, Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España*, vol. iii. 273-283.

[2] Brantôme. *Hommes Illustres et Grands Capitaines Estrangers*; art. Charles V.

[3] Relazione di B. Navigero—apud Bradford Correspondence, p. 450.

[4] "—— E poi aversi voluto trovar presente alle vere e essere stato il primo ad armarsi et ultimo à spogliarsi ha dimostrato in somma d'esser gran capitano d'effetti grandi," etc., etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

zaga from court.[1] Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer."[2] The restless energy and the magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favourite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection; the juvenile ardour with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sick bed to smite the Protestants at Mühlberg; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz; all ensured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown. He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshalling and victualling of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.[3]

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly

[1] "——Ho da Spagnuoli sentito che ne per alcun accidente di morte di congionta di sangue ne di gran ministri suoi cari e stata veduta piangere, se non alla partita delle corte di Don Ferrante Gonzaga."—*Badovaro MS.*

[2] Brantôme. Grands Capitaines; art. Charles Quint.

[3] "Ella ha——messosi ad imprese non solo pericolose a difficile ma che tenerano dell impossible——ma nel sostenerli ha mostrato gran intelligenza e nel fare apparecchio delle cose degli eserciti, nell ordine di metter gli insieme, vedergli marciare, far le battalie finite," etc. etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interest to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises, by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman.[1] He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" prove ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment; a villainy worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows.[2] The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly, "Charles qui triche."[3]

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars.[4] To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece.[5] His courtiers and ministers complained

[1] "In rebus agendis tractandisque," says one of his greatest contemporary admirers, "simulator egregius, fidei liberioris, privati commodi perquam studiosus, atque ut uno verbo dicam alter avus maternus Ferdinandus Catholicus."—*Pont. Heut.*, xiv. 346a.

[2] De Thou, Histoire Universelle (Londres, 1734), i. 267, 599. Compare Groen Van Prinsterer. Archives et Correspondance Inédite de la Maison d'Orange Nassau (Leide, 1838), t. v., 63, 65, 66. E. H. Pfeilschmidt, Vor Dreihundert Jahren. Blätter der Erinnerung an Kurfürst Moritz Von Sachsen (Dresden, 1852), p. 10. *Vide Postea.*

[3] Brantôme; art. Charles Quint.

[4] "Ad alcuni della corte di S. M. ho inteso dire ella haver paruto natura tale che nel *dare cento scudi ha considerato troppo minutamente*," etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

[5] Badovaro MS.

bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth, Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lycurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to ensure the highest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted, as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognize, and which are perpetual, whether recognized or not, we shall find little to venerate in the life work of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of Spaniards, and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish, would be productive of great difficulties and dangers.[1] It was his

[1] Apologie d'Orange, 47, 48.

opinion that men might be tyrannized more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be administered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analyzed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter as an inevitable part of his system.[1] Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye by trading on the imperial favour and sparing his Majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his peculations, but called him his "bed of down."[2] His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honourable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful

[1] Relazione di Navigero, apud Bradford, p. 445.

[2] "Nous avons perdu," wrote the Emperor to Philip, on the elder Granvelle's death, "un bon lit de repos."—*Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Card. de Granvelle* (Paris, 1753), i. 180.

partizans."[1] Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence.[2] He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine.[3] His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labours. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his major domo, that all his food was insipid. The reply is, perhaps, among the most celebrated of facetiæ. The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."[4] The success of so sorry a jest would lead one to suppose that the fooling was less

[1] Badovaro MS.

[2] "—— et è stato ne piaceri venerei di non temperata voluntá in ogni parte dove si è trovata con donne di grande et anco di piccola conditione."—*Badovaro MS.*

[3] "Nel magnare ha sempre S. M. ecceso, et fino al tempo che ella parti di Fiandra per Spagna, la mattina svegliate che alla era, pigliava una scatola di pistochi, Cappone con latte, zuccaro e spetiarie, dopo il quale tornava a riposare. A mezzo giorno desinava molto varieta di vivande, e poco di po vespro me rendava, et ad una hora di notte se n'andava à cena, magnando cose tutte da generare humori grossi e viscosi."—*Badovaro MS.* Compare Navigero, Relazione, apud Bradford, p. 365.

[4] "—— una nuova vivanda di pasticci di orologii, il che mosse á quel maggior e piu lungo riso *che mai sia stato in lei* et cosi *risero quelli di camera*," etc. etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

admirable at the imperial court than some of the recorded quips of Tribaulet would lead us to suppose.

The transfer of the other crowns and dignitaries to Philip, was accomplished a month afterwards, in a quiet manner.[1] Spain, Sicily, the Balearic Islands, America, and other portions of the globe, were made over without more display than an ordinary *donatio inter vivos*. The Empire occasioned some difficulty. It had been already signified to Ferdinand, that his brother was to resign the imperial crown in his favour, and the symbols of sovereignty were accordingly transmitted to him by the hands of William of Orange.[2] A deputation, moreover, of which that nobleman, Vice-Chancellor Seld, and Dr. Wolfgang Haller, were the chiefs, was despatched to signify to the electors of the Empire the step which had been thus resolved upon. A delay of more than two years, however, intervened, occasioned partly by the deaths of three electors, partly by the war which so soon broke out in Europe, before the matter was formally acted upon.[3] In February, 1558, however, the electors, having been assembled in Frankfort, received the abdication of Charles, and proceeded to the election of Ferdinand.[4] That Emperor was crowned in March, and immediately despatched a legation to the Pope to apprize him of the fact. Nothing was less expected than any opposition on the part of the pontiff. The querulous dotard, however, who then sat in St. Peter's chair, hated Charles and all his race. He accordingly denied the validity of the whole transaction, without sanction previously obtained from the Pope, to whom all crowns belonged. Ferdinand, after listening, through his envoys, to much ridiculous dogmatism on the part of the Pope, at last withdrew from the discussion, with a formal protest, and was first recognized by Caraffa's successor, Pius IV.[5]

Charles had not deferred his retirement till the end of these disputes. He occupied a private house in Brussels, near the gate of Louvain, until August of the year 1556. On the 27th of that month, he addressed a letter from

[1] Godelaevus, 645, *sqq.* Van Meteren, i. 17. Bor, i. 6, *sqq.*
[2] Godelaevus, 646, *sqq.* Pont. Heut., xiv. 645, *sqq.* Meteren, 17.
[3] Godelaevus, 646, *sqq.*
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*, 654, *sqq.*

Ghent to John of Osnabruck, president of the Chamber of Spiers, stating his abdication in favour of Ferdinand, and requesting that in the interim the same obedience might be rendered to Ferdinand, as could have been yielded to himself.[1] Ten days later, he addressed a letter to the estates of the Empire, stating the same fact; and on the 17th September, 1556, he set sail from Zeland for Spain.[2] These delays and difficulties occasioned some misconceptions. Many persons, who did not admire an abdication, which others, on the contrary, esteemed as an act of unexampled magnanimity, stoutly denied that it was the intention of Charles to renounce the Empire. The Venetian envoy informed his government that Ferdinand was only to be lieutenant for Charles, under strict limitations, and that the Emperor was to resume the government so soon as his health would allow.[3] The Bishop of Arras and Don Juan de Manrique had both assured him, he said, that Charles would not, on any account, definitely abdicate.[4] Manrique even asserted that it was a mere farce to believe in any such intention.[5] The Emperor ought to remain to protect his son, by the resources of the Empire, against France, the Turks, and the heretics. His very shadow was terrible to the Lutherans,[6] and his form might be expected to rise again in stern reality from its temporary grave. Time has shown the falsity of all these imaginings, but views thus maintained by those in the best condition to know the truth, prove how difficult it was for men to believe in a transaction which was then so extraordinary, and how little consonant it was in their eyes with true propriety. It was necessary to ascend to the times of Diocletian, to find an example of a similar abdication of empire, on so deliberate and extensive a scale, and the great English historian of the Roman Empire has compared the two acts with each other. But there seems a vast difference between the cases. Both emperors were distinguished soldiers; both were merciless persecutors of defenceless Christians; both exchanged unbounded empire for absolute seclusion. But Diocletian was born in the lowest abyss of human

[1] Godelaevus, 654. [2] *Ibid.*, 645, *sqq.* [3] Badovaro.
[4] *Ibid.* [5] "—— che era cosa di burla a crederlo."—*Ibid.*
[6] "Parendo loro che solo l'ombra sua sia da Luterani temuta."—*Ibid.*

degradation—the slave and the son of a slave. For such a man, after having reached the highest pinnacle of human greatness, voluntarily to descend from power, seems an act of far greater magnanimity than the retreat of Charles. Born in the purple, having exercised unlimited authority from his boyhood, and having worn from his cradle so many crowns and coronets, the German Emperor might well be supposed to have learned to estimate them at their proper value. Contemporary minds were busy, however, to discover the hidden motives which could have influenced him, and the world, even yet, has hardly ceased to wonder. Yet it would have been more wonderful, considering the Emperor's character, had he remained. The end had not crowned the work; it not unreasonably discrowned the workman. The earlier, and indeed the greater part of his career, had been one unbroken procession of triumphs. The cherished dream of his grandfather,[1] and of his own youth,[2] to add the Pope's triple crown to the rest of the hereditary possessions of his family, he had indeed been obliged to resign. He had too much practical Flemish sense to indulge long in chimeras, but he had achieved the empire over formidable rivals, and he had successively not only conquered, but captured almost every potentate who had arrayed himself in arms against him. Clement and Francis, the Dukes and Landgraves of Cleves, Hesse, Saxony, and Brunswick, he had bound to his chariot wheels; forcing many to eat the bread of humiliation and captivity, during long and weary years. But the concluding portion of his reign had reversed all its previous glories. His whole career had been a failure. He had been defeated, after all, in most of his projects. He had humbled Francis, but Henry had most signally avenged his father. He had trampled upon Philip of Hesse and Frederic of Saxony, but it had been reserved for one of that German race, which he characterized as "dreamy, drunken, and incapable of intrigue," to outwit the man who had outwitted all the world, and to drive before him, in ignominious flight, the conqueror of the nations. The German lad who had learned both war and dissimulation

[1] Introduction to this work.

[2] Brantôme. Hommes Illustres, etc.; art. Charles Quint. Bayle, Dict. Hist. et Crit.; art. Charles Quint.

in the court and camp of him who was so profound a master of both arts, was destined to eclipse his teacher on the most august theatre of Christendom. Absorbed at Innspruck with the deliberations of the Trent Council, Charles had not heeded the distant mutterings of the tempest which was gathering around him. While he was preparing to crush, for ever, the Protestant Church, with the arms which a bench of bishops were forging, lo! the rapid and desperate Maurice, with long red beard streaming like a meteor in the wind, dashing through the mountain passes, at the head of his Lancers—arguments more convincing than all the dogmas of Granvelle! Disguised as an old woman,[1] the Emperor had attempted on the 6th April, to escape in a peasant's wagon from Innspruck into Flanders. Saved for the time by the mediation of Ferdinand, he had, a few weeks later, after his troops had been defeated by Maurice at Füssen, again fled at midnight of the 22nd May, almost unattended, sick in body and soul, in the midst of thunder, lightning, and rain, along the difficult Alpine passes from Innspruck into Carinthia. His pupil had permitted his escape, only because, in his own language, "for such a bird he had no convenient cage."[2] The imprisoned princes now owed their liberation, not to the Emperor's clemency, but to his panic. The peace of Passau, in the following August, crushed the whole fabric of the Emperor's toil, and laid the foundation of the Protestant Church. He had smitten the Protestants at Mühlberg for the last time. On the other hand, the man who had dealt with Rome as if the Pope, not he, had been the vassal, was compelled to witness, before he departed, the insolence of a pontiff who took a special pride in insulting and humbling his house, and trampling upon the pride of Charles, Philip, and Ferdinand. In France, too, the disastrous siege of Metz had taught him that in the imperial zodiac the fatal sign of Cancer had been reached. The figure of a crab, with the words "plus citra," instead of his proud motto of "plus ultra," scrawled on the walls where he had resided during that dismal epoch, avenged more

[1] "—— in ärmlicher, man sagt, sogar in Frauentracht."—*Pfeilschmidt, Vor Dreihundert Jahren*, p. 56.

[2] "—— für einen solchen Vogel," sagte er, "habe er keinen Käfig."—*Pfeilschmidt*, 58.

deeply perhaps, than the jester thought, the previous misfortunes of France.[1] The Grand Turk, too, Solyman the Magnificent, possessed most of Hungary, and held at that moment a fleet ready to sail against Naples, in co-operation with the Pope and France.[2] Thus the Infidel, the Protestant, and the Holy Church were all combined together to crush him. Towards all the great powers of the earth he stood, not in the attitude of a conqueror, but of a disappointed, baffled, defeated potentate. Moreover, he had been foiled long before in his earnest attempts to secure the imperial throne for Philip. Ferdinand and Maximilian had both stoutly resisted his arguments and his blandishments. The father had represented the slender patrimony of their branch of the family, compared with the enormous heritage of Philip; who, being, after all, but a man, and endowed with finite powers, might sink under so great a pressure of empire as his father wished to provide for him.[3] Maximilian also assured his uncle that he had as good an appetite for the crown as Philip, and could digest the dignity quite as easily.[4] The son, too, for whom the Emperor was thus solicitous, had already, before the abdication, repaid his affection with ingratitude. He had turned out all his father's old officials in Milan, and had refused to visit him at Brussels, till assured as to the amount of ceremonial respect which the new-made king was to receive at the hands of his father.[5]

Had the Emperor continued to live and reign, he would have found himself likewise engaged in mortal combat with that great religious movement in the Netherlands, which he would not have been able many years longer to suppress, and which he left as a legacy of blood and fire to his successor. Born in the same year with his century, Charles was a decrepit, exhausted man at fifty-five, while that glorious age, in which humanity was to burst for ever the cerements

[1] Histoire du Duc d'Albe, i. 369 (ed. Paris, 1698).

[2] Cabrera, i. 32.

[3] "—— Principem Philippum hominem esse finitasque habere vires atque ingenium captumque tantum humanum."—*Pont. Heut.*, xii. 301.

[4] Brantôme, i. 49, 50.

[5] Dom l'Evesque. Mem. de Granv., i. 24-26.—"Cet embarras," says the Benedictine, "fut la veritable cause de son abdication et de sa retraicte dans le Convent de Juste. La politique s'épuiseroit en vain à en chercher une autre."

in which it had so long been buried, was but awakening to a consciousness of its strength.

Disappointed in his schemes, broken in his fortunes, with income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion; failing in mental powers, and with a constitution hopelessly shattered; it was time for him to retire. He showed his keenness in recognizing the fact that neither his power nor his glory would be increased, should he lag superfluous on the stage where mortification instead of applause was likely to be his portion. His frame was indeed but a wreck. Forty years of unexampled gluttony had done their work. He was a victim to gout, asthma, dyspepsia, gravel. He was crippled in the neck, arms, knees, and hands. He was troubled with chronic cutaneous eruptions. His appetite remained, while his stomach, unable longer to perform the task still imposed upon it, occasioned him constant suffering. Physiologists, who know how important a part this organ plays in the affairs of life, will perhaps see in this physical condition of the Emperor a sufficient explanation, if explanation were required, of his descent from the throne. Moreover, it is well known that the resolution to abdicate before his death had been long a settled scheme with him. It had been formally agreed between himself and the Empress that they should separate at the approach of old age, and pass the remainder of their lives in a convent and a monastery. He had, when comparatively a young man, been struck by the reply made to him by an aged officer, whose reasons he had asked for, earnestly soliciting permission to retire from the imperial service. It was, said the veteran, that he might put a little space of religious contemplation between the active portion of his life and the grave.[1]

A similar determination, deferred from time to time, Charles had now carried into execution. While he still lingered in Brussels, after his abdication, a comet appeared, to warn him to the fulfilment of his purpose.[2] From first to last, comets and other heavenly bodies were much connected with his evolutions and arrangements. There was no mistaking the motives with which this luminary had

[1] Strada, i. 18.

[2] Godelaevus, 645.

presented itself. The Emperor knew very well, says a contemporary German chronicler, that it portended pestilence and war, together with the approaching death of mighty princes. "My fates call out,"[1] he cried, and forthwith applied himself to hasten the preparations for his departure.

* * * *

The romantic picture of his philosophical retirement at Juste, painted originally by Sandoval and Siguenza, reproduced by the fascinating pencil of Strada, and imitated in frequent succession by authors of every age and country, is unfortunately but a sketch of fancy. The investigations of modern writers have entirely thrown down the scaffolding on which the airy fabric, so delightful to poets and moralists, reposed. The departing Emperor stands no longer in a transparency robed in shining garments. His transfiguration is at an end. Every action, almost every moment of his retirement, accurately chronicled by those who shared his solitude, have been placed before our eyes, in the most felicitous manner, by able and brilliant writers.[2] The Emperor, shorn of the philosophical robe in which he had been conventionally arrayed for three centuries, shivers now in the cold air of reality.

So far from his having immersed himself in profound and pious contemplation, below the current of the world's events, his thoughts, on the contrary, never were for a moment diverted from the political surface of the times. He read nothing but despatches; he wrote or dictated interminable ones in reply, as dull and prolix as any which ever came

[1] "—— ingens et lucidum sydus—flammiferum crinem trahens in octavo libræ gradu conspici cœptum—at Carolus sciens hujus visione magnorum principum interitus—eo conspecto. His inquit indiciis, *me mea fata vocant*," etc.—*Godelaevus*, 645.

[2] Stirling. The Cloister Life of Charles V. (London, 1853). Bakhuyzen van den Brink. Analyse d'un Manuscrit Contemporain sur la Retraite de Charles Quint (Bruxelles, 1850). The works of Mignet and Pichot, on the same subject (Paris, 1854), and particularly the late publication of M. Gachard, Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint (Bruxelles, 1854); in which last work the subject may be considered to have been fairly exhausted, and in which the text of Siguença, and of the anonymous manuscript discovered by M. Bakhuyzen, in the *greffe* of the Court of Appeals at Brussels, are placed in full before the reader, so far as they bear on the vexed question as to the celebration by the Emperor of his own obsequies.

from his pen. He manifested a succession of emotions at the course of contemporary affairs, as intense and as varied as if the world still rested in his palm. He was, in truth, essentially a man of action. He had neither the taste nor talents which make a man great in retirement. Not a lofty thought, not a generous sentiment, not a profound or acute suggestion in his retreat has been recorded from his lips. The epigrams which had been invented for him by fabulists, have been all taken away, and nothing has been substituted, save a few dull jests exchanged with stupid friars. So far from having entertained and even expressed that sentiment of religious toleration for which he was said to have been condemned as a heretic by the inquisition, and for which Philip was ridiculously reported to have ordered his father's body to be burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds,[1] he became in retreat the bigot effectually, which during his reign he had only been conventionally. Bitter regrets that he should have kept his word to Luther, as if he had not broken faith enough to reflect upon in his retirement; stern self-reproach for omitting to put to death, while he had him in his power, the man who had caused all the mischief of the age; fierce instructions thundered from his retreat to the inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics,—including particularly his ancient friends, preachers, and almoners, Cazalla and Constantine de Fuente; furious exhortations to Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work—that he should set himself to "cutting out the root of heresy with rigour and rude chastisement;"—such explosions of savage bigotry as these, alternating with exhibitions of revolting gluttony, with surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer, and flagons of Rhenish, relieved by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb, to which his horror-stricken doctor doomed him as he ate—compose a spectacle less attractive to the imagination than the ancient portrait of the cloistered Charles. Unfortunately it is the one which was painted from life.

[1] Brantôme. Œuvres Complètes (Paris, 1822), i. 32.

CHAPTER II.

SAINT QUENTIN AND GRAVELINES.

Sketch of Philip the Second—Characteristics of Mary Tudor—Portrait of Philip—His council—Rivalry of Ruy Gomez and Alva—Character of Ruy Gomez—Queen Mary of Hungary—Sketch of Philibert of Savoy—Truce of Vaucelles—Secret treaty between the Pope and Henry II.—Rejoicings in the Netherlands on account of the Peace—Purposes of Philip—Re-enactment of the edict of 1550—The King's dissimulation—"Request" to the provinces—Infraction of the truce in Italy—Character of Pope Paul IV.—Intrigues of Cardinal Caraffa—War against Spain resolved upon by France—Campaign in Italy—Amicable Siege of Rome—Peace with the pontiff—Hostilities on the Flemish border—Coligny foiled at Douay—Sacks Lens—Philip in England—Queen Mary engages in the war—Philip's army assembled at Givet—Portrait of Count Egmont—The French army under Coligny and Montmorency—Siege of St. Quentin—Attempts of the constable to relieve the city—Battle of St. Quentin—Hesitation and timidity of Philip—City of St. Quentin taken and sacked—Continued indecision of Philip—His army disbanded—Campaign of the Duke of Guise—Capture of Calais—Interview between Cardinal de Lorraine and the Bishop of Arras—Secret combinations for a league between France and Spain against heresy—Languid movements of Guise—Foray of De Thermes on the Flemish frontier—Battle of Gravelines—Popularity of Egmont—Enmity of Alva.

PHILIP the Second had received the investiture of Milan and the crown of Naples, previously to his marriage with Mary Tudor.[1] The imperial crown he had been obliged, much against his will, to forego. The archduchy of Austria, with the hereditary German dependencies of his father's family, had been transferred by the Emperor to his brother Ferdinand, on the occasion of the marriage of that prince with Anna, only sister of King Louis of Hungary.[2] Ten years afterwards, Ferdinand (King of Hungary and Bohemia since the death of Louis, slain in 1526 at the battle of Mohacz) was elected King of the Romans, and steadily refused all the entreaties afterwards made to him in behalf of Philip, to resign his crown and his succession

[1] Pont. Heut., xix. Godelaevus, 645. [2] Pont. Heut., viii. 197.

to the Empire, in favour of his nephew. With these diminutions, Philip had now received all the dominions of his father. He was King of all the Spanish kingdoms and of both the Sicilies. He was titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem. He was "Absolute Dominator" in Asia, Africa, and America; he was Duke of Milan and of both Burgundies, and Hereditary Sovereign of the seventeen Netherlands.[1]

Thus the provinces had received a new master. A man of foreign birth and breeding, not speaking a word of their language, nor of any language which the mass of the inhabitants understood, was now placed in supreme authority over them, because he represented, through the females, the "good" Philip of Burgundy, who a century before had possessed himself by inheritance, purchase, force, or fraud, of the sovereignty in most of those provinces. It is necessary to say an introductory word or two concerning the previous history of the man to whose hands the destiny of so many millions was now intrusted.

He was born in May, 1527, and was now, therefore, twenty-eight years of age. At the age of sixteen he had been united to his cousin, Maria of Portugal, daughter of John III. and of the Emperor's sister, Donna Catalina. In the following year (1544) he became father of the celebrated and ill-starred Don Carlos, and a widower.[2] In 1548, he had made his first appearance in the Netherlands. He came thither to receive homage in the various provinces as their future sovereign, and to exchange oaths of mutual fidelity with them all.[3] Andrew Doria, with a fleet of fifty ships, had brought him to Genoa, whence he had passed to Milan, where he was received with great rejoicing. At Trent he was met by Duke Maurice of Saxony, who warmly begged his intercession with the Emperor in behalf of the imprisoned Landgrave of Hesse. This boon Philip was graciously pleased to promise,[4] and to keep the pledge as sacredly as most of the vows plighted by him during this memorable year. The Duke of Aerschot met him in Ger-

[1] Pont. Heut., x. 240. [2] Cabrera, i. 8.
[3] Meteren, i. 13. Wagenaer Vaderlandsche Historie (Amst., 1770), iv. 294, *sqq.*
[4] Meteren, i. 13.

many with a regiment of cavalry and escorted him to Brussels. A summer was spent in great festivities, the cities of the Netherlands vieing with each other in magnificent celebrations of the ceremonies, by which Philip successively swore allegiance to the various constitutions and charters of the provinces, and received their oaths of future fealty in return. His oath to support *all* the constitutions and privileges was without reservation, while his father and grandfather had only sworn to maintain the charters granted or confirmed by Philip and Charles of Burgundy.[1] Suspicion was disarmed by these indiscriminate concessions, which had been resolved upon by the unscrupulous Charles to conciliate the good will of the people. In view of the pretensions which might be preferred by the Brederode family in Holland, and by other descendants of ancient sovereign races in other provinces, the Emperor, wishing to ensure the succession to his sisters in case of the deaths of himself, Philip, and Don Carlos without issue, was unsparing in those promises which he knew to be binding only upon the weak. Philip's oaths were therefore without reserve, and the light-hearted Flemings, Brabantines, and Walloons received him with open arms. In Valenciennes the festivities which attended his entrance were on a most gorgeous scale, but the "joyous entrance" arranged for him at Antwerp was of unparalleled magnificence.[2] A cavalcade of the magistrates and notable burghers, "all attired in cramoisy velvet," attended by lackies in splendid liveries, and followed by four thousand citizen soldiers in full uniform, went forth from the gates to receive him. Twenty-eight triumphal arches, which

[1] The oath which he took in Holland was—"Well and truly to maintain all the privileges and freedoms of the nobles, cities, communities, subjects (lay and clerical) of the province of Holland and West Friesland, to them granted by my ancestors, counts and countesses of Holland; and moreover their customs, traditions, usages, and rights (gewoonte, herkomen, usantien en rechten), all and several which they now have and use." The oath in Brabant was—"To support *all* the privileges," etc. etc.; and the same form, without conditions and exceptions, was adopted in the other provinces; whereas his father and grandfather had sworn only to maintain the limited privileges conceded by the usurping house of Burgundy.—*Vide* Groot Plakkaat Boek, iv. 3, iii. 20; Blyde Inkomnst v. Filip, apud Mieris, Nederl. Voorst, iii. 222; Wagenaer Vaderl. Hist., iv. 294-7, and v. 328-341.

[2] Meteren, i. 13.

alone, according to the thrifty chronicler, had cost 26,800 Carolus guldens, were erected in the different streets and squares, and every possible demonstration of affectionate welcome was lavished upon the Prince and the Emperor.[1] The rich and prosperous city, unconscious of the doom which awaited it in the future, seemed to have covered itself with garlands to honour the approach of its master. Yet icy was the deportment with which Philip received these demonstrations of affection, and haughty the glance with which he looked down upon these exhibitions of civic hilarity, as from the height of a grim and inaccessible tower. The impression made upon the Netherlanders was anything but favourable, and when he had fully learned the futility of the projects on the Empire which it was so difficult both for his father and himself to resign, he returned to the more congenial soil of Spain. In 1554 he had again issued from the peninsula to marry the Queen of England, a privilege which his father had graciously resigned to him. He was united to Mary Tudor at Winchester, on the 25th July of that year, and if congeniality of tastes could have made a marriage happy, that union should have been thrice blessed. To maintain the supremacy of the Church seemed to both the main object of existence, to execute unbelievers the most sacred duty imposed by the Deity upon anointed princes, to convert their kingdoms into a hell the surest means of winning heaven for themselves. It was not strange that the conjunction of two such wonders of superstition in one sphere should seem portentous in the eyes of the English nation. Philip's mock efforts in favour of certain condemned reformers, and his pretended intercessions in favour of the Princess Elizabeth, failed entirely of their object. The parliament refused to confer upon him more than a nominal authority in England. His children, should they be born, might be sovereigns; he was but husband of the Queen; of a woman who could not atone by her abject but peevish fondness for himself, and by her congenial blood-thirstiness towards her subjects, for her eleven years' seniority, her deficiency in attractions, and her incapacity to make him the father of a line of English monarchs. It almost excites com-

[1] Meteren, i. 13.

passion even for Mary Tudor, when her passionate efforts to inspire him with affection are contrasted with his impassiveness. Tyrant, bigot, murderess though she was, she was still woman, and she lavished upon her husband all that was not ferocious in her nature. Forbidding prayers to be said for the soul of her father,[1] hating her sister and her people, burning bishops, bathing herself in the blood of heretics, to Philip she was all submissiveness and feminine devotion. It was a most singular contrast, Mary the Queen of England and Mary the wife of Philip. Small, lean, and sickly, painfully near-sighted, yet with an eye of fierceness and fire; her face wrinkled by care and evil passions still more than by Time, with a big man's voice, whose harshness made those in the next room tremble;[2] yet feminine in her tastes, skilful with her needle, fond of embroidery work, striking the lute with a touch remarkable for its science and feeling, speaking many languages, including Latin, with fluency and grace;[3] most feminine, too, in her constitutional sufferings, hysterical of habit, shedding floods of tears daily at Philip's coldness, undisguised infidelity, and frequent absences from England[4]

[1] De Thou, ii. 419.

[2] "E la regina Maria di statura piccola—di persona magra et delicata—adesso cavate qualche crespe causate più dagli affanni che dall eta—ha gli occhi vivi che inducono non solo riverenza ma timore verso chi li move, se bene la vista molto corta non potendo leggere ne far altro se non si mette con la vista vicinissima a quello che voglia leggere o ben discernere—ha la voce grossa et alta quassi d'uomo, si che quando parla e sempre sentita gran pezzo di lontano."—*Relazione di Giov. Michele, venuto Ambr. d'Inghilterra*, 1557; MS. The envoy sums up the personal attractions of her Majesty by observing that, "—— even at her present age, she is not entirely to be abhorred for her ugliness, without any regard to her rank of Queen." "In somma e donna honesta ne mai per brutezza etiam in questa età non considerato il grádo di regina d'essire abhorrita."—As the Venetian was exceedingly disposed to be complimentary, it must be confessed that the eulogy does not appear redundant. Compare Cabrera—"Era la Regna pequeña de cuerpo, flaca, con vista corta en vivos ojos que ponian acatamiento—grave—mesurada—la voce gruesa mas que de muger:" iv. 210.

[3] "E instrutta di cinque lingue—quattro d'essi parla—Nella latina farria sempre ognuno con le risposte che da et con i proposite che tiene intendentissima oltre l'esercitio di lavorarl d'ago in ogni sorte di ricamo, anco della musica—specialmente sonar di manacordi et di liuto—incanta per la velocita del mano e per la maniera di sonare."—*Michele MS.*

[4] Michele. Relazione MS.—"Per rimedio non basta indogli los fogarsi come adesso usa con le lagrime et col piangere."

—she almost awakens compassion and causes a momentary oblivion of her identity.

Her subjects, already half maddened by religious persecution, were exasperated still further by the pecuniary burthens which she imposed upon them to supply the King's exigencies, and she unhesitatingly confronted their frenzy, in the hope of winning a smile from him. When at last her chronic maladies had assumed the memorable form which caused Philip and Mary to unite in a letter to Cardinal Pole, announcing not *the expected* but the *actual* birth of a prince, but judiciously leaving the date in blank,[1] the momentary satisfaction and delusion of the Queen was unbounded. The false intelligence was transmitted everywhere. Great were the joy and the festivities in the Netherlands, where people were so easily made to rejoice and keep holiday for anything. "The Regent, being in Antwerp," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham to the lords of council, "did cause the great bell to ringe to give all men to understand that the news was trewe. The Queene's highness' mere merchants caused all our Inglishe ships to shoote off with such joy and triumph, as by men's arts and pollicey coulde be devised—and the Regent sent our Inglishe maroners one hundred crowns to drynke."[2] If bell-ringing and cannon-firing could have given England a Spanish sovereign, the devoutly-wished consummation would have been reached. When the futility of the royal hopes could no longer be concealed, Philip left the country, never to return till his war with France made him require troops, subsidies, and a declaration of hostilities from England.

The personal appearance of the new sovereign has already been described. His manner was far from conciliatory, and in this respect he was the absolute reverse of his father. Upon his first journey out of Spain, in 1548, into his various dominions, he had made a most painful impression everywhere. "He was disagreeable," says Envoy Suriano, "to

[1] Burgon (Life and Times of Sir T. Gresham) communicates the letter from the State-paper Office.—"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of his infinite goodness to adde unto the great number of other his benefites bestowed upon us the gladding of us with the happy deliverie of a prince:" i. 171.

[2] Burgon, i. 169.

the Italians, detestable to the Flemings, odious to the Germans."[1]

The remonstrances of the Emperor, and of Queen Mary of Hungary, at the impropriety of his manners, had produced, however, some effect, so that on his wedding journey to England he manifested much "gentleness and humanity, mingled with royal gravity."[2] Upon this occasion, says another Venetian, accredited to him, "he had divested himself of that Spanish haughtiness, which, when he first came from Spain, had rendered him so odious."[3] The famous ambassador, Badovaro, confirms the impression. "Upon his first journey," he says, "he was esteemed proud, and too greedy for the imperial succession; but now 'tis the common opinion that his humanity and modesty are all which could be desired."[4] These humane qualities, however, it must be observed, were exhibited only in the presence of ambassadors and grandees, the only representatives of "humanity" with whom he came publicly and avowedly in contact.

He was thought deficient in manly energy. He was an infirm valetudinarian, and was considered as sluggish in character, as deficient in martial enterprise, as timid of temperament as he was fragile and sickly of frame.[5] It is true, that on account of the disappointment which he occasioned by his contrast to his warlike father, he mingled in some tournaments in Brussels, where he was matched

[1] "Fu poco grato ad Italiani, ingratissimo a Fiamenghi et a Tedeschi odioso."—*Suriano. Relazione MS.*

[2] Suriano MS.

[3] "Havendo persa quella altezza—con la quale usci la prima volta di Spagna et riusci cosi odiosi."—*Michele MS.*

[4] "Nel p. passagio suo in Spagna per Italia, Germania et Fiandra era stimata superba et troppo cupida d'essere coadjutore dell' Imperio ma hora è comune opinione che ella habbia in se tutta quelle humanità et modestia che dir si possa."—*Badovaro MS.*

[5] "Si come la natura l'ha fatta di corpo debole cosi l'ha fatta al quanto d'animo timido."—*Badovaro MS.* "Non promette quella grandezza et generalita d'animo et vivezza di spirito che si convenga ad un principe potente come lui—e infermo e valetudinario—da natura abhorrisce molto la guerra, et andare en persona ne mai egli vi si ridurra se non per gran necessita."—*Michele MS.* "La natura la qual inclina piu alla quiete ch' all' essercitio piu al riposo ch' al travaglio," etc.—*Suriano MS.*

against Count Mansfeld, one of the most distinguished chieftains of the age, and where, says his professed panegyrist, "he broke his lances very much to the satisfaction of his father and aunts."[1]

That learned and eloquent author, Estelle Calvete, even filled the greater part of a volume, in which he described the journey of the Prince, with a minute description of these feasts and jousts,[2] but we may reasonably conclude that to the loyal imagination of his eulogist Philip is indebted for most of these knightly trophies. It was the universal opinion of unprejudiced contemporaries, that he was without a spark of enterprise. He was even censured for a culpable want of ambition, and for being inferior to his father in this respect, as if the love of encroaching on his neighbour's dominions, and a disposition to foreign commotions and war, would have constituted additional virtues, had he happened to possess them. Those who were most disposed to think favourably of him, remembered that there was a time when even Charles the Fifth was thought weak and indolent,[3] and were willing to ascribe Philip's pacific disposition to his habitual cholic and side-ache, and to his father's inordinate care for him in youth.[4] They even looked forward to the time when he should blaze forth to the world as a conqueror and a hero. These, however, were views entertained by but few; the general and the correct opinion, as it proved, being, that Philip hated war, would never certainly acquire any personal distinction in the field, and when engaged in hostilities would be apt to gather his laurels at the hands of his generals, rather than with his own sword. He was believed to be the reverse of the Emperor. Charles sought great enterprises; Philip would avoid them. The Emperor never recoiled before threats; the son was reserved, cautious, suspicious of all men, and capable of sacrificing a realm from hesitation and timidity. The father had a genius for action, the son

[1] "Arrojo los troços muy en alto con vozeria del pueblo, regocijo del Emperador e de las Reynas—rompiéndo sus lanzas con gallardia i destreza, *agradados de su valor* y majestad estavan co *razon su padre y tias.*"—*Cabrera*, i. 12.

[2] V. Cabrera, i. 12, 13.

[3] "Era havuto per sapido et adormentato."—*Michele MS.*

[4] Michele MS.

a predilection for repose. Charles took "all men's opinions, but reserved his judgment," and acted on it, when matured, with irresistible energy; Philip was led by others, was vacillating in forming decisions, and irresolute in executing them when formed.[1]

Philip, then, was not considered, in that warlike age, as likely to shine as a warrior. His mental capacity, in general, was likewise not very highly esteemed. His talents were, in truth, very much below mediocrity. His mind was incredibly small. A petty passion for contemptible details characterized him from his youth, and, as long as he lived, he could neither learn to generalize, nor understand that one man, however diligent, could not be minutely acquainted with all the public and private affairs of fifty millions of other men. He was a glutton of work. He was born to write despatches, and to scrawl comments[2] upon those which he received. He often remained at the council-board four or five hours at a time, and he lived in his cabinet.[3] He gave audiences to ambassadors and deputies very willingly, listening attentively to all that was said of him, and answering in monosyllables.[4] He spoke no tongue but Spanish, and was sufficiently sparing of that, but he was indefatigable with his pen. He hated to converse, but he could write a letter eighteen pages long, when his correspondent was in the next room, and when the subject was,

[1] Suriano MS.

[2] The character of these apostilles, always confused, wordy, and awkward, was sometimes very ludicrous; nor did it improve after his thirty or forty years' daily practice in making them. Thus, when he received a letter from France in 1589, narrating the assassination of Henry III., and stating that "the manner in which he had been killed was that a Jacobin monk had given him a pistol-shot in the head" (la façon que l'on dit qu'il a etté tuè, sa etté par un Jacobin qui luy a donnè d'un cou de pistolle dans la tayte), he scrawled the following luminous comment upon the margin. Underlining the word "pistolle," he observed, "this is perhaps some kind of *knife;* and as for 'tayte,' it can be nothing else but head, which is not tayte, but tête, or teyte, as you very well know" (quiza de alguna manera de cuchillo, etc., etc.)—Gachard. Rapport à M. le Minist. de l'Intérieur, prefixed to Corresp. Philippe II., vol. i. xlix. note 1. It is obvious that a person who made such wonderful commentaries as this, and was hard at work eight or nine hours a day for forty years, would leave a prodigious quantity of unpublished matter at his death.

[3] Michele MS.

[4] Badovaro MS.

perhaps, one which a man of talent could have settled with six words of his tongue. The world, in his opinion, was to move upon protocols and apostilles. Events had no right to be born throughout his dominions, without a preparatory course of his obstetrical pedantry. He could never learn that the earth would not rest on its axis, while he wrote a programme of the way it was to turn.[1] He was slow in deciding, slower in communicating his decisions. He was prolix with his pen, not from affluence, but from paucity of ideas. He took refuge in a cloud of words, sometimes to conceal his meaning, oftener to conceal the absence of any meaning, thus mystifying not only others but himself. To one great purpose, formed early, he adhered inflexibly. This, however, was rather an instinct than an opinion; born with him, not created by him. The idea seemed to express itself through him, and to master him, rather than to form one of a stock of sentiments which a free agent might be expected to possess. Although at certain times, even this master feeling could yield to the pressure of a predominant self-interest—thus showing that even in Philip bigotry was not absolute—yet he appeared on the whole the embodiment of Spanish chivalry and Spanish religious enthusiasm, in its late and corrupted form. He was entirely a Spaniard. The Burgundian and Austrian elements of his blood seemed to have evaporated, and his veins were filled alone with the ancient ardour, which in heroic centuries had animated the Gothic champions of Spain. The fierce enthusiasm for the Cross, which in the long internal warfare against the Crescent had been the romantic and distinguishing feature of the national character, had degenerated into bigotry. That which had been a nation's glory now made the monarch's shame. The Christian heretic was to be regarded with a more intense hatred than even Moor or Jew had excited in

[1] "De Koning," says one of the most profound and learned of modern historical writers, Bakhuyzen van den Brink, "Filipe el prudente, zoo als hij zich gaarne hoorde noemen, beherrschte niet zijn bureau, maar zijn bureau beheerschte hem—Nooit heeft hij begrepen, dat de geschiedenis niet stil stond, om op zijne beslissing te wachten, maar altoos meende hij, dat de gebeartenissen haar regt om te gebeuren verkregen door zijne hand teekening of paraphe."—*Het Huwelijk van W. I'an Oranje met Anna v. Saxen* (Amst. 1853), p. 108.

the most Christian ages, and Philip was to be the latest and most perfect incarnation of all this traditional enthusiasm, this perpetual hate. Thus he was likely to be single-hearted in his life. It was believed that his ambition would be less to extend his dominions than to vindicate his title of the Most Catholic King. There could be little doubt entertained that he would be, at least, dutiful to his father in this respect, and that the edicts would be enforced to the letter.

He was by birth, education, and character, a Spaniard, and that so exclusively, that the circumstance would alone have made him unfit to govern a country so totally different in habits and national sentiments from his native land. He was more a foreigner in Brussels, even, than in England. The gay, babbling, energetic, noisy life of Flanders and Brabant was detestable to him. The loquacity of the Netherlanders was a continual reproach upon his taciturnity. His education had imbued him, too, with the antiquated international hatred of Spaniard and Fleming, which had been strengthening in the metropolis, while the more rapid current of life had rather tended to obliterate the sentiment in the provinces.

The flippancy and profligacy of Philip the Handsome, the extortion and insolence of his Flemish courtiers, had not been forgotten in Spain, nor had Philip the Second forgiven his grandfather for having been a foreigner. And now his mad old grandmother, Joanna, who had for years been chasing cats in the lonely tower where she had been so long imprisoned, had just died:[1] and her funeral, celebrated with great pomp by both her sons, by Charles at Brussels and Ferdinand at Augsburg, seemed to revive a history which had begun to fade, and to recall the image of Castilian sovereignty which had been so long obscured in the blaze of imperial grandeur.

His education had been but meagre. In an age when all kings and noblemen possessed many languages, he spoke not a word of any tongue but Spanish,[2] although he had a slender knowledge of French and Italian, which he after-

[1] De Thou, ii. 661.

[2] Michele MS. "Nella sua lingua parla raramente et l'usa sempre," says Badovaro concisely: MS.

wards learned to read with comparative facility. He had studied a little history and geography, and he had a taste for sculpture, painting, and architecture.[1] Certainly if he had not possessed a feeling for art, he would have been a monster. To have been born in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, to have been a king, to have had Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands as a birthright, and not to have been inspired with a spark of that fire which glowed so intensely in those favoured lands and in that golden age, had indeed been difficult.

The King's personal habits were regular. He slept much, and took little exercise habitually, but he had recently been urged by the physicians to try the effect of the chase as a corrective to his sedentary habits.[2] He was most strict in religious observances, as regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk; much more it was thought by many good Catholics, than was becoming to his rank and age.[3] Besides several friars who preached regularly for his instruction, he had daily discussions with others on abstruse theological points.[4] He consulted his confessor most minutely as to all the actions of life, inquiring anxiously whether this proceeding or that were likely to burthen his conscience.[5] He was grossly licentious. It was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised, that he might indulge himself in the common haunts of vice. This was his solace at Brussels in the midst of the gravest affairs of state.[6] He was not illiberal, but, on the contrary, it was thought that he would have been even generous, had he not been straitened for money at the outset of his career. During a cold winter, he distributed alms to the poor of Brussels with an open hand.[7] He

[1] Badovaro MS. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] "Attentissimo alle messi, alli vesperi et alle prediche com' un religioso molto piu che allo stato et età sua à molti pare che si convenga." —*Michele MS.*

[4] "Oltre certi frati theologi predicanti huomini di stimo, anco altri che ogni di trattano con lui," etc.—*Michele MS.*

[5] Michele MS. Badovaro MS.—"Dal suo confessore vuole intendere se il far quella et questa cosa puo aggravar la sua conscienza," etc.

[6] "Nelle piaceri delle donne è incontinente, prendendo dilettatione d'andare in maschera la notte et nei tempi de negotii gravi," etc., etc.—*Badovaro MS.* [7] Badovaro MS.

was fond of jests in private, and would laugh immoderately, when with a few intimate associates, at buffooneries, which he checked in public by the icy gravity of his deportment.[1] He dressed usually in the Spanish fashion, with close doublet, trunk hose, and short cloak, although at times he indulged in the more airy fashions of France and Burgundy, wearing buttons on his coats and feathers in his hat.[2] He was not thought at that time to be cruel by nature, but was usually spoken of, in the conventional language appropriated to monarchs, as a prince "clement, benign, and debonnaire."[3] Time was to show the justice of his claims to such honourable epithets.

The court was organized during his residence at Brussels on the Burgundian, not the Spanish model,[4] but of the one hundred and fifty persons who composed it, nine-tenths of the whole were Spaniards; the other fifteen or sixteen being of various nations, Flemings, Burgundians, Italians, English, and Germans.[5] Thus it is obvious how soon he disregarded his father's precept and practice[6] in this respect, and began to lay the foundation of that renewed hatred to Spaniards which was soon to become so intense, exuberant, and fatal throughout every class of Netherlanders. He esteemed no nation but the Spanish; with Spaniards he consorted, with Spaniards he counselled, through Spaniards he governed.[7]

His council consisted of five or six Spanish grandees, the famous Ruy Gomez, then Count of Melito, afterwards Prince of Eboli; the Duke of Alva, the Count de Feria, the Duke of Franca Villa, Don Antonio Toledo, and Don Juan Manrique de Lara. The "two columns," said Suriano, "which sustain this great machine, are Ruy Gomez and Alva, and from their councils depends the government of half the world.[8] The two were ever bitterly opposed to each

[1] Badovaro MS.

[2] Badovaro MS. Compare Suriano MS.—"Et veste con tanta politezza e con tanto giuditio che non si puo veder alcuna cosa piu perfetta."

[3] *Vide e.g.* Archives et Correspondance de la M. d'O., ii. 443, 447 (note 1), 448, 487.

[4] Badovaro MS.

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] Apolog. d'Orange, 47, 48.

[7] Suriano MS.

[8] "—— Queste sono le colonne con che si su tenta questa gran' macchina, et dal consiglio di questo dipende il governo di mezzo l'mondo," etc.—*Suriano MS.*

other. Incessant were their bickerings, intense their mutual hate, desperate and difficult the situation of any man, whether foreigner or native, who had to transact business with the government. If he had secured the favour of Gomez he had already earned the enmity of Alva. Was he protected by the Duke, he was sure to be cast into outer darkness by the favourite.[1] Alva represented the war party, Ruy Gomez the pacific policy more congenial to the heart of Philip. The Bishop of Arras, who in the opinion of the envoys was worth them all for his capacity and his experience, was then entirely in the background, rarely entering the council except when summoned to give advice in affairs of extraordinary delicacy or gravity.[2] He was, however, to reappear most signally in course of the events already preparing. The Duke of Alva, also to play so tremendous a part in the yet unborn history of the Netherlands, was not beloved by Philip.[3] He was eclipsed at this period by the superior influence of the favourite, and his sword, moreover, became necessary in the Italian campaign which was impending. It is remarkable that it was a common opinion even at that day that the Duke was naturally hesitating and timid.[4] One would have thought that his previous victories might have earned for him the reputation for courage and skill which he most unquestionably deserved. The future was to develop those other characteristics which were to make his name the terror and wonder of the world.

The favourite, Ruy Gomez da Silva, Count de Melito, was the man upon whose shoulders the great burthen of the state reposed. He was of a family which was originally Portuguese. He had been brought up with the King, although some eight years his senior, and their friendship dated from earliest youth. It was said that Ruy Gomez, when a boy, had been condemned to death for having struck Philip, who had come between him and another page with whom he was

[1] Suriano MS.

[2] "Ma non val tanto alcun degli altri ne tutti insieme quanto Mon. d'Arras solo."—*Suriano MS.*

[3] Suriano MS. Badovaro MS.—"Il re intrinsecamente non amava il Duca."—*Badovaro.*

[4] "Nella guerra," says Badovaro, "mostra timidita et poca intelligenza," —— "e di puochissimo cuore."—*MS.* "—— troppo reservato et cauto et quasi timido nell imprese," says Suriano, MS.

quarrelling.[1] The Prince threw himself passionately at his father's feet, and implored forgiveness in behalf of the culprit with such energy, that the Emperor was graciously pleased to spare the life of the future prime minister.[2] The incident was said to have laid the foundation of the remarkable affection which was supposed to exist between the two, to an extent never witnessed before between king and subject. Ruy Gomez was famous for his tact and complacency, and omitted no opportunity of cementing the friendship thus auspiciously commenced.

He was said to have particularly charmed his master, upon one occasion, by hypocritically throwing up his cards at a game of hazard played for a large stake, and permitting him to win the game with a far inferior hand.[3] The King, learning afterwards the true state of the case, was charmed by the grace and self-denial manifested by the young nobleman. The complacency which the favourite subsequently exhibited in regard to the connexion which existed so long and so publicly between his wife, the celebrated Princess Eboli, and Philip, placed his power upon an impregnable basis, and secured it till his death.

At the present moment he occupied the three posts of valet, state councillor, and finance minister.[4] He dressed and undressed his master, read or talked him to sleep, called him in the morning, admitted those who were to have private audiences, and superintended all the arrangements of the household.[5] The rest of the day was devoted to the enormous correspondence and affairs of administration which devolved upon him as first minister of state and treasury. He was very ignorant. He had no experience or acquirement in the arts either of war or peace, and his early education had been limited.[6] Like his master, he spoke no tongue but Spanish, and he had no literature. He had prepossessing manners, a fluent tongue, a winning and

[1] Badovaro MS.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Brantôme ; art. Philippe II.

[4] "—— Ha tre carichi del somigliar di corpo, del consiglier di stato et di contatore maggiore."—*Badovaro MS.*

[5] "Ha cura di vestire e spoliare sua M. di dormir nella sua camera, di sopravedere alle cose di camera—et introduttione delle persone," etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

[6] Badovaro MS.

benevolent disposition. His natural capacity for affairs was considerable, and his tact was so perfect that he could converse face to face with statesmen, doctors, and generals upon campaigns, theology, or jurisprudence, without betraying any remarkable deficiency. He was very industrious, endeavouring to make up by hard study for his lack of general knowledge, and to sustain with credit the burthen of his daily functions. At the same time, by the King's desire, he appeared constantly at the frequent banquets, masquerades, tourneys, and festivities, for which Brussels at that epoch was remarkable. It was no wonder that his cheek was pale, and that he seemed dying of overwork. He discharged his duties cheerfully, however, for in the service of Philip he knew no rest. "After God," said Badovaro, "he knows no object save the felicity of his master."[1] He was already, as a matter of course, very rich, having been endowed by Philip with property to the amount of twenty-six thousand dollars yearly, and the tide of his fortunes was still at the flood.[2]

Such were the two men, the master and the favourite, to whose hands the destinies of the Netherlands were now entrusted.

The Queen of Hungary had resigned the office of Regent of the Netherlands, as has been seen, on the occasion of the Emperor's abdication. She was a woman of masculine character, a great huntress before the Lord, a celebrated horsewoman, a worthy descendant of the Lady Mary of Burgundy. Notwithstanding all the fine phrases exchanged between herself and the eloquent Maas, at the great ceremony of the 25th of October, she was, in reality, much detested in the provinces,[3] and she repaid their aversion with abhorrence. "I could not live among these people," she wrote to the Emperor, but a few weeks before the abdication, "even as a private person, for it would be impossible for me to do my duty towards God and my Prince. As to governing them, I take God to witness that the task is so abhorrent to me, that I would rather earn my daily bread by labour

[1] "Perchè dopo Iddio non ha altro oggetto che la felicità sua."

[2] Badovaro MS. Suriano MS.

[3] "Regina Maria—donna di Valore—ma è odiata da popoli."—*Badovaro MS.*

than attempt it."[1] She added that a woman of fifty years of age, who had served during twenty-five of them, had a right to repose, and that she was moreover "too old to recommence and learn her A, B, C."[2] The Emperor, who had always respected her for the fidelity with which she had carried out his designs, knew that it was hopeless to oppose her retreat. As for Philip, he hated his aunt, and she hated him[3]—although, both at the epoch of the abdication and subsequently, he was desirous that she should administer the government.[4]

The new Regent was to be the Duke of Savoy. This wandering and adventurous potentate had attached himself to Philip's fortunes, and had been received by the King with as much favour as he had ever enjoyed at the hands of the Emperor. Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, then about twenty-six or seven years of age, was the son of the late unfortunate Duke, by Donna Beatrice of Portugal, sister of the Empress. He was the nephew of Charles, and first-cousin to Philip. The partiality of the Emperor for his mother was well known, but the fidelity with which the family had followed the imperial cause had been productive of nothing but disaster to the Duke. He had been ruined in fortune, stripped of all his dignities and possessions. His son's only inheritance was his sword. The young Prince of Piedmont, as he was commonly called in his youth, sought the camp of the Emperor, and was received with distinguished favour. He rose rapidly in the military service. Acting always upon his favourite motto, "Spoliatis arma supersunt," he had determined, if possible, to carve his way to glory, to wealth, and even to his hereditary estates, by his sword alone.[5] War was not only his passion, but his trade. Every one of his campaigns was a speculation, and he had long derived a satisfactory income by purchasing distinguished prisoners of war at a low price from the soldiers who had captured them,

[1] Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle, iv. 476.—"Et peus affirmer à V. M. et prendre Dieu en temoing que les gouverner m'est tant aborrible que j'aymerois mieux gaigner mac'ie que de m'y mectre."

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] "Et il Re di Spagna odia lei, et lei lui."—*Badovaro MS.*

[4] Gachard, Retraite et Mort, etc., i. xl. xli. 341, 357, 417.

[5] Brantôme. Œuvres, i. 351, *sqq.*

and were ignorant of their rank, and by ransoming them afterwards at an immense advance.[1] This sort of traffic in men was frequent in that age, and was considered perfectly honourable. Marshal Strozzi, Count Mansfeld, and other professional soldiers, derived their main income from the system.[2] They were naturally inclined, therefore, to look impatiently upon a state of peace as an unnatural condition of affairs which cut off all the profits of their particular branch of industry, and condemned them to both idleness and poverty. The Duke of Savoy had become one of the most experienced and successful commanders of the age, and an especial favourite with the Emperor. He had served with Alva in the campaigns against the Protestants of Germany, and in other important fields. War being his element, he considered peace as undesirable, although he could recognize its existence. A truce he held, however, to be a senseless paradox, unworthy of the slightest regard. An armistice, such as was concluded on the February following the abdication, was, in his opinion, only to be turned to account by dealing insidious and unsuspected blows at the enemy, some portion of whose population might repose confidence in the plighted faith of monarchs and plenipotentiaries. He had a show of reason for his political and military morality, for he only chose to execute the evil which had been practised upon himself. His father had been beggared, his mother had died of spite and despair, he had himself been reduced from the rank of a sovereign to that of a mercenary soldier, by spoliations made in time of truce. He was reputed a man of very decided abilities, and was distinguished for headlong bravery. His rashness and personal daring were thought the only drawbacks to his high character as a commander. He had many accomplishments. He spoke Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian with equal fluency, was celebrated for his attachment to the fine arts, and wrote much and with great elegance.[3] Such had been Philibert of Savoy, the pauper nephew of the powerful Emperor, the adven-

[1] Brantôme. Œuvres, i. 351, *sqq.*

[2] De Thou, iii., liv. xix. 162, *sqq.*

[3] "Parla poco, dice corse buone et e accorte et sagace molto, tiene chiusi i suoi pensieri et ha fama di tener cosi quei che li sono detti segretanente."—*Badoaro MS.*

turous and vagrant cousin of the lofty Philip, a prince without a people, a duke without a dukedom; with no hope but in warfare, with no revenue but rapine; the image, in person, of a bold and manly soldier, small, but graceful and athletic, martial in bearing, "wearing his sword under his arm like a corporal,"[1] because an internal malady made a belt inconvenient, and ready to turn to swift account every chance which a new series of campaigns might open to him. With his new salary as governor, his pensions, and the remains of his possessions in Nice and Piedmont, he had now the splendid annual income of one hundred thousand crowns, and was sure to spend it all.[2]

It had been the desire of Charles to smooth the commencement of Philip's path. He had for this purpose made a vigorous effort to undo, as it were, the whole work of his reign, to suspend the operation of his whole political system. The Emperor and conqueror, who had been warring all his lifetime, had attempted, as the last act of his reign, to improvise a peace. But it was not so easy to arrange a pacification of Europe as dramatically as he desired, in order that he might gather his robes about him, and allow the curtain to fall upon his eventful history in a grand hush of decorum and quiet. During the autumn and winter of 1555, hostilities had been virtually suspended, and languid negotiations ensued. For several months armies confronted each other without engaging, and diplomatists fenced among themselves without any palpable result. At last the peace commissioners, who had been assembled at Vaucelles since the beginning of the year 1556, signed a treaty of truce rather than of peace, upon the 5th of February.[3] It was to be an armistice of five years, both by land and sea, for France, Spain, Flanders, and Italy, throughout all the dominions of the French and Spanish monarchs. The Pope was expressly included in the truce, which was signed on the part of France by Admiral Coligny and Sebastian l'Aubespine; on that of Spain, by Count de Lalain, Philibert de Bruxelles, Simon Renard, and Jean Baptiste Sciceio, a jurisconsult of Cremona.[4] During the previous month of December, however, the Pope had concluded with the French monarch a

[1] Brantôme, i. 358. [2] Badovaro MS.
[3] De Thou, iii. 14, *sqq.* Meteren, i. 17. [4] *Ibid.* *Ibid.*

treaty, by which this solemn armistice was rendered an egregious farce. While Henry's plenipotentiaries had been plighting their faith to those of Philip, it had been arranged that France should sustain, by subsidies and armies, the scheme upon which Paul was bent to drive the Spaniards entirely out of the Italian peninsula.[1] The King was to aid the Pontiff, and, in return, was to carve thrones for his own younger children out of the confiscated realms of Philip. When was France ever slow to sweep upon Italy with such a hope? How could the ever-glowing rivalry of Valois and Habsburg fail to burst into a general conflagration, while the venerable vicegerent of Christ stood thus beside them with his fan in his hand?

For a brief breathing space, however, the news of the pacification occasioned much joy in the provinces. They rejoiced even in a temporary cessation of that long series of campaigns from which they could certainly derive no advantage, and in which their part was to furnish money, soldiers, and battle-fields, without prospect of benefit from any victory, however brilliant, or any treaty, however elaborate. Manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial provinces, filled to the full with industrial life, could not but be injured by being converted into perpetual camps. All was joy in the Netherlands, while at Antwerp, the great commercial metropolis of the provinces and of Europe, the rapture was unbounded. Oxen were roasted whole in the public squares; the streets, soon to be empurpled with the best blood of her citizens, ran red with wine; a hundred triumphal arches adorned the pathway of Philip as he came thither; and a profusion of flowers, although it was February, were strewn before his feet.[2] Such was his greeting in the light-hearted city, but the countenance was more than usually sullen with which the sovereign received these demonstrations of pleasure. It was thought by many that Philip had been really disappointed in the conclusion of the armistice, that he was inspired with a spark of that martial ambition for which his panegyrists gave him credit, and that, knowing full well the improbability of a long suspension of hostilities, he was even eager for the chance of conquest which their resumption would afford him. The

[1] De Thou, iii. xvii. Meteren, i. 17, *sqq.*
[2] Meteren, i. 17, *sqq.*

secret treaty of the Pope was of course not so secret but that the hollow intention of the contracting parties to the truce of Vaucelles were thoroughly suspected; intentions which certainly went far to justify the maxims and the practice of the new governor-general of the Netherlands upon the subject of armistices. Philip, understanding his position, was revolving renewed military projects while his subjects were ringing merry bells and lighting bonfires in the Netherlands. These schemes, which were to be carried out in the immediate future, caused, however, a temporary delay in the great purpose to which he was to devote his life.

The Emperor had always desired to regard the Netherlands as a whole, and he hated the antiquated charters and obstinate privileges which interfered with his ideas of symmetry. Two great machines, the court of Mechlin and the inquisition, would effectually simplify and assimilate all these irregular and heterogeneous rights. The civil tribunal was to annihilate all diversities in their laws by a general cassation of all their constitutions, and the ecclesiastical court was to burn out all differences in their religious faith. Between two such millstones it was thought that the Netherlands might be crushed into uniformity. Philip succeeded to these traditions. The father had never sufficient leisure to carry out all his schemes, but it seemed probable that the son would be a worthy successor, at least in all which concerned the religious part of his system. One of the earliest measures of his reign was to re-enact the dread edict of 1550. This he did by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras, who represented to him the expediency of making use of the popularity of his father's name, to sustain the horrible system resolved upon.[1] As Charles was the author of the edict, it could be always argued that nothing new was introduced; that burning, hanging, and drowning for religious differences constituted a part of the national institutions: that they had received the sanction of the wise Emperor, and had been sustained by the sagacity of past generations. Nothing could have been more subtle, as the event proved, than this advice. Innumerable were the appeals made in subsequent years upon this subject, to the patriotism and the conservative sentiments of the Nether-

[1] Papiers d'Etat du Card. Granvelle, ix. 478, 479.

landers. Repeatedly they were summoned to maintain the inquisition, on the ground that it had been submitted to by their ancestors, and that no change had been made by Philip, who desired only to maintain church and crown in the authority which they had enjoyed in the days of his father "of very laudable memory."

Nevertheless, the King's military plans seemed to interfere for the moment with this cherished object. He seemed to swerve, at starting, from pursuing the goal which he was only to abandon with life. The edict of 1550 was re-enacted and confirmed, and all office-holders were commanded faithfully to enforce it upon pain of immediate dismissal.[1] Nevertheless, it was not vigorously carried into effect anywhere. It was openly resisted in Holland, its proclamation was flatly refused in Antwerp, and repudiated throughout Brabant.[2] It was strange that such disobedience should be tolerated, but the King wanted money. He was willing to refrain for a season from exasperating the provinces by fresh religious persecution at the moment when he was endeavouring to extort every penny which it was possible to wring from their purses.[3]

The joy, therefore, with which the pacification had been hailed by the people was far from an agreeable spectacle to the King. The provinces would expect that the forces which had been maintained at their expense during the war would be disbanded, whereas he had no intention of disbanding them. As the truce was sure to be temporary, he had no disposition to diminish his available resources for a war which might be renewed at any moment. To maintain the existing military establishment in the Netherlands, a large sum of money was required, for the pay was very much in arrear. The King had made a statement to the provincial estates upon this subject, but the matter was kept secret during the negotiations with France. The way had thus been paved for the "Request" or "Bede," which he now made to the estates assembled at Brussels, in the spring of 1556. It was to consist of a tax of one per cent. (the hundredth penny) upon all real estate, and of two per cent. upon all merchandise; to be collected in three payments. The request, in so far as

[1] Bor, i. 12. [2] *Ibid.*, i. 15. [3] *Ibid.*, i. 15, *sqq.*

the imposition of the proposed tax was concerned, was refused by Flanders, Brabant, Holland, and all the other important provinces, but, as usual, a moderate, even a generous commutation in money was offered by the estates. This was finally accepted by Philip, after he had become convinced that at this moment, when he was contemplating a war with France, it would be extremely impolitic to insist upon the tax. The publication of the truce in Italy had been long delayed, and the first infractions which it suffered were committed in that country. The arts of politicians, the schemes of individual ambition, united with the short-lived military ardour of Philip to place that monarch in an eminently false position, that of hostility to the Pope. As was unavoidable, the secret treaty of December acted as an immediate dissolvent to the truce of February.

Great was the indignation of Paul Caraffa, when that truce was first communicated to him by the Cardinal de Tournon, on the part of the French Government.[1] Notwithstanding the protestations of France that the secret league was still binding, the pontiff complained that he was likely to be abandoned to his own resources, and to be left single-handed to contend with the vast power of Spain.

Pope Paul IV., of the house of Caraffa, was, in position, the well-known counterpart of the Emperor Charles. At the very moment when the conqueror and autocrat was exchanging crown for cowl, and the proudest throne of the universe for a cell, this aged monk, as weary of scientific and religious seclusion as Charles of pomp and power, had abdicated his scholastic pre-eminence, and exchanged his rosary for the keys and sword. A pontifical Faustus, he had become disgusted with the results of a life of study and abnegation, and immediately upon his election appeared to be glowing with mundane passions, and inspired by the fiercest ambition of a warrior. He had rushed from the cloister as eagerly as Charles had sought it. He panted for the tempests of the great external world as earnestly as the conqueror who had so long ridden upon the whirlwind, of human affairs sighed for a haven of repose.[2] None of his predecessors had been

[1] De Thou, iii. 16, liv. xvii. Meteren. Bor.

[2] "Qu'alors et en ce même temps il se fit d'estranges metamorphoses plus qu'il ne s'en soit dans celles d'Ovide. Que le plus grand mondain

more despotic, more belligerent, more disposed to elevate and strengthen the temporal power of Rome. In the inquisition he saw the grand machine by which this purpose could be accomplished,[1] and yet found himself for a period the antagonist of Philip! The single circumstance would have been sufficient, had other proofs been wanting, to make manifest that the part which he had chosen to play was above his genius. Had his capacity been at all commensurate with his ambition, he might have deeply influenced the fate of the world; but fortunately no wizard's charm came to the aid of Paul Caraffa, and the triple-crowned monk sat upon the pontifical throne, a fierce, peevish, querulous, and quarrelsome dotard; the prey and the tool of his vigorous enemies and his intriguing relations. His hatred of Spain and Spaniards was unbounded. He raved at them as "heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, the spawn of Jews and Moors, the very dregs of the earth."[2] To play upon such insane passions was not difficult, and a skilful artist stood ever ready to strike the chords thus vibrating with age and fury. The master spirit and principal mischief-maker of the papal court was the well-known Cardinal Caraffa, once a wild and dissolute soldier, nephew to the Pope. He inflamed the anger of the pontiff by his representations that the rival house of Colonna, sustained by the Duke of Alva, now viceroy of Naples, and by the whole Spanish power, thus relieved from the fear of French hostilities, would be free to wreak its vengeance upon their family.[3] It was determined that the court of France should be held by the secret league. Moreover, the Pope had been expressly included in the treaty of Vaucelles, although the troops of Spain had already assumed a hostile attitude in the south of Italy. The Cardinal was for immediately proceeding to Paris, there to excite the sympathy of the French monarch for the situation of himself and his uncle. An immediate rupture

et ambitieux guerrier se voua et se rendit religieux et le Pape Paul IV. Caraffe, qui avoit esté le plus austere theatin, devot et religieux, se rendit ambitieux mondain et guerrier."—*Brantôme;* art. *Charles Quint.*

[1] De Thou, iii. 19.

[2] "Heretici, scismatici, et maladetti di Dio, seme dé Giudei et de Marrani feccia del mondo."—*Navigero, Relazione, MS.* Bib. de Bourg. No. 6079.

[3] De Thou, iii. 19, *sqq.*

between France and Spain, a rekindling of the war flames from one end of Europe to the other, were necessary to save the credit and the interests of the Caraffas. Cardinal de Tournon, not desirous of so sudden a termination to the pacific relations between his country and Spain, succeeded in detaining him a little longer in Rome.[1] He remained, but not in idleness. The restless intriguer had already formed close relations with the most important personage in France, Diana of Poitiers.[2] This venerable courtesan, to the enjoyment of whose charms Henry had succeeded, with the other regal possessions, on the death of his father, was won by the flatteries of the wily Caraffa, and by the assiduities of the Guise family. The best and most sagacious statesmen, the Constable, and the Admiral, were in favour of peace, for they knew the condition of the kingdom. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal Lorraine were for a rupture, for they hoped to increase their family influence by war. Coligny had signed the treaty of Vaucelles, and wished to maintain it, but the influence of the Catholic party was in the ascendant. The result was to embroil the Catholic King against the Pope and against themselves. The queen was as favourably inclined as the mistress to listen to Caraffa, for Catherine de Medici was desirous that her cousin, Marshal Strozzi, should have honourable and profitable employment in some fresh Italian campaigns.

In the meantime an accident favoured the designs of the papal court. An open quarrel with Spain resulted from an insignificant circumstance. The Spanish ambassador at Rome was in the habit of leaving the city very often at an early hour in the morning, upon shooting excursions, and had long enjoyed the privilege of ordering the gates to be opened for him at his pleasure. By accident or design, he was refused permission upon one occasion to pass through the gate as usual. Unwilling to lose his day's sport, and enraged at what he considered an indignity, his excellency, by the aid of his attendants, attacked and beat the guard, mastered them, made his way out of the city, and pursued his morning's amusement.[3] The Pope was furious, and Caraffa artfully inflamed his anger. The envoy was refused

[1] De Thou, iii. 19, *sqq.* [2] De Thou, *ubi sup.*
[3] De Thou, iii. liv. xvii. 19, *sqq.*

an audience, which he desired for the sake of offering explanations, and the train being thus laid, it was thought that the right moment had arrived for applying the firebrand. The Cardinal went to Paris post haste. In his audience of the King, he represented that his Holiness had placed implicit reliance upon his secret treaty with his Majesty, that the recently-concluded truce with Spain left the pontiff at the mercy of the Spaniard, that the Duke of Alva had already drawn the sword, that the Pope had long since done himself the pleasure and the honour of appointing the French monarch protector of the papal chair in general, and of the Caraffa family in particular, and that the moment had arrived for claiming the benefit of that protection. He assured him, moreover, as by full papal authority, that in respecting the recent truce with Spain, his Majesty would violate both human and divine law. Reason and justice required him to defend the pontiff, now that the Spaniards were about to profit by the interval of truce to take measures for his detriment. Moreover, as the Pope was included in the truce of Vaucelles, he could not be abandoned without a violation of that treaty itself.[1] The arts and arguments of the Cardinal proved successful; the war was resolved upon in favour of the Pope.[2] The Cardinal, by virtue of powers received and brought with him from his Holiness, absolved the King from all obligation to keep his faith with Spain. He also gave him a dispensation from the duty of prefacing hostilities by a declaration of war. Strozzi was sent at once into Italy, with some hastily-collected troops, while the Duke of Guise waited to organize a regular army.

The mischief being thus fairly afoot, and war let loose again upon Europe, the Cardinal made a public entry into Paris, as legate of the Pope. The populace crowded about his mule, as he rode at the head of a stately procession through the streets. All were anxious to receive a benediction from the holy man who had come so far to represent the successor of St. Peter, and to enlist the efforts of all true believers in his cause. He appeared to answer the entreaties of the superstitious rabble with fervent blessings,

[1] De Thou, iii. 23-29. [2] *Ibid.* Bor, i. 15.

while the friends who were nearest him were aware that nothing but gibes and sarcasms were falling from his lips. "Let us fool these poor creatures to their heart's content, since they will be fools," he muttered; smiling the while upon them benignantly, as became his holy office.[1] Such were the materials of this new combination; such was the fuel with which this new blaze was lighted and maintained. Thus were the great powers of the earth—Spain, France, England, and the Papacy—embroiled, and the nations embattled against each other for several years. The preceding pages show how much national interests, or principles, were concerned in the struggle thus commenced, in which thousands were to shed their life-blood, and millions to be reduced from peace and comfort to suffer all the misery which famine and rapine can inflict. It would no doubt have increased the hilarity of Caraffa, as he made his triumphant entry into Paris, could the idea have been suggested to his mind that the sentiments, or the welfare of the people throughout the great states now involved in his meshes, could have any possible bearing upon the question of peace or war. The world was governed by other influences. The wiles of a cardinal—the arts of a concubine—the snipe-shooting of an ambassador—the speculations of a soldier of fortune—the ill-temper of a monk—the mutual venom of Italian houses—above all, the perpetual rivalry of the two great historical families who owned the greater part of Europe between them as their private property—such were the wheels on which rolled the destiny of Christendom. Compared to these, what were great moral and political ideas, the plans of statesmen, the hopes of nations? Time was soon to show. Meanwhile, government continued to be administered exclusively for the benefit of the governors. Meanwhile, a petty war for paltry motives was to precede the great spectacle which was to prove to Europe that principles and peoples still existed, and that a phlegmatic nation of merchants and manufacturers could defy the powers of the universe, and risk all their blood and treasure, generation after generation, in a sacred cause.

It does not belong to my purpose to narrate the details of

[1] De Thou, iii. 29, xvii.

the campaign in Italy; neither is this war of politics and chicane of any great interest at the present day. To the military minds of their age, the scientific duel which now took place upon a large scale, between two such celebrated captains as the Dukes of Guise and Alva, was no doubt esteemed the most important of spectacles; but the progress of mankind in the art of slaughter has stripped so antiquated an exhibition of most of its interest, even in a technical point of view. Not much satisfaction could be derived from watching an old-fashioned game of war, in which the parties sat down before each other so tranquilly, and picked up piece after piece, castle after castle, city after city, with such scientific deliberation as to make it evident that, in the opinion of the commanders, war was the only serious business to be done in the world; that it was not to be done in a hurry, nor contrary to rule, and that when a general had a good job upon his hands he ought to know his profession much too thoroughly to hasten through it before he saw his way clear to another. From the point of time, at the close of the year 1556, when that well-trained but not very successful soldier, Strozzi, crossed the Alps, down to the autumn of the following year, when the Duke of Alva made his peace with the Pope, there was hardly a pitched battle, and scarcely an event of striking interest. Alva, as usual, brought his dilatory policy to bear upon his adversary with great effect. He had no intention, he observed to a friend, to stake the whole kingdom of Naples against a brocaded coat of the Duke of Guise.[1] Moreover, he had been sent to the war, as Ruy Gomez informed the Venetian ambassador, "with a bridle in his mouth."[2] Philip, sorely troubled in his mind at finding himself in so strange a position as this hostile attitude to the Church, had earnestly interrogated all the doctors and theologians with whom he habitually took counsel, whether this war with the Pope would not work a forfeiture of his title of the Most Catholic King.[3] The Bishop of Arras and the favourite

[1] De la Roca. Resultas de la Vida del Duque de Alba, p. 66.

[2] "—— Et come mi disse il S. Ruy Gomez non si mancherà a tal fine di usare supplicationi humili à S. Santitá, mendandogli il Duca d'Alva colla correggia al collo per pacificarla."—*Badovaro MS.*

[3] Michele. Relazione MS.

both disapproved of the war, and encouraged, with all their influence, the pacific inclinations of the monarch.[1] The doctors were, to be sure, of opinion that Philip, having acted in Italy only in self-defence, and for the protection of his states, ought not to be anxious as to his continued right to the title on which he valued himself so highly.[2] Nevertheless, such ponderings and misgivings could not but have the effect of hampering the actions of Alva. That general chafed inwardly at what he considered his own contemptible position. At the same time, he enraged the Duke of Guise still more deeply by the forced calmness of his proceedings. Fortresses were reduced, towns taken, one after another, with the most provoking deliberation, while his distracted adversary in vain strove to defy, or to delude him, into trying the chances of a stricken field.[3] The battle of Saint Quentin, the narrative of which belongs to our subject, and will soon occupy our attention, at last decided the Italian operations. Egmont's brilliant triumph in Picardy rendered a victory in Italy superfluous, and placed in Alva's hand the power of commanding the issue of his own campaign.[4] The Duke of Guise was recalled to defend the French frontier, which the bravery of the Flemish hero had imperilled, and the Pope was left to make the best peace which he could. All was now prosperous and smiling, and the campaign closed with a highly original and entertaining exhibition. The pontiff's puerile ambition, sustained by the intrigues of his nephew, had involved the French monarch in a war which was contrary to his interests and inclination. Paul now found his ally too sorely beset to afford him that protection upon which he had relied, when he commenced, in his dotage, his career as a warrior. He was, therefore, only desirous of deserting his friend, and of relieving himself from his uncomfortable predicament, by making a treaty with his Catholic Majesty upon the best terms which he could obtain. The King of France, who had gone to war only

[1] Badovaro MS.—"—— Non fu d'opinione che si comincia la guerra col pontefice," etc., etc.

Compare Suriano MS.—"—— Non fu mai d'opinione che si movesse la guerra con il papa per non metter in pericolo le cose d'Italia," etc.

[2] Michele MS.

[3] De Thou, iii. 119, liv. xviii.

[4] De Thou, iii. 125.

for the sake of his Holiness, was to be left to fight his own battles, while the Pope was to make his peace with all the world. The result was a desirable one for Philip. Alva was accordingly instructed to afford the holy father a decorous and appropriate opportunity for carrying out his wishes. The victorious general was apprised that his master desired no fruit from his commanding attitude in Italy and the victory of Saint Quentin, save a full pardon from the Pope for maintaining even a defensive war against him.[1] An amicable siege of Rome was accordingly commenced, in the course of which an assault or "camiciata" on the holy city was arranged for the night of the 26th August, 1557. The pontiff agreed to be taken by surprise, while Alva, through what was to appear only a superabundance of his habitual discretion, was to draw off his troops at the very moment when the victorious assault was to be made.[2] The imminent danger to the holy city and to his own sacred person thus furnishing the pontiff with an excuse for abandoning his own cause, as well as that of his ally, the Duke of Alva was allowed, in the name of his master and himself, to make submission to the Church and his peace with Rome.[3] The Spanish general, with secret indignation and disgust, was compelled to humour the vanity of a peevish but imperious old man. Negotiations were commenced, and so skilfully had the Duke played his game during the spring and summer, that when he was admitted to kiss the Pope's toe, he was able to bring a hundred Italian towns in his hand, as a peace-offering to his Holiness.[4] These he now restored, with apparent humility and inward curses, upon the condition that the fortifications should be razed, and the French alliance absolutely renounced. Thus did the fanaticism of Philip reverse the relative position of himself and his antagonist. Thus was the vanquished pontiff allowed almost to dictate terms to the victorious general. The King who could thus humble himself to a dotard, while he made himself the scourge of his subjects, deserved

[1] De la Roca. Resultas, etc., p. 68.
[2] De Thou, iii. 127-129, xviii. Cabrera, lib. iv. c. xi. 166-168. Compare Llorente, Hist. Critique de l'Inquisit., ii. 179-183; De la Roca, 68-72.
[3] De Thou. Cabrera, *ubi sup.* [4] De Thou, iii. 128.

that the bull of excommunication which had been prepared should be fulminated. He, at least, was capable of feeling the scathing effects of such anathemas.

The Duke of Guise, having been dismissed with the pontiff's assurance that he had done little for the interests of his sovereign, less for the protection of the Church, and least of all for his own reputation, set forth with all speed for Civita Vecchia, to do what he could upon the Flemish frontier to atone for his inglorious campaign in Italy. The treaty between the Pope and the Duke of Alva was signed[1] on the 14th September (1557), and the Spanish general retired for the winter to Milan. Cardinal Caraffa was removed from the French court to that of Madrid, there to spin new schemes for the embroilment of nations and the advancement of his own family. Very little glory was gained by any of the combatants in this campaign. Neither Spain, France, nor Paul IV. came out of the Italian contest in better condition than that in which they entered upon it. In fact each of them was a loser. France had made an inglorious retreat, the Pope a ludicrous capitulation, and the only victorious party, the King of Spain, had, during the summer, conceded to Cosmo de Medici the sovereignty of Sienna. Had Venice shown more cordiality towards Philip, and more disposition to sustain his policy, it is probable that the Republic would have secured the prize which thus fell to the share of Cosmo.[2] That astute and unprincipled potentate, who could throw his net so well in troubled water, had successfully duped all parties—Spain, France, and Rome. The man who had not only not participated in the contest, but who had kept all parties and all warfare away from his borders, was the only individual in Italy who gained territorial advantage from the war.

To avoid interrupting the continuity of the narrative, the Spanish campaign has been briefly sketched until the autumn of 1557, at which period the treaty between the Pope and Philip was concluded. It is now necessary to go back to the close of the preceding year.

Simultaneously with the descent of the French troops upon Italy, hostilities had broken out upon the Flemish

[1] De Thou, iii. 128. [2] Suriano MS.

border. The pains of the Emperor in covering the smouldering embers of national animosities so precipitately, and with a view rather to scenic effect than to a deliberate and well-considered result, were thus set at nought, and within a year from the day of his abdication, hostilities were re-opened from the Tiber to the German Ocean. The blame of first violating the truce of Vaucelles was laid by each party upon the other with equal justice, for there can be but little doubt that the reproach justly belonged to both. Both had been equally faithless in their professions of amity. Both were equally responsible for the scenes of war, plunder, and misery, which again were desolating the fairest regions of Christendom.

At the time when the French court had resolved to concede to the wishes of the Caraffa family, Admiral Coligny, who had been appointed governor of Picardy, had received orders to make a foray upon the frontier of Flanders. Before the formal annunciation of hostilities, it was thought desirable to reap all the advantage possible from the perfidy which had been resolved upon.

It happened that a certain banker of Lucca, an ancient gambler and debauchee, whom evil courses had reduced from affluence to penury, had taken up his abode upon a hill overlooking the city of Douay. Here he had built himself a hermit's cell. Clad in sackcloth, with a rosary at his waist, he was accustomed to beg his bread from door to door. His garb was all, however, which he possessed of sanctity, and he had passed his time in contemplating the weak points in the defences of the city with much more minuteness than those in his own heart. Upon the breaking out of hostilities in Italy, the instincts of his old profession had suggested to him that a good speculation might be made in Flanders, by turning to account as a spy the observations which he had made in his character of a hermit.[1] He sought an interview with Coligny, and laid his propositions before him. The noble Admiral hesitated, for his sentiments were more elevated than those of many of his contemporaries. He had, moreover, himself negotiated and signed the truce with Spain, and he shrank from violating it

[1] De Thou, iii. 78, liv. xviii. P. C. Hoofd, Nederl. Historien (Amsterdam, 1642), i. 7.

with his own hand, before a declaration of war. Still he was aware that a French army was on its way to attack the Spaniards in Italy; he was under instructions to take the earliest advantage which his position upon the frontier might offer him; he knew that both theory and practice authorized a general, in that age, to break his fast, even in time of truce, if a tempting morsel should present itself;[1] and, above all, he thoroughly understood the character of his nearest antagonist, the new governor of the Netherlands, Philibert of Savoy, whom he knew to be the most unscrupulous chieftain in Europe. These considerations decided him to take advantage of the hermit banker's communication.

A day was accordingly fixed, at which, under the guidance of this newly-acquired ally, a surprise should be attempted by the French forces, and the unsuspecting city of Douay given over to the pillage of a brutal soldiery. The time appointed was the night of Epiphany, upon occasion of which festival, it was thought that the inhabitants, overcome with sleep and wassail, might be easily overpowered. (6th January, 1557.) The plot was a good plot, but the Admiral of France was destined to be foiled by an old woman. This person, apparently the only creature awake in the town, perceived the danger, ran shrieking through the streets, alarmed the citizens while it was yet time, and thus prevented the attack.[2] Coligny, disappointed in his plan, recompensed his soldiers by a sudden onslaught upon Lens in Arthois, which he sacked and then levelled with the ground. Such was the wretched condition of frontier cities, standing, even in time of peace, with the ground undermined beneath them, and existing every moment, as it were, upon the brink of explosion.[3]

Hostilities having been thus commenced, the French government was in some embarrassment. The Duke of Guise, with the most available forces of the kingdom, having crossed the Alps, it became necessary forthwith to collect another army. The place of rendezvous appointed was Pierrepoint, where an army of eighteen thousand infantry

[1] Brantôme; art. Duc de Savoie.
[2] De Thou. Hoofd, *ubi sup.* [3] *Ibid. Ibid.*

and five thousand horse were assembled early in the spring.[1] In the meantime, Philip finding the war fairly afoot, had crossed to England for the purpose (exactly in contravention of all his marriage stipulations) of cajoling his wife and browbeating her ministers into a participation in his war with France. This was easily accomplished. The English nation found themselves accordingly engaged in a contest with which they had no concern, which, as the event proved, was very much against their interests, and in which the moving cause for their entanglement was the devotion of a weak, bad, ferocious woman for a husband who hated her. A herald sent from England arrived in France, disguised, and was presented to King Henry at Rheims. Here, dropping on one knee, he recited a list of complaints against his Majesty, on behalf of the English Queen, all of them fabricated or exaggerated for the occasion, and none of them furnishing even a decorous pretext for the war which was now formally declared.[2] The French monarch expressed his regret and surprise that the firm and amicable relations secured by treaty between the two countries should thus, without sufficient cause, be violated. In accepting the wager of warfare forced upon him, he bade the herald, Norris, inform his mistress that her messenger was treated with courtesy only because he represented a lady, and that, had he come from a king, the language with which he would have been greeted would have befitted the perfidy manifested on the occasion. God would punish this shameless violation of faith, and this wanton interruption to the friendship of two great nations. With this the herald was dismissed from the royal presence, but treated with great distinction, conducted to the hotel of the English ambassador, and presented, on the part of the French sovereign, with a chain of gold.[3]

Philip had despatched Ruy Gomez to Spain for the purpose of providing ways and means, while he was himself occupied with the same task in England.[4] He stayed there three months. During this time, he "did more," says a

[1] De Thou, iii. 148, liv. xviii.
[2] Hoofd, 1, 7. De Thou, iii. 144.
[3] De Thou. Hoofd, *ubi sup.*
[4] Documentos Ineditos para la Hist. de España, ix. 487.

Spanish contemporary, "than any one could have believed possible with that proud and indomitable nation. He caused them to declare war against France with fire and sword, by sea and land."[1] Hostilities having been thus chivalrously and formally established, the Queen sent an army of eight thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and pioneers, who, "all clad in blue uniform,"[2] commanded by Lords Pembroke and Clinton, with the three sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and officered by many other scions of England's aristocracy, disembarked at Calais, and shortly afterwards joined the camp before Saint Quentin.[3]

Philip meantime had left England, and with more bustle and activity than was usual with him, had given directions for organizing at once a considerable army. It was composed mainly of troops belonging to the Netherlands, with the addition of some German auxiliaries. Thirty-five thousand foot and twelve thousand horse had, by the middle of July, advanced through the province of Namur, and were assembled at Givet under the Duke of Savoy, who, as Governor-General of the Netherlands, held the chief command.[4] All the most eminent grandees of the provinces, Orange, Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghem, Brederode, were present with the troops, but the life and soul of the army, upon this memorable occasion, was the Count of Egmont.

Lamoral, Count of Egmont, Prince of Gavere, was now in the thirty-sixth year of his age,[5] in the very noon of that brilliant life which was destined to be so soon and so fatally overshadowed. Not one of the dark clouds, which were in the future to accumulate around him, had yet rolled above his horizon. Young, noble, wealthy, handsome, valiant, he saw no threatening phantom in the future, and caught eagerly at the golden opportunity, which the present placed within his grasp, of winning fresh laurels on a wider and more fruitful field than any in which he had hitherto been a reaper. The campaign about to take place was likely to be an imposing, if not an important one, and could not fail to be

[1] *Documentos Ineditos para la Hist. de España, ix. 487.*
[2] Meteren, i. 18. [3] Meteren, *ubi sup.* Hoofd, i. 8.
[4] Meteren. Hoofd, *ubi sup.* De Thou, iii. liv. xix.
[5] He was born in 1522.—Levensb. ber. Nederl. Man. en Vr. v.; art. Egmond.

attractive to a noble of so ardent and showy a character as Egmont. If there were no lofty principles or extensive interests to be contended for, as there certainly were not, there was yet much that was stately and exciting to the imagination in the warfare which had been so deliberately and pompously arranged. The contending armies, although of moderate size, were composed of picked troops, and were commanded by the flower of Europe's chivalry. Kings, princes, and the most illustrious paladins of Christendom, were arming for the great tournament, to which they had been summoned by herald and trumpet; and the Batavian hero, without a crown or even a country, but with as lofty a lineage as many anointed sovereigns could boast, was ambitious to distinguish himself in the proud array.

Upon the north-western edge of the narrow peninsula of North Holland, washed by the stormy waters of the German Ocean, were the ancient castle, town, and lordship, whence Egmont derived his family name, and the title by which he was most familiarly known. He was supposed to trace his descent, through a line of chivalrous champions and crusaders, up to the pagan kings of the most ancient of existing Teutonic races. The eighth century names of the Frisian Radbold and Adgild[1] among his ancestors were thought to denote the antiquity of a house whose lustre had been increased in later times by the splendour of its alliances. His father, united to Françoise de Luxemburg, Princess of Gavere, had acquired by this marriage, and transmitted to his posterity, many of the proudest titles and richest estates of Flanders. Of the three children who survived him, the only daughter was afterwards united to the Count of Vaudemont, and became mother of Louise de Vaudemont, queen of the French monarch, Henry the Third. Of his two sons, Charles, the elder, had died young and unmarried, leaving all the estates and titles of the family to his brother. Lamoral, born in 1522, was in early youth a page of the Emperor. When old enough to bear arms he demanded and obtained permission to follow the career of his adventurous sovereign. He served his apprenticeship as a soldier in the stormy expedition to Barbary, where, in his nineteenth year, he

[1] Levensb. beroemd. Nederl. Man. v. I.

commanded a troop of light horse, and distinguished himself under the Emperor's eye for his courage and devotion, doing the duty not only of a gallant commander, but of a hardy soldier.[1] Returning, unscathed by the war, flood, or tempest of that memorable enterprise, he reached his country by the way of Corsica, Genoa, and Lorraine, and was three years afterwards united (in the year 1545) to Sabina of Bavaria, sister of Frederic, Elector Palatine. The nuptials had taken place at Spiers, and few royal weddings could have been more brilliant. The Emperor, his brother Ferdinand, King of the Romans, with the Archduke Maximilian, all the imperial electors, and a concourse of the principal nobles of the empire, were present on the occasion.

In the following year, Charles invested him with the order of the Fleece at a chapter held at Utrecht. In 1553, he had been at the Emperor's side during the unlucky siege of Metz; in 1554 he had been sent at the head of a splendid embassy to England, to solicit for Philip the hand of Mary Tudor, and had witnessed the marriage in Winchester Cathedral, the same year. Although one branch of his house had, in past times, arrived at the sovereignty of Gueldres, and another had acquired the great estates and titles of Buren, which had recently passed, by intermarriage with the heiress, into the possession of the Prince of Orange,

[1] "Pour avoir esté nourry toute sa vie entre les armes, soubs ce grand guerrier Charles le Quint, n'estant eagè que dix sept ans ou dix huit ans, quand il commenca son premier apprentissage au voyage de Thunis, conduisant une compaignie de cavallerie legere où il fit l'office non seulement de capitaine mais aussy de tres hardy soldat."—*De la vraye Cyrile des Pays Bas, par Pontus Payen, MS.*

We shall often have occasion to cite this manuscript in the course of this volume. It is remarkable that so valuable and interesting a fragment of contemporaneous history should have remained unpublished. Its author, Pontus Payen, Seigneur des Essarts, was of the royal party, and a very determined Catholic. He was in close relations with many important personages of the times which he describes, and his work contains striking sketches, characteristic anecdotes, minute traits, which show the keen observer of men and things. More than any Netherlander of his day, he possessed the dramatic power of setting before the eyes of his readers the men and scenes familiar to himself. His work is full of colour and invaluable detail. There are several copies extant in the different libraries of the Netherlands. The one which I have used is that in the Royal Library of the Hague (Fonds Gerard K. 103).

yet the Prince of Gavere, Count of Egmont, was the chief of a race which yielded to none of the great Batavian or Flemish families in antiquity, wealth, or power. Personally, he was distinguished for his bravery, and although he was not yet the idol of the camp, which he was destined to become, nor had yet commanded in chief on any important occasion, he was accounted one of the five principal generals in the Spanish service.[1] Eager for general admiration, he was at the same time haughty and presumptuous, attempting to combine the characters of an arrogant magnate and a popular chieftain. Terrible and sudden in his wrath, he was yet of inordinate vanity, and was easily led by those who understood his weakness. With a limited education, and a slender capacity for all affairs[2] except those relating to the camp, he was destined to be as vacillating and incompetent a statesman, as he was prompt and fortunately audacious in the field. A splendid soldier, his evil stars had destined him to tread, as a politician, a dark and dangerous path, in which not even genius, caution, and integrity could ensure success, but in which rashness alternating with hesitation, and credulity with violence, could not fail to bring ruin. Such was Count Egmont, as he took his place at the head of the King's cavalry in the summer of 1557.

The early operations of the Duke of Savoy were at first intended to deceive the enemy. The army, after advancing as far into Picardy as the town of Vervins, which they burned and pillaged, made a demonstration with their whole force upon the city of Guise. This, however, was but a feint, by which attention was directed and forces drawn off from Saint Quentin, which was to be the real point of attack. In the meantime, the Constable of France, Montmorency, arrived upon the 28th July (1557), to take command of the French troops. He was accompanied by the Maréchal de Saint André and by Admiral Coligny. The most illustrious names of France, whether for station or valour, were in the officers' list of this select army. Nevers and Montpensier, Enghien and Condé, Vendôme and Rochefoucauld, were already there, and now the Constable and the Admiral

[1] Suriano MS.

[2] "—— Peu versè aux lettres, grossier et ignorant en matière d'estat, police civile," etc.—*Pontus Payen MS.*

came to add the strength of their experience and lofty reputation to sustain the courage of the troops. The French were at Pierrepoint, a post between Champagne and Picardy, and in its neighbourhood. The Spanish army was at Vervins, and threatening Guise. It had been the opinion in France that the enemy's intention was to invade Champagne, and the Duc de Nevers, governor of that province, had made a disposition of his forces suitable for such a contingency. It was the conviction of Montmorency, however, that Picardy was to be the quarter really attacked,[1] and that Saint Quentin, which was the most important point at which the enemy's progress, by that route, towards Paris could be arrested, was in imminent danger. The Constable's opinion was soon confirmed by advices received by Coligny. The enemy's army, he was informed, after remaining three days before Guise, had withdrawn from that point, and had invested Saint Quentin with their whole force.

This wealthy and prosperous city stood upon an elevation rising from the river Somme. It was surrounded by very extensive suburbs, ornamented with orchards and gardens, and including within their limits large tracts of a highly cultivated soil.[2] Three sides of the place were covered by a lake, thirty yards in width, very deep at some points, in others rather resembling a morass, and extending on the Flemish side a half mile beyond the city.[3] The inhabitants were thriving and industrious; many of the manufacturers and merchants were very rich, for it was a place of much traffic and commercial importance.[4]

Teligny was in the city with a detachment of the Dauphin's regiment; Captain Brueuil was commandant of the town. Both informed Coligny of the imminent peril in which they

[1] De Thou, iii. 149, xix.

[2] "Batalla de San Quintin. Copiada de un codice MS. de la Bib. del Escorial."—*Documentos Ineditos*, ix. 490.

The manuscript thus published in the Madrid collection of documents is by an anonymous writer, but one who was present at the siege, which he has well described. His sketch is, however, entitled as above, "the Battle of St. Quentin," and its most remarkable feature is, that he does not once mention the name of Egmont as connected with that action. Certainly national rivalry could no further go.

[3] Documentos Ineditos, 491, 492.

[4] *Ibid.*

stood. They represented the urgent necessity of immediate reinforcements both of men and supplies. The city, as the Admiral well knew, was in no condition to stand a siege by such an army, and dire were the consequences if so important a place should fall. It was still practicable, they wrote, to introduce succour, but every day diminished the possibility of affording effectual relief. Coligny was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, after such an appeal in behalf of the principal place in his government. The safety of France was dependent upon that of Saint Quentin. The bulwark overthrown, Paris was within the next stride of an adventurous enemy. The Admiral instantly set out, upon the 2nd of August, with strong reinforcements. It was too late. The English auxiliaries, under Lords Pembroke, Clinton, and Grey, had, in the meantime, effected their junction with the Duke of Savoy, and appeared in the camp before St. Quentin. The route, by which it had been hoped that the much-needed succour could be introduced, was thus occupied and rendered impracticable. The Admiral, however, in consequence of the urgent nature of the letters received from Brueuil and Teligny, had outstripped, in his anxiety, the movements of his troops, and had flown before his army. He now shut himself up in the city,[1] determined to affect its deliverance by means of his skill and experience, or, at least, to share its fate.

A few days were passed in making ineffectual sorties, ordered by Coligny for the sake of reconnoitring the country, and of discovering the most practicable means of introducing supplies. The Constable, meantime, who had advanced with his army to La Fère, was not idle. He kept up daily communications with the beleaguered Admiral, and was determined, if possible, to relieve the city. There was, however, a constant succession of disappointments. Moreover, the brave but indiscreet Teligny, who commanded during a temporary illness of the Admiral, saw fit, against express orders, to make an imprudent sortie. He paid the penalty of his rashness with his life. Meantime the garrison was daily growing weaker. Coligny sent out of the city all useless

[1] De Thou, iii. 251, xix. Hoofd, i. 8.

consumers, quartered all the women in the cathedral and other churches, where they were locked in, lest their terror and their tears should weaken the courage of the garrison; and did all in his power to strengthen the defences of the city, and sustain the resolution of the inhabitants. Affairs were growing desperate. It seemed plain that the important city must soon fall, and with it most probably Paris. One of the suburbs was already in the hands of the enemy. At last Coligny discovered a route by which he believed it to be still possible to introduce reinforcements. He communicated the results of his observations to the Constable. Upon one side of the city the lake, or morass, was traversed by a few difficult and narrow pathways, mostly under water, and by a running stream which could only be passed in boats. The Constable, in consequence of this information received from Coligny, set out from La Fère upon the 8th of August, with four thousand infantry and two thousand horse. Halting his troops at the village of Essigny, he advanced in person to the edge of the morass, in order to reconnoitre the ground and prepare his plans. The result was a determination to attempt the introduction of men and supplies into the town by the mode suggested. Leaving his troops drawn up in battle array, he returned to La Fère for the remainder of his army, and to complete his preparations.[1] Coligny in the meantime was to provide boats for crossing the stream. Upon the 10th August, which was the festival of St. Laurence, the Constable advanced with four pieces of heavy artillery, four culverines, and four lighter pieces, and arrived at nine o'clock in the morning near the Faubourg d'Isle, which was already in possession of the Spanish troops. The whole army of the Constable consisted of twelve thousand German, with fifteen companies of French infantry; making in all some sixteen thousand foot, with five thousand cavalry in addition. The Duke of Savoy's army lay upon the same side of the town, widely extended and stretching beyond the river and the morass. Montmorency's project was to be executed in full view of the enemy. Fourteen companies of Spaniards were stationed in the faubourg. Two companies had been pushed forward as far as a water-mill, which lay in

[1] De Thou, iii. 154. Meteren, i. 18.

the pathway of the advancing Constable. These soldiers stood their ground for a moment, but soon retreated, while a cannonade was suddenly opened by the French upon the quarters of the Duke of Savoy. The Duke's tent was torn to pieces, and he had barely time to hurry on his cuirass, and to take refuge with Count Egmont.[1] The Constable, hastening to turn this temporary advantage to account at once, commenced the transportation of his troops across the morass. The enterprise was, however, not destined to be fortunate. The number of boats which had been provided was very inadequate; moreover they were very small, and each as it left the shore was consequently so crowded with soldiers that it was in danger of being swamped. Several were overturned, and the men perished. It was found also that the opposite bank was steep and dangerous. Many who had crossed the river were unable to effect a landing, while those who escaped drowning in the water, lost their way in the devious and impracticable paths, or perished miserably in the treacherous quagmires. Very few effected their entrance into the town, but among them was Andelot, brother of Coligny, with five hundred followers. Meantime, a council of officers was held in Egmont's tent. Opinions were undecided as to the course to be pursued under the circumstances. Should an engagement be risked, or should the Constable, who had but indifferently accomplished his project and had introduced but an insignificant number of troops into the city, be allowed to withdraw with the rest of his army? The fiery vehemence of Egmont carried all before it.[2] Here was an opportunity to measure arms at advantage with the great captain of the age. To relinquish the prize, which the fortune of war had now placed within reach of their valour, was a thought not to be entertained. Here was the great Constable Montmorency, attended by princes of the royal blood, the proudest of the nobility, the very crown and flower of the chivalry of France, and followed by an army of her bravest troops. On a desperate venture he had placed himself within their grasp. Should he go thence alive and unmolested? The moral effect of destroying such an army would be greater than if it were twice its actual strength.

[1] Hoofd, i. 8. Meteren, i. 18. De Thou, iii. 157.
[2] Hoofd, i. 8. Meteren, i. 18.

It would be dealing a blow at the very heart of France, from which she could not recover. Was the opportunity to be resigned, without a struggle, of laying at the feet of Philip, in this his first campaign since his accession to his father's realms, a prize worthy of the proudest hour of the Emperor's reign? The eloquence of the impetuous Batavian was irresistible, and it was determined to cut off the Constable's retreat.[1]

Three miles from the Faubourg d'Isle, to which that general had now advanced, was a narrow pass or defile, between steep and closely-hanging hills. While advancing through this ravine in the morning, the Constable had observed that the enemy might have it in their power to intercept his return at that point. He had therefore left the Rhinegrave, with his company of mounted carabineers, to guard the passage. Being ready to commence his retreat, he now sent forward the Duc de Nevers, with four companies of cavalry, to strengthen that important position, which he feared might be inadequately guarded. The act of caution came too late. This was the fatal point which the quick glance of Egmont had at once detected. As Nevers reached the spot, two thousand of the enemy's cavalry rode through and occupied the narrow passage. Inflamed by mortification and despair, Nevers would have at once charged those troops, although outnumbering his own by nearly four to one. His officers restrained him with difficulty, recalling to his memory the peremptory orders which he had received from the Constable to guard the passage, but on no account to hazard an engagement, until sustained by the body of the army. It was a case in which rashness would have been the best discretion. The headlong charge which the Duke had been about to make, might possibly have cleared the path and have extricated the army, provided the Constable had followed up the movement by a rapid advance upon his part. As it was, the passage was soon blocked up by freshly-advancing bodies of Spanish and Flemish cavalry, while Nevers slowly and reluctantly fell back upon the Prince of Condé, who was stationed with the light horse at the mill where the first skirmish had taken place.

[1] Hoofd. Meteren, *ubi sup.*

They were soon joined by the Constable, with the main body of the army. The whole French force now commenced its retrograde movement. It was, however, but too evident that they were enveloped. As they approached the fatal pass through which lay their only road to La Fère, and which was now in complete possession of the enemy, the signal of assault was given by Count Egmont. That general himself, at the head of two thousand light horse, led the charge upon the left flank. The other side was assaulted by the Dukes Eric and Henry of Brunswick, each with a thousand heavy dragoons, sustained by Count Horn, at the head of a regiment of mounted gendarmerie. Mansfeld, Lalain, Hoogstraaten, and Vilain, at the same time made a furious attack upon the front. The French cavalry wavered with the shock so vigorously given. The camp followers, sutlers, and pedlars, panic-struck, at once fled helter-skelter, and in their precipitate retreat, carried confusion and dismay throughout all the ranks of the army. The rout was sudden and total. The onset and the victory were simultaneous. Nevers, riding through a hollow with some companies of cavalry, in the hope of making a detour and presenting a new front to the enemy, was overwhelmed at once by the retreating French and their furious pursuers. The day was lost, retreat hardly possible, yet, by a daring and desperate effort, the Duke, accompanied by a handful of followers, cut his way through the enemy and effected his escape. The cavalry had been broken at the first onset and nearly destroyed. A portion of the infantry still held firm, and attempted to continue their retreat. Some pieces of artillery, however, now opened upon them, and before they reached Essigny, the whole army was completely annihilated. The defeat was absolute. Half the French troops actually engaged in the enterprise, lost their lives upon the field. The remainder of the army was captured or utterly disorganized. When Nevers reviewed, at Laon, the wreck of the Constable's whole force, he found some thirteen hundred French and three hundred German cavalry, with four companies of French infantry remaining out of fifteen, and four thousand German foot remaining of twelve thousand. Of twenty-one or twenty-two thousand remarkably fine and well-appointed troops, all but six thousand had been killed or made prisoners within an hour.

The Constable himself, with a wound in the groin, was a captive. The Duke of Enghien, after behaving with brilliant valour, and many times rallying the troops, was shot through the body, and brought into the enemy's camp only to expire. The Duc de Montpensier, the Marshal de Saint André, the Duc de Longueville, Prince Ludovic of Mantua, the Baron Corton, la Roche du Mayne, the Rhinegrave, the Counts de Rochefoucauld, d'Aubigni, de Rochefort, all were taken. The Duc de Nevers, the Prince of Condé, with a few others, escaped; although so absolute was the conviction that such an escape was impossible, that it was not believed by the victorious army. When Nevers sent a trumpet, after the battle, to the Duke of Savoy, for the purpose of negotiating concerning the prisoners, the trumpeter was pronounced an impostor, and the Duke's letter a forgery; nor was it till after the whole field had been diligently searched for his dead body without success, that Nevers could persuade the conquerors that he was still in existence.[1]

Of Philip's army but fifty lost their lives.[2] Lewis of Brederode was smothered in his armour; and the two Counts Spiegelberg and Count Waldeck were also killed; besides these, no officer of distinction fell. All the French standards and all their artillery but two pieces were taken, and placed before the King, who the next day came into the camp before Saint Quentin. The prisoners of distinction were likewise presented to him in long procession. Rarely had a monarch of Spain enjoyed a more signal triumph than this which Philip now owed to the gallantry and promptness of Count Egmont.[3]

While the King stood reviewing the spoils of victory, a light horseman of Don Henrico Manrique's regiment approached, and presented him with a sword. "I am the

[1] De Thou, iii. 161. 162, xix. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] Hoofd, i. 8, 9. Meteren, i. 18, *sqq.* De Thou, iii. 157-160. Bor, i. 16. The Netherland accounts generally give at least four thousand killed of the French army. A contemporary proclamation for a thanksgiving issued by the government, fourteen days after the battle, states, however, the number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, on the French side, at forty-eight "companies" of infantry and five thousand cavalry.—Van Wyn, Byvoegsels en Anmerkingen op Wagenaar Vaderl. Hist. (Amst. 1792), vi. 13-15.

man, may it please your Majesty," said the trooper, "who took the Constable; here is his sword. May your Majesty be pleased to give me something to eat in my house." "I promise it," replied Philip; upon which the soldier kissed his Majesty's hand and retired.[1] It was the custom universally recognized in that day, that the king was the king's captive, and the general the general's, but that the man, whether soldier or officer, who took the commander-in-chief, was entitled to ten thousand ducats.[2] Upon this occasion the Constable was the prisoner of Philip, supposed to command his own army in person. A certain Spanish Captain Valenzuela, however, disputed the soldier's claim to the Constable's sword. The trooper advanced at once to the Constable, who stood there with the rest of the illustrious prisoners. "Your excellency is a Christian," said he; "please to declare upon your conscience and the faith of a cavalier whether 'twas I that took you prisoner. It need not surprise your excellency that I am but a soldier, since with soldiers his Majesty must wage his wars." "Certainly," replied the Constable, "you took me and took my horse, and I gave you my sword. My *word*, however, I pledged to Captain Valenzuela." It appearing, however, that the custom of Spain did not recognize a pledge given to anyone but the actual captor, it was arranged that the soldier should give two thousand of his ten thousand ducats to the captain. Thus the dispute ended.[3]

Such was the brilliant victory of Saint Quentin, worthy to be placed in the same list with the world-renowned combats of Creçy and Agincourt. The Flemish frontier was saved for the time from the misery which was now to be inflicted upon the French border. This was sufficient to cause the victory to be hailed as rapturously by the people as by the troops. From that day forth the name of the brave Hollander was like the sound of a trumpet to the army. "Egmont and Saint Quentin" rang through every mouth to the furthest extremity of Philip's realms.[4] A deadly blow was

[1] Batalla de San Quintin. Documentos Ineditos, ix. 496.

[2] "—— Es cosa muy antiqua entre gente de guerra que el general es del general y el Rey del Rey: pero a quien le prende le dan 10,000 ducados."—*Documentos Ineditos*, ix. 496.

[3] *Ibid.* ix. 496, 497.

[4] Hoofd, i. 9.

struck to the very heart of France. The fruits of all the victories of Francis and Henry withered. The battle, with others which were to follow it, won by the same hand, were soon to compel the signature of one of the most disastrous treaties which had ever disgraced the history of France.

The fame and power of the Constable faded—his misfortunes and captivity fell like a blight upon the ancient glory of the house of Montmorency—his enemies destroyed his influence and his popularity.[1] On the other hand, the exultation of Philip was as keen as his cold and stony nature would permit. The magnificent palace-convent of the Escorial, dedicated to the saint on whose festival the battle had been fought, and built in the shape of the gridiron on which that martyr had suffered, was soon afterwards erected in pious commemoration of the event.[2] Such was the celebration of the victory. The reward reserved for the victor was to be recorded on a later page of history.

The coldness and caution, not to say the pusillanimity of Philip, prevented him from seizing the golden fruits of his triumph. Ferdinand Gonzaga wished the blow to be followed up by an immediate march upon Paris.[3] Such was also the feeling of all the distinguished soldiers of the age. It was unquestionably the opinion, and would have been the deed, of Charles, had he been on the field of Saint Quentin, crippled as he was, in the place of his son. He could not conceal his rage and mortification when he found that Paris had not fallen, and is said to have refused to read the despatches which recorded that the event had not been consummated.[4] There was certainly little of the conqueror in Philip's nature; nothing which would have led him to violate the safest principles of strategy. He was not the man to follow up enthusiastically the blow which had been struck; Saint Quentin, still untaken, although defended by but eight hundred soldiers, could not be left behind him; Nevers was still in his front, and although it was notorious that he commanded only the wreck of an army, yet a new one might be collected,

[1] De Thou, iii. 160. [2] Hoofd, i. 9. [3] De Thou, iii. 162.

[4] Brantôme, i. ii. Hist. du Duc d'Albe, ii. 140. The statement is, however, not corroborated by the contemporary letters of Charles. See Gachard, Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint, i. 169. *seq.*—Compare Stirling, Cloister Life, 121, 122.

perhaps, in time to embarrass the triumphant march to Paris. Out of his superabundant discretion, accordingly, Philip refused to advance till Saint Quentin should be reduced.[1]

Although nearly driven to despair by the total overthrow of the French in the recent action, Coligny still held bravely out, being well aware that every day by which the siege could be protracted was of advantage to his country. Again he made fresh attempts to introduce men into the city. A fisherman showed him a submerged path, covered several feet deep with water, through which he succeeded in bringing one hundred and fifty unarmed and half-drowned soldiers into the place. His garrison consisted barely of eight hundred men, but the siege was still sustained, mainly by his courage and sagacity, and by the spirit of his brother Andelot. The company of cavalry, belonging to the Dauphin's regiment, had behaved badly, and even with cowardice since the death of their commander Teligny. The citizens were naturally weary and impatient of the siege. Mining and countermining continued till the 21st August. A steady cannonade was then maintained until the 27th. Upon that day, eleven breaches having been made in the walls, a simultaneous assault was ordered at four of them. The citizens were stationed upon the walls, the soldiers in the breaches. There was a short but sanguinary contest, the garrison resisting with uncommon bravery. Suddenly an entrance was effected through a tower which had been thought sufficiently strong, and which had been left unguarded. Coligny, rushing to the spot, engaged the enemy almost single-handed. He was soon overpowered, being attended only by four men and a page, was made a prisoner by a soldier named Francisco Diaz, and conducted through one of the subterranean mines into the presence of the Duke of Savoy, from whom the captor received ten thousand ducats in exchange for the Admiral's sword. The fighting still continued with great determination in the streets, the brave Andelot resisting to the last. He was, however, at last overpowered, and taken prisoner. Philip, who had, as usual, arrived in the trenches by noon, armed in complete

[1] De Thou, iii. 162. Hoofd, i. 9.

harness, with a page carrying his helmet, was met by the intelligence that the city of Saint Quentin was his own.[1]

To a horrible carnage succeeded a sack and a conflagration still more horrible. In every house entered during the first day every human being was butchered. The sack lasted all that day and the whole of the following, till the night of the 28th. There was not a soldier who did not obtain an ample share of plunder, and some individuals succeeded in getting possession of two, three, and even twelve thousand ducats each.[2] The women were not generally outraged, but they were stripped almost entirely naked, lest they should conceal treasure which belonged to their conquerors, and they were slashed in the face with knives, partly in sport, partly as a punishment for not giving up property which was not in their possession. The soldiers even cut off the arms of many among these wretched women,[3] and then turned them loose, maimed and naked, into the blazing streets; for the town, on the 28th, was fired in a hundred places, and was now one general conflagration. The streets were already strewn with the corpses of the butchered garrison and citizens; while the survivors were now burned in their houses. Human heads, limbs, and trunks were mingled among the bricks and rafters of the houses, which were falling on every side.[4] The fire lasted day and night, without an attempt being made to extinguish it; while the soldiers dashed like devils through flame and smoke in search of booty. Bearing lighted torches they descended into every subterranean vault and receptacle, of which there were many in the town, and in every one of which they hoped to discover hidden treasure.[5] The work of killing, plundering, and burning lasted nearly three days and nights. The streets, meanwhile,

[1] De Thou, iii. 164-171. Hoofd, i. 10. Meteren, 1, 18. Documentos Ineditos, ix. 497-513.

[2] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 513, *sqq.*

[3] "Y porque digesen donde tenian los dineros, las daban cuchillados por cara y cabeza y à muchas cortaron los brazos."—*Documentos Inedites*, ix. 513, *sqq.*

[4] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 515. "——Quemaron en las casas gran cantitad de personas y muchas dellas se vieron despues de metado el fuego entre los ladrillos que de ellos son hechas todas las mejores casas, muchas cabezas de hombres quemados y huesos."

[5] Documentos Inedito., ix. 516.

were encumbered with heaps of corpses, not a single one of which had been buried since the capture of the town. The remains of nearly all the able-bodied male population, dismembered, gnawed by dogs,[1] or blackened by fire, polluted the midsummer air. The women, meantime, had been again driven into the cathedral, where they had housed during the siege, and where they now crouched together in trembling expectation of their fate.[2]

On the 29th August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Philip issued an order that every woman, without an exception, should be driven out of the city into the French territory.[3] Saint Quentin, which seventy years before had been a Flemish town, was to be re-annexed, and not a single man, woman, or child who could speak the French language, was to remain another hour in the place. The tongues of the men had been effectually silenced. The women, to the number of three thousand five hundred, were now compelled to leave the cathedral and the city.[4] Some were in a starving condition; others had been desperately wounded; all, as they passed through the ruinous streets of what had been their home, were compelled to tread upon the unburied remains of their fathers, husbands, or brethren. To none of these miserable creatures remained a living protector—hardly even a dead body which could be recognized; and thus the ghastly procession of more than three thousand women, many with gaping wounds in the face, many with their arms cut off and festering, of all ranks and ages, some numbering more than ninety years, bareheaded, with grey hairs streaming upon their shoulders; others with nursing infants in their arms, escorted by a company of heavy-armed troopers, left for ever their native city. All made the dismal journey upon foot, save that carts were allowed to transport the children between the ages of two and six years.[5] The desolation and depopulation were now complete. "I wandered through the place, gazing at all this," says a Spanish soldier who was present, and kept a

[1] "—— Y en muchos faltaban los pedazos que los comian los perros de noche, y algunos olian mal," etc. Documentos Ineditos, ix. 516.

[2] *Ibid.* 519, *sqq.* [3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*

[5] "Cierto a los piadosos hacia demasiada lastima vellas ir, ver 3,500 mugeres.—Muchas dellas llevaban *cortados los brazos*, y muches

diary of all which occurred, "and it seemed to me that it was another destruction of Jerusalem. What most struck me was, to find not a single denizen of the town left, who was or who dared to call himself French. How vain and transitory, thought I, are the things of this world! Six days ago what riches were in the city, and now remains not one stone upon another."[1]

The expulsion of the women had been accomplished by the express command of Philip, who moreover had made no effort to stay the work of carnage, pillage, and conflagration. The pious King had not forgotten, however, his duty to the saints. As soon as the fire had broken out, he had sent to the cathedral, whence he had caused the body of Saint Quentin to be removed, and placed in the royal tent.[2] Here an altar was arranged, upon one side of which was placed the coffin of that holy personage, and upon the other the head of the "glorious Saint Gregory" (whoever that glorious individual may have been in life), together with many other relics brought from the church.[3] Within the sacred enclosure many masses were said daily,[4] while all this devil's work was going on without. The saint who had been buried for centuries was comfortably housed and guarded by the monarch, while dogs were gnawing the carcases of the freshly-slain men of Saint Quentin, and troopers were driving into perpetual exile its desolate and mutilated women.

The most distinguished captives upon this occasion were, of course, Coligny and his brother. Andelot was, however, fortunate enough to make his escape that night under the edge of the tent in which he was confined. The Admiral was taken to Antwerp. Here he lay for many weeks sick with a fever. Upon his recovery, having no better pastime, he fell to reading the Scriptures.[5] The result was his conversion to Calvinism,[6] and the world shudders yet at the fate in which that conversion involved him.

cuchillados.—Y habia entre ellas mugeres de mas *de noventa* años, *sin cofias las canas de fuera, llenas de sangre.* Las que daban a mamar llevaban sus criaturas en sus brazos," etc., etc.—*Documentos Inéditos*, ix. 516.

[1] Documentos Inéditos, ix. 519. [2] *Ibid.* 524.
[3] *Ibid.* 524. [4] *Ibid.* [5] Meteren, i. 18. [6] *Ibid.* i. 18.

Saint Quentin being thus reduced, Philip was not more disposed to push his fortune. The time was now wasted in the siege of several comparatively unimportant places, so that the fruits of Egmont's valour were not yet allowed to ripen. Early in September Le Catelet was taken. On the 12th of the same month the citadel of Ham yielded, after receiving two thousand shots from Philip's artillery, while Nojon, Chanley, and some other places of lesser importance, were burned to the ground. After all this smoke and fire upon the frontier, productive of but slender consequences, Philip disbanded his army and retired to Brussels. He reached that city on the 12th October. The English returned to their own country.[1] The campaign of 1557 was closed without a material result, and the victory of Saint Quentin remained for a season barren.

In the meantime the French were not idle. The army of the Constable had been destroyed, but the Duke de Guise, who had come post haste from Italy after hearing the news of Saint Quentin, was very willing to organize another. He was burning with impatience both to retrieve his own reputation, which had suffered some little damage by his recent Italian campaign, and to profit by the captivity of his fallen rival the Constable. During the time occupied by the languid and dilatory proceedings of Philip in the autumn, the Duke had accordingly recruited in France and Germany a considerable army. In January (1558) he was ready to take the field. It had been determined in the French cabinet, however, not to attempt to win back the places which they had lost in Picardy, but to carry the war into the territory of the ally. It was fated that England should bear all the losses, and Philip appropriate all the gain and glory, which resulted from their united exertions. It was the war of the queen's husband, with which the queen's people had no concern, but in which the last trophies of the Black Prince were to be forfeited. On the 1st January, 1558, the Duc de Guise appeared before Calais. The Marshal Strozzi had previously made an expedition in disguise, to examine the place. The result of his examination was, that the garrison was weak, and that it relied too

[1] Hoofd, i. 10. De Thou, iii. 171-174, xix.

much upon the citadel. After a tremendous cannonade, which lasted a week, and was heard in Antwerp, the city was taken by assault.[1] Calais had been originally won after a siege which had lasted a twelvemonth, had been held two hundred and ten years, and was now lost in seven days. Seven days more, and ten thousand discharges from thirty-five great guns sufficed for the reduction of Guines.[2] Thus the last vestige of English dominion, the last substantial pretext of the English sovereign to wear the title and the lilies of France, was lost for ever. King Henry visited Calais, which after two centuries of estrangement had now become a French town again, appointed Paul de Thermes governor of the place, and then returned to Paris to celebrate soon afterwards the marriage of the Dauphin with the niece of the Guises, Mary, Queen of Scots.[3]

These events, together with the brief winter campaign of the Duke, which had raised for an instant the drooping head of France, were destined before long to give a new face to affairs, while it secured the ascendancy of the Catholic party in the kingdom. Disastrous eclipse had come over the house of Montmorency and Coligny, while the star of Guise, brilliant with the conquest of Calais, now culminated to the zenith.

It was at this period that the memorable interview between the two ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Arras and the Cardinal de Lorraine, took place at Peronne. From this central point commenced the weaving of that wide-spread scheme, in which the fate of millions was to be involved. The Duchess Christina de Lorraine, cousin of Philip, had accompanied him to Saint Quentin. Permission had been obtained by the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, to visit her at Peronne. The Duchess was accompanied by the Bishop of Arras, and the consequence was a full and secret negotiation between the two priests.[4] It may be supposed that Philip's short-lived military ardour had already exhausted itself. He had mistaken his vocation, and already recognized the false position in which he was placed. He

[1] Meteren, i. 19. De Thou, iii. 202-209, xx. Hooft, i. 11. Bor. i. 16.

[2] Meteren, De Thou, Hooft, Bor, *ubi sup.*

[3] De Thou, iii. 214.

[4] De Thou, iii. 223. Hooft, i. 12.

was contending against the monarch in whom he might find the surest ally against the arch enemy of both kingdoms, and of the world. The French monarch held heresy in horror, while, for himself, Philip had already decided upon his life's mission.

The crafty Bishop was more than a match for the vain and ambitious Cardinal. That prelate was assured that Philip considered the captivity of Coligny and Montmorency a special dispensation of Providence, while the tutelar genius of France, notwithstanding the reverses sustained by that kingdom, was still preserved. The Cardinal and his brother, it was suggested, now held in their hands the destiny of the kingdom, and of Europe. The interests of both nations, of religion, and of humanity, made it imperative upon them to put an end to this unnatural war, in order that the two monarchs might unite hand and heart for the extirpation of heresy. Philip placed full reliance upon the wisdom and discretion of the Cardinal. It was necessary that these negotiations should for the present remain a profound secret; but in the meantime a peace ought to be concluded with as little delay as possible—a result which, it was affirmed, was as heartily desired by Philip as it could be by Henry. The Bishop was soon aware of the impression which his artful suggestions had produced. The Cardinal, inspired by the flattery thus freely administered, as well as by the promptings of his own ambition, lent a willing ear to the Bishop's plans.[1] Thus was laid the foundation of a vast scheme, which time was to complete. A crusade with the whole strength of the French and Spanish crowns was resolved upon against their own subjects. The Bishop's task was accomplished. The Cardinal returned to France, determined to effect a peace with Spain. He was convinced that the glory of his house was to be enhanced, and its power impregnably established, by a cordial co-operation with Philip in his dark schemes against religion and humanity. The negotiations were kept, however, profoundly secret. A new campaign and fresh humiliations were to precede the acceptance by France of the peace which was thus proffered.

Hostile operations were renewed soon after the interview

[1] De Thou, iii. 223 227, xx

at Peronne. The Duke of Guise, who had procured five thousand cavalry and fourteen thousand infantry in Germany,[1] now, at the desire of the King, undertook an enterprise against Thionville,[2] a city of importance and great strength in Luxemburg, upon the river Moselle. The assault was made upon the 22nd June, and the garrison capitulated immediately afterwards.[3] It was a siege conducted in a regular and business-like way, but the details possess no interest. It was, however, signalized by the death of one of the eminent adventurers of the age, Marshal Strozzi. This brave, but always unlucky, soldier was slain by a musket-ball while assisting the Duke of Guise—whose arm was at that instant resting upon his shoulder—to point a gun at the fortress.[4]

After the fall of Thionville, the Duc de Guise loitered seventeen days, making no exertions to follow up the success which had attended him at the opening of the campaign. The good fortune of the French was neutralized by the same languor which had marked the movements of Philip after the victory of Saint Quentin. The time, which might have been usefully employed, was wasted by the Duke in trivial business, or in absolute torpor. This may have been the result of a treacherous understanding with Spain, and the first fruits of the interview at Peronne. Whatever the cause, however, the immediate consequences were disaster to the French nation, and humiliation to the crown.

It had been the plan of the French cabinet that Marshal de Thermes, who, upon the capture of Calais, had been appointed governor of the city, should take advantage of his position as soon as possible. Having assembled an army of some eight thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse,[5] partly Gascons and partly Germans, he was accordingly directed to ravage the neighbouring country, particularly the county of Saint Pol. In the meantime, the Duc de Guise, having reduced the cities on the southern frontier, was to move

[1] Hoofd, i. 12.
[2] De Thou, iii. 229.
[3] De Thou, iii. 229-235. Meteren, i. 19. Hoofd, i. 12, 13.
[4] Meteren, i. 19.
[5] Bor, i. 16. Meteren, i. 19. Compare Hoofd, i. 13; De Thou, iii. 238, liv. xx.

in a northerly direction, make a junction with the Marshal, and thus extend a barrier along the whole frontier of the Netherlands.

De Thermes set forth from Calais, in the beginning of June, with his newly-organized army. Passing by Gravelines and Bourbourg, he arrived before Dunkerk on the 2nd of July. The city, which was without a garrison, opened negotiations, during the pendency of which it was taken by assault and pillaged. The town of Saint Winochsberg shared the same fate. De Thermes, who was a martyr to the gout, was obliged at this point temporarily to resign the command to D'Estonteville, a ferocious soldier, who led the predatory army as far as Niewport, burning, killing, ravishing, plundering, as they went. Meantime Philip, who was at Brussels, had directed the Duke of Savoy to oppose the Duc de Guise with an army which had been hastily collected and organized at Maubeuge, in the province of Namur. He now desired, if possible, to attack and cut off the forces of De Thermes before he should extend the hand to Guise, or make good his retreat to Calais.

Flushed with victory over defenceless peasants, laden with the spoils of sacked and burning towns, the army of De Thermes was already on its homeward march. It was the moment for a sudden and daring blow. Whose arm should deal it? What general in Philip's army possessed the requisite promptness, and felicitous audacity; who, but the most brilliant of cavalry officers, the bold and rapid hero of Saint Quentin? Egmont, in obedience to the King's command, threw himself at once into the field. He hastily collected all the available forces in the neighbourhood. These, with drafts from the Duke of Savoy's army, and with detachments under Marshal Bignicourt from the garrisons of Saint Omer, Bethune, Aire, and Bourbourg, soon amounted to ten thousand foot and two thousand horse.[1] His numbers were still further swollen by large bands of peasantry, both men and women, maddened by their recent injuries, and thirsting for vengeance. With these troops the energetic chieftain took up his position directly in the path of the French army.

[1] Meteren, i. 19. Compare De Thou, iii. 239, xx.; Bor, i. 16; Hoofd, i. 14.

Determined to destroy De Thermes with all his force, or to sacrifice himself, he posted his army at Gravelines, a small town lying near the sea-shore, and about midway between Calais and Dunkerk. The French general was putting the finishing touch to his expedition by completing the conflagration at Dunkerk, and was moving homeward, when he became aware of the lion in his path. Although suffering from severe sickness, he mounted his horse and personally conducted his army to Gravelines. Here he found his progress completely arrested. On that night, which was the 12th July, he held a council of officers. It was determined to refuse the combat offered, and, if possible, to escape at low tide along the sands toward Calais. The next morning he crossed the river Aa, below Gravelines. Egmont, who was not the man, on that occasion at least, to build a golden bridge for a flying enemy, crossed the same stream just above the town and drew up his whole force in battle array. De Thermes could no longer avoid the conflict thus resolutely forced upon him. Courage was now his only counsellor. Being not materially outnumbered by his adversaries, he had, at least, an even chance of cutting his way through all obstacles, and of saving his army and his treasure. The sea was on his right hand, the Aa behind him, the enemy in front. He piled his baggage and wagons so as to form a barricade upon his left, and placed his artillery, consisting of four culverines and three falconets, in front. Behind these he drew up his cavalry, supported at each side by the Gascons, and placed his French and German infantry in the rear.

Egmont, on the other hand, divided his cavalry into five squadrons. Three of light horse were placed in advance for the first assault—the centre commanded by himself, the two wings by Count Pontenals and Henrico Henriquez. The black hussars of Lazarus Schwendi and the Flemish gendarmes came next. Behind these was the infantry, divided into three nations, Spanish, German, and Flemish, and respectively commanded by Carvajal, Mönchausen, and Bignicourt. Egmont, having characteristically selected the post of danger in the very front of battle for himself, could no longer restrain his impatience. "The foe is ours already," he shouted; "follow me, all who love their fatherland." With

that he set spurs to his horse, and having his own regiment well in hand, dashed upon the enemy. The Gascons received the charge with coolness, and—under cover of a murderous fire from the artillery in front, which mowed down the foremost ranks of their assailants—sustained the whole weight of the first onset without flinching. Egmont's horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action. Mounting another, he again cheered his cavalry to the attack. The Gascons still maintained an unwavering front, and fought with characteristic ferocity. The courage of despair inflamed the French, the hope of a brilliant and conclusive victory excited the Spaniards and Flemings. It was a wild, hand-to-hand conflict—general and soldier, cavalier and pikeman, lancer and musketeer, mingled together in one dark, confused, and struggling mass, foot to foot, breast to breast, horse to horse—a fierce, tumultuous battle on the sands. For a long time it was doubtful on which side victory was to incline, but at last ten English vessels unexpectedly appeared in the offing, and ranging up soon afterwards as close to the shore as was possible, opened their fire upon the still unbroken lines of the French. The ships were too distant, the danger of injuring friend as well as foe too imminent, to allow of their exerting any important influence upon the result. The spirit of the enemy was broken, however, by this attack upon their seaward side, which they had thought impregnable. At the same time a detachment of German cavalry which had been directed by Egmont to make its way under the downs to the southward, now succeeded in turning their left flank. Egmont, profiting by their confusion, charged them again with redoubled vigour. The fate of the day was decided. The French cavalry wavered, broke their ranks, and in their flight carried dismay throughout the whole army. The rout was total; horse and foot, French, Gascon, and German fled from the field together. Fifteen hundred fell in the action, as many more were driven into the sea, while great numbers were torn to pieces by the exasperated peasants, who now eagerly washed out their recent injuries in the blood of the dispersed, wandering, and wounded soldiers.[1] The army of De Thermes was totally

[1] Meteren, i. 19. Hoofd, i. 13, 14, 15. Bor, i. 16, 17.—Compare Cabrera, iv. 21; De Thou, iii. 231-241.

destroyed, and with it, the last hope of France for an honourable and equal negotiation. She was now at Philip's feet, so that this brilliant cavalry action was, in regard to the extent both of its immediate and its permanent results, one of the most decisive and striking that have ever been fought. The French army engaged was annihilated. Marshal de Thermes, with a wound in the head, Senarpont, Annibault, Villefon, Morvilliers, Chanlis, and many others of high rank were prisoners. The French monarch had not much heart to set about the organization of another army;[1] a task which he was now compelled to undertake. He was soon obliged to make the best terms which he could, and to consent to a most unfavourable treaty.

The Marshal de Thermes was severely censured for having remained so long at Dunkerk and in its neighbourhood. He was condemned still more loudly for not having at least effected his escape beyond Gravelines, during the night which preceded the contest. With regard to the last charge, however, it may well be doubted whether any nocturnal attempt would have been likely to escape the vigilance of Egmont. Touching his delay at Dunkerk, it was asserted that he had been instructed to await in that place the junction with the Duc de Guise, which had been previously arranged.[2] But for the criminal and, then, inexplicable languor which characterized that commander's movements, after the capture of Thionville, the honour of France might still have been saved.

Whatever might have been the faults of De Thermes or of Guise, there could be little doubt as to the merit of Egmont. Thus within eleven months of the battle of Saint Quentin, had the Dutch hero gained another victory so decisive as to settle the fate of the war, and to elevate his sovereign to a position from which he might dictate the terms of a triumphant peace.[3] The opening scenes of Philip's reign were rendered as brilliant as the proudest days of the Emperor's career, while the provinces were enraptured with the prospect of early peace. To whom, then, was the sacred debt of national and royal gratitude due but to

[1] De Thou, iii, 241, xx. [2] Hoofd, i. 15. De Thou, *ubi sup.*
[3] Hoofd. De Thou, *ubi sup.*

Lamoral of Egmont? His countrymen gladly recognized the claim. He became the idol of the army; the familiar hero of ballad and story; the mirror of chivalry, and the god of popular worship. Throughout the Netherlands he was hailed as the right hand of the fatherland, the saviour of Flanders from devastation and outrage, the protector of the nation, the pillar of the throne.[1]

The victor gained many friends by his victory, and one enemy. The bitterness of that foe was likely, in the future, to outweigh all the plaudits of his friends. The Duke of Alva had strongly advised against giving battle to De Thermes. He depreciated the triumph after it had been gained, by reflections upon the consequences which would have flowed had a defeat been suffered instead.[2] He even held this language to Egmont himself after his return to Brussels. The conqueror, flushed with his glory, was not inclined to digest the criticism, nor what he considered the venomous detraction of the Duke. More vain and arrogant than ever, he treated his powerful Spanish rival with insolence, and answered his observations with angry sarcasms, even in the presence of the king.[3] Alva was not likely to forget the altercation, nor to forgive the triumph.

There passed, naturally, much bitter censure and retort on both sides at court, between the friends and adherents of Egmont and those who sustained the party of his adversary. The battle of Gravelines was fought over daily, amid increasing violence and recrimination, between Spaniard and Fleming, and the old international hatred flamed more fiercely than ever. Alva continued to censure the foolhardiness which had risked so valuable an army on a single blow. Egmont's friends replied that it was easy for foreigners, who had nothing at risk in the country, to look on while the fields of the Netherlands were laid waste, and the homes and hearths of an industrious population made desolate, by a brutal and rapacious soldiery. They who dwelt in the

[1] Hoofd, i. 15. [2] Meteren, i. 19. Bor, i. 17. Hoofd, i. 15.

[3] "—— Et provenoit la ditte ennemitié principalement à cause de la Bataille de Grevelinge, qu'il donna contra son advis et propos haultains et superbes qu'il (Egmont) lui tint estant de retour victorieux en la ville de Bruxelles en la presence du Roy."—*Pontus Payen MS.*, 378, 379.

provinces would be ever grateful to their preserver for the result.[1] They had no eyes for the picture which the Spanish party painted of an imaginary triumph of De Thermes and its effects. However the envious might cavil, now that the blow had been struck, the popular heart remained warm as ever, and refused to throw down the idol which had so recently been set up.

[1] Meteren, Bor, Hoofd, *ubi sup.*

CHAPTER III.

PHILIP'S FAREWELL TO THE NETHERLANDS.

Secret negotiations for peace—Two fresh armies assembled, but inactive—Negotiations at Cercamp—Death of Mary Tudor—Treaty of Cateau Cambresis—Death of Henry II.—Policy of Catherine de Medici—Revelations by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange—Funeral of Charles V. in Brussels—Universal joy in the Netherlands at the restoration of peace—Organization of the government by Philip, and preparations for his departure—Appointment of Margaret of Parma as Regent of the Netherlands—Three councils—The consulta—The stadholders of the different provinces—Dissatisfaction caused by the foreign troops—Assembly of the Estates at Ghent to receive the parting instructions and farewell of the King—Speech of the Bishop of Arras—Request for three millions—Fierce denunciation of heresy on the part of Philip—Strenuous enforcement of the edicts commanded—Reply by the States of Arthois—Unexpected conditions—Rage of the King—Similar conduct on the part of the other provinces—Remonstrance in the name of States-General against the foreign soldiery—Formal reply on the part of the crown—Departure of the King from the Netherlands—Autos-da-fé in Spain.

THE battle of Gravelines had decided the question. The intrigues of the two Cardinals at Peronne having been sustained by Egmont's victory, all parties were ready for a peace. King Henry was weary of the losing game which he had so long been playing, Philip was anxious to relieve himself from his false position, and to concentrate his whole mind and the strength of his kingdom upon his great enemy the Netherland heresy, while the Duke of Savoy felt that the time had at last arrived when an adroit diplomacy might stand him in stead, and place him in the enjoyment of those rights which the sword had taken from him, and which his own sword had done so much towards winning back. The sovereigns were inclined to peace, and as there had never been a national principle or interest involved in the dispute, it was very certain that peace would be popular everywhere, upon whatever terms it might be concluded.

Montmorency and the Prince of Orange were respectively

empowered to open secret negotiations.[1] The Constable entered upon the task with alacrity, because he felt that every day of his captivity was alike prejudicial to his own welfare and the interests of his country.[2] The Guises, who had quarrelled with the Duchess de Valentinois (Diane de Poitiers), were not yet powerful enough to resist the influence of the mistress; while, rather to baffle them than from any loftier reasons, that interest was exerted in behalf of immediate peace. The Cardinal de Lorraine had by no means forgotten the eloquent arguments used by the Bishop of Arras; but his brother, the Duc de Guise, may be supposed to have desired some little opportunity of redeeming the credit of the kingdom, and to have delayed the negotiations until his valour could secure a less inglorious termination to the war.

A fresh army had, in fact, been collected under his command, and was already organized at Pierrepoint. At the same time, Philip had assembled a large force, consisting of thirty thousand foot and fifteen thousand cavalry, with which he had himself taken the field, encamping towards the middle of August upon the banks of the river Anthies, near the border of Picardy.[3] King Henry, on the other hand, had already arrived in the camp at Pierrepoint, and had reviewed as imposing an army as had ever been at the disposal of a French monarch. When drawn up in battle array, it covered a league and a half of ground, while three hours were required to make its circuit on horseback.[4] All this martial display was only for effect. The two kings, at the head of their great armies, stood looking at each other while the negotiations for peace were proceeding. An unimportant skirmish or two at the outposts, unattended with loss of life, were the only military results of these great preparations. Early in the autumn all the troops were disbanded, while the commissioners of both crowns met in open congress at the abbey of Cercamp, near Cambray, by the middle of October. The envoys on the part of Philip were the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Bishop of Arras, Ruy Gomez de Silva, the President Viglius; on that of the French

[1] Apologie du P. d'Orange, 40.
[2] Bor, i. 17. Hooft, i. 16. Meteren, i. 29.
[3] De Thou, iii. 216, xx.
[4] De Thou, iii. 244, xx.

monarch, the Constable, the Marshal de Saint André, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Bishop of Orleans, and Claude l'Aubespine.[1] There were also envoys sent by the Queen of England, but as the dispute concerning Calais was found to hamper the negotiations at Cercamp, the English question was left to be settled by another congress, and was kept entirely separate from the arrangements concluded between France and Spain.[2]

The death of Queen Mary, on the 17th November,[3] caused a temporary suspension of the proceedings. After the widower, however, had made a fruitless effort to obtain the hand of her successor, and had been unequivocally repulsed,[4] the commissioners again met in February, 1559, at Cateau Cambresis. The English difficulty was now arranged by separate commissioners, and on the 3rd of April a treaty between France and Spain was concluded.[5]

By this important convention, both kings bound themselves to maintain the Catholic worship inviolate by all means in their power, and agreed that an œcumenical council should at once assemble, to compose the religious differences, and to extinguish the increasing heresy in both kingdoms. Furthermore, it was arranged that the conquests made by each country during the preceding eight years should be restored. Thus all the gains of Francis and Henry were annulled by a single word, and the Duke of Savoy converted, by a dash of the pen, from a landless soldier of fortune into a sovereign again. He was to receive back all his estates, and was moreover to marry Henry's sister Margaret, with a dowry of three hundred thousand crowns. Philip, on the other hand, now a second time a widower, was to espouse Henry's daughter Isabella, already betrothed to the Infant Don Carlos, and to receive with her a dowry of four hundred thousand crowns. The restitutions were to be commenced by Henry, and to be completed within three months. Philip was to restore his conquests in the course of a month afterwards.

Most of the powers of Europe were included by both parties in this treaty: the Pope, the Emperor, all the Elec-

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, *ubi sup.* De Thou, iii. 250, xx.
[2] *Ibid.*, *ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*, *ibid.* [4] De Thou, iii. 254.
[5] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, De Thou.

tors, the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and Switzerland, the kingdoms of England, Scotland, Poland, Denmark, Sweden; the duchies of Ferrara, Savoy, and Parma, besides other inferior principalities. Nearly all Christendom, in short, was embraced in this most amicable compact, as if Philip were determined that, henceforth and for ever, Calvinists and Mahometans, Turks and Flemings, should be his only enemies.

The King of France was to select four hostages from among Philip's subjects, to accompany him to Paris as pledges for the execution of all the terms of the treaty. The royal choice fell upon the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Aerschot, and the Count of Egmont.

Such was the treaty of Cateau Cambresis.[1] Thus was a termination put to a war between France and Spain, which had been so wantonly undertaken.

Marshal Monluc wrote that a treaty so disgraceful and disastrous had never before been ratified by a French monarch.[2] The accumulated plunder of years, which was now disgorged by France, was equal in value to one-third of that kingdom. One hundred and ninety-eight fortified towns were surrendered, making, with other places of greater or less importance, a total estimated by some writers as high as four hundred.[3] The principal gainer was the Duke of Savoy, who, after so many years of knight-errantry, had regained his duchy, and found himself the brother-in-law of his ancient enemy.

The well-known tragedy by which the solemnities of this pacification were abruptly concluded in Paris, bore with it an impressive moral. The monarch who, in violation of his plighted word and against the interests of his nation and the world, had entered precipitately into a causeless war, now lost his life in fictitious combat at the celebration of peace. On the 10th of July, Henry the Second died of the wound inflicted by Montgomery in the tournament held eleven days before.[4] Of this weak and worthless prince, all

[1] De Thou, iii. 350-355. Hooft, i. 19, 20. Bor, i. 17, 18. Meteren, i. 23.

[2] De Thou. Meursii Guilielmus Auriacus (Leyd., 1621), p. 6.

[3] Hooft, i. 20. De Thou, iii. 29. Jean. Meursii Gul. Aur., p. 6.

[4] De Thou, iii. 367.

that even his flatterers could favourably urge was his great fondness for war, as if a sanguinary propensity, even when unaccompanied by a spark of military talent, were of itself a virtue. Yet, with his death, the kingdom fell even into more pernicious hands, and the fate of Christendom grew darker than ever. The dynasty of Diane de Poitiers was succeeded by that of Catherine de Medici; the courtesan gave place to the dowager; and France—during the long and miserable period in which she lay bleeding in the grasp of the Italian she-wolf and her litter of cowardly and sanguinary princes—might even lament the days of Henry and his Diana. Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third, Francis of Alençon, last of the Valois race—how large a portion of the fearful debt which has not yet been discharged by half a century of revolution and massacre was of their accumulation!

The Duchess of Valentinois had quarrelled latterly with the house of Guise, and was disposed to favour Montmorency. The King, who was but a tool in her hands, might possibly have been induced, had he lived, to regard Coligny and his friends with less aversion. This is, however, extremely problematical, for it was Henry the Second who had concluded that memorable arrangement with his royal brother of Spain, to arrange for the Huguenot chiefs throughout both realms, a "Sicilian Vespers," upon the first favourable occasion. His death and the subsequent policy of the Queen-Regent deferred the execution of the great scheme till fourteen years later. Henry had lived long enough, however, after the conclusion of the secret agreement to reveal it to one whose life was to be employed in thwarting this foul conspiracy of monarchs against their subjects. William of Orange, then a hostage for the execution of the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, was the man with whom the King had the unfortunate conception to confer on the subject of the plot.[1] The Prince, who had already gained the esteem of Charles the Fifth by his habitual discretion, knew how to profit by the intelligence and to bide his time; but his hostility to the policy of the French and Spanish courts was perhaps dated from that hour.[2]

[1] Apologie d'Orange, 53, 54.

[2] *Ibid.*

Pending the peace negotiations, Philip had been called upon to mourn for his wife and father. He did not affect grief for the death of Mary Tudor, but he honoured the Emperor's departure with stately obsequies at Brussels. The ceremonies lasted two days (the 29th and 30th December, 1558).

If the mourning for the dead Emperor was but a mummery and a masquerade, there was, however, heartiness and sincerity in the rejoicing which now burst forth like a sudden illumination throughout the Netherlands, upon the advent of peace. All was joy in the provinces, but at Antwerp, the metropolis of the land, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Nine days were devoted to festivities. Bells rang their merriest peals, artillery thundered, beacons blazed, the splendid cathedral spire flamed nightly with three hundred burning cressets, the city was strewn with flowers and decorated with triumphal arches, the Guilds of Rhetoric amazed the world with their gorgeous processions, glittering dresses, and bombastic versification, the burghers all, from highest to humblest, were feasted and made merry, wine flowed in the streets and oxen were roasted whole, prizes on poles were climbed for, pigs were hunted blindfold, men and women raced in sacks, and in short, for nine days long there was one universal and spontaneous demonstration of hilarity in Antwerp and throughout the provinces.[1]

But with this merry humour of his subjects, the sovereign had but little sympathy. There was nothing in his character or purposes which owed affinity with any mood of this jocund and energetic people. Philip had not made peace with all the world that the Netherlanders might climb up on poles or ring bells, or strew flowers in his path for a little holiday time, and then return to their industrious avocations again. He had made peace with all the world that he might be free to combat heresy; and this arch enemy had taken up its stronghold in the provinces. The treaty of Cateau Cambresis left him at liberty to devote himself to that great enterprise. He had never loved the Netherlands; a residence in these constitutional provinces was extremely irksome to him, and he was therefore anxious to return to Spain. From the

[1] Meteren, i. 23, 24.

depths of his cabinet he felt that he should be able to direct the enterprise he was resolved upon, and that his presence in the Netherlands would be superfluous and disagreeable.

The early part of the year 1559 was spent by Philip in organizing the government of the provinces and in making the necessary preparations for his departure. The Duke of Savoy, being restored to his duchy, had, of course, no more leisure to act as Regent of the Netherlands, and it was necessary, therefore, to fix upon his successor in this important post at once. There were several candidates. The Duchess Christina of Lorraine had received many half promises of the appointment, which she was most anxious to secure; the Emperor was even said to desire the nomination of the Archduke Maximilian, a step which would have certainly argued more magnanimity upon Philip's part than the world could give him credit for; and besides these regal personages, the high nobles of the land, especially Orange and Egmont, had hopes of obtaining the dignity. The Prince of Orange, however, was too sagacious to deceive himself long, and became satisfied very soon that no Netherlander was likely to be selected for Regent. He therefore threw his influence in favour of the Duchess Christina, whose daughter, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Arras, he was desirous of obtaining in marriage. The King favoured for a time, or pretended to favour, both the appointment of Madame de Lorraine and the marriage project of the Prince.[1] Afterwards, however, and in a manner which was accounted both sudden and mysterious, it appeared that the Duchess and Orange had both been deceived, and that the King and Bishop had decided in favour of another candidate, whose claims had not been considered, before, very prominent.[2] This was the Duchess Margaret of Parma, natural daughter of Charles the Fifth.[3] A brief sketch of this important personage, so far as regards her previous career, is reserved for the following

[1] *Vide* Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink. Het Huwelijk van W. Van Oranje, 7, *sqq.* Reiffenberg. Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche (Bruxelles, 1842), p. 272.

[2] Bakhuyzen, p. 8. Compare Flor. Vander Haer de initiis tumultuum Belgicorum (Lovanni, 1640), i. p. 127. Strada de Bel. Belg. i. 34, 35-42; Meteren, i. 24.

[3] Strada, Vander Haer, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

chapter. For the present it is sufficient to state the fact of the nomination. In order to afford a full view of Philip's political arrangements before his final departure from the Netherlands, we defer until the same chapter an account of the persons who composed the boards of council organized to assist the new Regent in the government. These bodies themselves were three in number: a state and privy council and one of finance.[1] They were not new institutions, having been originally established by the Emperor, and were now arranged by his successor upon the same nominal basis upon which they had before existed. The finance council, which had superintendence of all matters relating to the royal domains and to the annual budgets of the government, was presided over by Baron Berlaymont.[2] The privy council, of which Viglius was president, was composed of ten or twelve learned doctors, and was especially entrusted with the control of matters relating to law, pardons, and the general administration of justice. The state council, which was far the most important of the three boards, was to superintend all high affairs of government, war, treaties, foreign intercourse, internal, and interprovincial affairs. The members of this council were the Bishop of Arras, Viglius, Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, to which number were afterwards added the Seigneur de Glayon, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Horn.[3] The last-named nobleman, who was admiral of the provinces, had, for the present, been appointed to accompany the King to Spain, there to be specially entrusted with the administration of affairs relating to the Netherlands.[4] He was destined, however, to return at the expiration of two years.

With the object, as it was thought, of curbing the power of the great nobles, it had been arranged that the three councils should be entirely distinct from each other, that the members of the state council should have no participation in the affairs of the two other bodies; but, on the other hand, that the finance and privy councillors, as well as the Knights of the Fleece, should have access to the

[1] Meteren, 24. Hoofd, i. 23.
[2] Meteren, Hoofd, Vander Vynckt.
[3] Hoofd, i. 23. Meteren, i. 24.
[4] Vander Vynckt, i. 149.

deliberations of the state council.[1] In the course of events, however, it soon became evident that the real power of the government was exclusively in the hands of the consulta, a committee of three members of the state council, by whose deliberations the Regent was secretly instructed to be guided on all important occasions. The three, Viglius, Berlaymont, and Arras, who composed the secret conclave or cabinet, were in reality but one. The Bishop of Arras was in all three, and the three together constituted only the Bishop of Arras.

There was no especial governor or stadholder appointed for the province of Brabant, where the Regent was to reside and to exercise executive functions in person. The stadholders for the other provinces were, for Flanders and Artois, the Count of Egmont; for Holland, Zeland, and Utrecht, the Prince of Orange; for Gueldres and Zutfen, the Count of Meghem; for Friesland, Groningen, and Overyssel, Count Aremberg; for Hainault, Valenciennes, and Cambray, the Marquis of Berghen; for Tournay and Tournaisis, Baron Montigny; for Namur, Baron Berlaymont; for Luxemburg, Count Mansfeld; for Ryssel, Douay, and Orchies, the Baron Courèires.[2] All these stadholders were commanders-in-chief of the military forces in their respective provinces. With the single exception of Count Egmont, in whose province of Flanders the stadholders were excluded from the administration of justice,[3] all were likewise supreme judges in the civil and criminal tribunal.[4] The military force of the Netherlands in time of peace was small, for the provinces were jealous of the presence of soldiery. The only standing army which then legally existed in the Netherlands were the Bandes d'Ordonnance, a body of mounted gendarmerie—amounting in all to three thousand men—which ranked among the most accomplished and best-disciplined cavalry of Europe.[5] They were divided into fourteen squadrons, each under the command of a stadholder, or of a distinguished noble. Besides these troops, however, there still remained in the provinces a foreign force amounting in the aggregate to four thousand men.[6] These soldiers were the

[1] Hoofd, Meteren, *ubi sup.*
[2] Meteren, i. 24. Hoofd, i. 22.
[3] Hoofd, 22.
[4] Meteren, 24.
[5] *Ibid.*
[6] Bor, i. 19. Meteren.

remainder of those large bodies which year after year had been quartered upon the Netherlands during the constant warfare to which they had been exposed. Living upon the substance of the country, paid out of its treasury, and as offensive by their licentious and ribald habits of life as were the enemies against whom they were enrolled, these troops had become an intolerable burthen to the people. They were now disposed in different garrisons, nominally to protect the frontier. As a firm peace, however, had now been concluded between Spain and France, and as there was no pretext for compelling the provinces to accept this protection, the presence of a foreign soldiery strengthened a suspicion that they were to be used in the onslaught which was preparing against the religious freedom and the political privileges of the country. They were to be the nucleus of a larger army, it was believed, by which the land was to be reduced to a state of servile subjection to Spain. A low, constant, but generally unheeded murmur of dissatisfaction and distrust upon this subject was already perceptible throughout the Netherlands;[1] a warning presage of the coming storm.

All the provinces were now convoked for the 7th of August (1559), at Ghent, there to receive the parting communication and farewell of the King.[2] Previously to this day, however, Philip appeared in person upon several solemn occasions, to impress upon the country the necessity of attending to the great subject with which his mind was exclusively occupied.[3] He came before the great council of Mechlin,[4] in order to address that body with his own lips upon the necessity of supporting the edicts to the letter, and of trampling out every vestige of heresy, wherever it should appear, by the immediate immolation of all heretics, whoever they might be.

He likewise caused the estates of Flanders to be privately assembled, that he might harangue them upon the same great topic. In the latter part of July he proceeded to Ghent, where a great concourse of nobles, citizens, and

[1] Bor, i. 19. Meteren, 24. [2] Metzren, 24.

[3] Joach. Hopperus. Recueil et Memorial des Troubles des Pays Bas (apud Hoynckt, ii.), p. 20.

[4] *Ibid.* Compare Gachard, Collection des Documents Inédits concernant l'Histoire de la Belgique (Brux., 1833), i. 313-337.

strangers had already assembled. Here, in the last week of the month, the twenty-third chapter of the Golden Fleece was held with much pomp, and with festivities which lasted three days. The fourteen vacancies which existed were filled with the names of various distinguished personages. With this last celebration the public history of Philip the Good's ostentatious and ambitious order of knighthood was closed. The subsequent nominations were made *ex indultu apostolico*, and without the assembling of a chapter.[1]

The estates having duly assembled upon the day prescribed, Philip, attended by Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Savoy, and a stately retinue of ambassadors and grandees, made his appearance before them. After the customary ceremonies had been performed, the Bishop of Arras arose and delivered, in the name of his sovereign, an elaborate address of instructions and farewells. In this important harangue, the states were informed that the King had convened them in order that they might be informed of his intention of leaving the Netherlands immediately. He would gladly have remained longer in his beloved provinces, had not circumstances compelled his departure. His father had come hither for the good of the country in the year 1543, and had never returned to Spain, except to die.

Upon the King's accession to the sovereignty he had arranged a truce of five years, which had been broken through by the faithlessness of France. He had, therefore, been obliged, notwithstanding his anxiety to return to a country where his presence was so much needed, to remain in the provinces till he had conducted the new war to a triumphant close. In doing this he had been solely governed by his intense love for the Netherlands, and by his regard for their interests. All the money which he had raised from their coffers had been spent for their protection. Upon this account his Majesty expressed his confidence that the estates would pay an earnest attention to the "Request" which had been laid before them, the more so, as its amount, three millions of gold florins, would all be expended for the good of the provinces. After his return to Spain he hoped to be

[1] Vander Vynckt, i. 135

able to make a remittance. The Duke of Savoy, he continued, being obliged, in consequence of the fortunate change in his affairs, to resign the government of the Netherlands, and his own son, Don Carlos, not yet being sufficiently advanced in years to succeed to that important post, his Majesty had selected his sister, the Duchess Margaret of Parma, daughter of the Emperor, as the most proper person for Regent. As she had been born in the Netherlands, and had always entertained a profound affection for the provinces, he felt a firm confidence that she would prove faithful both to their interests and his own. As at this moment many countries, and particularly the lands in the immediate neighbourhood, were greatly infested by various "new, reprobate, and damnable sects;" as these sects, proceeding from the foul fiend, father of discord, had not failed to keep those kingdoms in perpetual dissension and misery, to the manifest displeasure of God Almighty; as his Majesty was desirous to avert such terrible evils from his own realms, according to his duty to the Lord God, who would demand reckoning from him hereafter for the well-being of the provinces; as all experience proved that change of religion ever brought desolation and confusion to the commonweal; as low persons, beggars and vagabonds, under colour of religion, were accustomed to traverse the land for the purpose of plunder and disturbance; as his Majesty was most desirous of following in the footsteps of his lord and father; as it would be well remembered what the Emperor had said to him upon the memorable occasion of his abdication; therefore his Majesty had commanded the Regent Margaret of Parma, for the sake of religion and the glory of God, *accurately and exactly to cause to be enforced the edicts and decrees made by his imperial Majesty, and renewed by his present Majesty, for the extirpation of all sects and heresies.* All governors, councillors, and others having authority, were also instructed to do their utmost to accomplish this great end.[1]

The great object of the discourse was thus announced in the most impressive manner, and with all that conventional rhetoric of which the Bishop of Arras was considered a con-

[1] See the Speech in Bor, i. 19, 20, 21. Compare Gachard, Docum. Inéd., i. 313-322

summate master. Not a word was said on the subject which was nearest the hearts of the Netherlanders — the withdrawal of the Spanish troops.[1] Not a hint was held out that a reduction of the taxation, under which the provinces had so long been groaning, was likely to take place; but, on the contrary, the King had demanded a new levy of considerable amount. A few well-turned paragraphs were added on the subject of the administration of justice — "without which the republic was a dead body without a soul" — in the Bishop's most approved style, and the discourse concluded with a fervent exhortation to the provinces to trample heresy and heretics out of existence, and with the hope that the Lord God, in such case, would bestow upon the Netherlands health and happiness.[2]

After the address had been concluded, the deputies, according to ancient form, requested permission to adjourn, that the representatives of each province might deliberate among themselves on the point of granting or withholding the Request for the three millions.[3] On the following day they again assembled in the presence of the King, for the purpose of returning their separate answers to the propositions.[4]

The address first read was that of the Estates of Artois.[5]

[1] Bentivoglio. Guerra di Fiandra, i. 9 (Opere, Parigi, 1648), gives a different report, which ends with a distinct promise on the part of the King to dismiss the troops as soon as possible: "—— in regno di che specialmente havrebbe quanto prima, e fatti uscire i presidij stranieri dalle fortezze e levata ogn' insolita contributione al paese." It is almost superfluous to state that the Cardinal is no authority for speeches, except, indeed, for those which were never made. Long orations by generals upon the battle-field, by royal personages in their cabinets, by conspirators in secret conclave, are reported by him with much minuteness, and none can gainsay the accuracy with which these harangues, which never had any existence, except in the author's imagination, are placed before the reader. Bentivoglio's stately and graceful style, elegant descriptions, and general acquaintance with his subject, will always make his works attractive, but the classic and conventional system of inventing long speeches for historical characters has fortunately gone out of fashion. It is very interesting to know what an important personage really did say or write upon remarkable occasions; but it is less instructive to be told what the historian thinks might have been a good speech or epistle for him to utter or indite.

[2] Bor, *ubi sup.*

[3] Pontus Payen MS., 14-18. [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.*

The chairman of the deputies from that province read a series of resolutions, drawn up, says a contemporary, "with that elegance which characterized all the public acts of the Artesians, bearing witness to the vivacity of their wits." The deputies spoke of the extreme affection which their province had always borne to his Majesty and to the Emperor. They had proved it by the constancy with which they had endured the calamities of war so long, and they now cheerfully consented to the Request, so far as their contingent went. They were willing to place at his Majesty's disposal, not only the remains of their property, but even the last drop of their blood.

As the eloquent chairman reached this point in his discourse, Philip, who was standing with his arm resting upon Egmont's shoulder, listening eagerly to the Artesian address, looked upon the deputies of the province with a smiling face,[2] expressing by the unwonted benignity of his countenance the satisfaction which he received from these loyal expressions of affection, and this dutiful compliance with his Request.[3]

The deputy, however, proceeded to an unexpected conclusion, by earnestly entreating his Majesty, as a compensation for the readiness thus evinced in the royal service, forthwith to order the departure of all foreign troops then in the Netherlands. Their presence, it was added, was now rendered completely superfluous by the ratification of the treaty of peace so fortunately arranged with all the world.

At this sudden change in the deputy's language, the King, no longer smiling, threw himself violently upon his chair of state, where he remained, brooding with a gloomy countenance upon the language which had been addressed to him. It was evident, said an eye-witness, that he was deeply offended. He changed colour frequently, so that all present "could remark, from the working of his face, how much his mind was agitated."[4]

The rest of the provinces were even more explicit than the deputies of Artois. All had voted their contingents to

[1] "—— En termes fort elegans comme sont ordinairement les actes et depeches qui se font aux assemblées desdicts Etats rendans bon tesmoignage de la vivarité des esprits d'Artois." *Pontus Payen MS.*

[2] Pontus Payen MS., 14-18. [3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*

the Request, but all had made the withdrawal of the troops an express antecedent condition to the payment of their respective quotas.[1]

The King did not affect to conceal his rage at these conditions, exclaiming bitterly to Count Egmont and other seigniors near the throne that it was very easy to estimate, by these proceedings, the value of the protestations made by the provinces of their loyalty and affection.[2]

Besides, however, the answers thus addressed by the separate states to the royal address, a formal remonstrance had also been drawn up in the name of the States-General, and signed by the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and many of the leading patricians of the Netherlands. This document, which was formally presented to the King before the adjournment of the assembly, represented the infamous "pillaging, insults, and disorders" daily exercised by the foreign soldiery; stating that the burthen had become intolerable, and that the inhabitants of Marienburg, and of many other large towns and villages, had absolutely abandoned their homes rather than remain any longer exposed to such insolence and oppression.[3]

The King, already enraged, was furious at the presentation of this petition. He arose from his seat, and rushed impetuously from the assembly, demanding of the members as he went whether he too, as a Spaniard, was expected immediately to leave the land, and to resign all authority over it.[4] The Duke of Savoy made use of this last occasion in which he appeared in public as Regent, violently to rebuke the estates for the indignity thus offered to their sovereign.[5]

It could not be forgotten, however, by nobles and burghers, who had not yet been crushed by the long course of oppres-

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] *Ibid.* Compare Vander Haer, i. 108, 109, 110; Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 52.

[3] Meteren, i. 24. Bor, i. 22. Wagenaer, vi. 48-52. "Remonstrance addressée au roy par les etats generaulx pour le renvoi des troupes etrangères et pour que les affaires fussent administrées de l'avis des Seigneurs."—*Gachard. Documents Inédits*, i. 323-325.

[4] Wagenaer, vi. 52. Compare Vander Haer, "Subiratum de sede Regem surrexisse et eo digresso," etc.—viii. 110.

[5] Vander Haer, *ubi sup.*

sion which was in store for them, that there had been a day when Philip's ancestors had been more humble in their deportment in the face of the provincial authorities. His great-grandfather, Maximilian, kept in durance by the citizens of Bruges; his great-grandmother, Mary of Burgundy, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, supplicating in the market-place for the lives of her treacherous ambassadors, were wont to hold a less imperious language to the delegates of the states.

This burst of ill temper on the part of the monarch was, however, succeeded by a different humour. It was still thought advisable to dissemble, and to return rather an expostulatory than a peremptory answer to the remonstrance of the States-General. Accordingly a paper of a singular tone was, after the delay of a few days, sent into the assembly. In this message it was stated that the King was not desirous of placing strangers in the government—a fact which was proved by the appointment of the Duchess Margaret: that the Spanish infantry was necessary to protect the land from invasion; that the remnant of foreign troops only amounted to three or four thousand men, who claimed considerable arrears of pay, but that the amount due would be forwarded to them immediately after his Majesty's return to Spain. It was suggested that the troops would serve as an escort for Don Carlos when he should arrive in the Netherlands, although the King would have been glad to carry them to Spain in his fleet, had he known the wishes of the estates in time. He would, however, pay for their support himself, although they were to act solely for the good of the provinces. He observed, moreover, that he had selected two seigniors of the provinces, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, to take command of these foreign troops, and he promised faithfully that, in the course of three or four months at furthest, they should all be withdrawn.[1]

On the same day in which the estates had assembled at Ghent, Philip had addressed an elaborate letter to the great council of Mechlin, the supreme court of the provinces, and to the various provincial councils and tribunals of the whole

[1] "Response du Roy à la Remonstrance," etc., *Documents Inédits*, i. 326-329.

country.[1] The object of the communication was to give his final orders on the subject of the edicts, and for the execution of all heretics in the most universal and summary manner. He gave stringent and unequivocal instructions that these decrees for burning, strangling, and burying alive, should be fulfilled to the letter. He ordered all judicial officers and magistrates "to be curious to inquire on all sides as to the execution of the placards," stating his intention that "the utmost rigour should be employed without any respect of persons," and that not only "the transgressors should be proceeded against, but also the judges who should prove remiss in the prosecution of heretics."[2] He alluded to a false opinion which had gained currency that the edicts were only intended against anabaptists. Correcting this error, he stated that they were to be "enforced against all sectaries, without any distinction or mercy, who might be spotted merely with the errors introduced by Luther."[3]

The King, notwithstanding the violent scenes in the assembly, took leave of the estates at another meeting with apparent cordiality. His dissatisfaction was sufficiently manifest, but it expressed itself principally against individuals. His displeasure at the course pursued by the leading nobles, particularly by the Prince of Orange, was already no secret.

Philip, soon after the adjournment of the assembly, had completed the preparations for his departure. At Middelburg he was met by the agreeable intelligence that the Pope had consented to issue a bull for the creation of the new bishoprics which he desired for the Netherlands.[4] This important subject will be resumed in another chapter; for

[1] Lettre de Phil. II. au grand conseil de Malines par laquelle il lui fait connaître son intention sur le fait de la religion et de l'extirpation des heresies, 8 Août, 1559.—*Documents Inédits*, i. 332-339.

[2] "—— Que vous soyez curieulx pour vous enquerir si à tous costelz l'execution se fera contre ceulx qui y contre viendront laquelle execution nous entendons et voulons se face avec toute rigueur et sans y respecter personne qui que ce soit, et de proceder non seullement contre les transgresseurs mais aussi contre les juges qui vouldroient user de dissimulation et connivance, etc., etc.—*Ibid.* 355.

[3] "—— Contre ceulx qui pourroient estre seullement entachez des articles et erreurs introduitz et soustenus par le dict Luthere."—*Ibid.* 337.

[4] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., p. 21, c. ii.

the present we accompany the King to Flushing, whence the fleet was to set sail for Spain. He was escorted thither by the Duchess Regent, the Duke of Savoy, and by many of the most eminent personages of the provinces.[1] Among others, William of Orange was in attendance to witness the final departure of the King, and to pay him his farewell respects. As Philip was proceeding on board the ship which was to bear him for ever from the Netherlands, his eyes lighted upon the Prince. His displeasure could no longer be restrained. With angry face he turned upon him, and bitterly reproached him for having thwarted all his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied with humility that everything which had taken place had been done through the regular and natural movements of the states. Upon this the King, boiling with rage, seized the Prince by the wrist, and shaking it violently, exclaimed in Spanish: "No los estados, ma vos, vos, vos!—Not the estates, but you, you, you!" repeating thrice the word "vos," which is as disrespectful and uncourteous in Spanish as "toi" in French.[2]

After this severe and public insult, the Prince of Orange did not go on board his Majesty's vessel, but contented himself with wishing Philip, from the shore,[3] a fortunate journey. It may be doubted, moreover, whether he would not have made a sudden and compulsory voyage to Spain had he ventured his person in the ship, and whether, under the circumstances, he would have been likely to effect as speedy a return. His caution served him then as it was destined to do on many future occasions, and Philip left the Netherlands with this parting explosion of hatred against the man who, as he perhaps instinctively felt, was destined to circumvent his measures and resist his tyranny to the last.

The fleet, which consisted of ninety vessels, so well provisioned that, among other matters, fifteen thousand casks were put on board, according to the Antwerp chronicler,[4] set sail upon the 26th August (1559), from Flushing.[5] The

voyage proved tempestuous, so that much of the rich tapestry and other merchandise which had been accumulated by Charles and Philip was lost. Some of the vessels foundered; to save others it was necessary to lighten the cargo, and "to enrobe the roaring waves with the silks," for which the Netherlands were so famous; so that it was said that Philip and his father had impoverished the earth only to enrich the ocean.[1] The fleet had been laden with much valuable property because the King had determined to fix for the future the wandering capital of his dominions in Spain. Philip landed in safety, however, at Laredo, on the 8th September.[2] His escape from imminent peril confirmed him in the great purpose to which he had consecrated his existence. He believed himself to have been reserved from shipwreck only because a mighty mission had been confided to him, and lest his enthusiasm against heresy should languish, his eyes were soon feasted, upon his arrival in his native country, with the spectacle of an *auto-da-fé*.

Early in January of this year the King, being persuaded that it was necessary everywhere to use additional means to check the alarming spread of Lutheran opinions, had written to the Pope for authority to increase, if that were possible, the stringency of the Spanish inquisition. The pontiff, nothing loath, had accordingly issued a bull directed to the Inquisitor-General, Valdez, by which he was instructed to consign to the flames all prisoners whatever, even those who were not accused of having "relapsed."[3] Great preparations had been made to strike terror into the hearts of heretics by a series of horrible exhibitions, in the course of which the numerous victims, many of them persons of high rank, distinguished learning, and exemplary lives, who had long been languishing in the dungeons of the holy office, were to be consigned to the flames.[4] The first *auto-da-fé* had been consummated at Valladolid on the 21st May (1559), in the absence of the King, of course, but in the presence of the

[1] Meteren, i. 25. Hoofd, i. 27. Compare Cabrera, v. 235.

[2] Bor, i. 22.

[3] "Had the King and the Inquisitor never committed any other evil," says Llorente, "this alone would be sufficient to consign their names to eternal infamy."

[4] Cabrera, v. 235, *sqq.* Llorente. Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis., ii. xviii.

royal family and the principal notabilities, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The Princess Regent, seated on her throne close to the scaffold, had held on high the holy sword. The Archbishop of Seville, followed by the ministers of the inquisition and by the victims, had arrived in solemn procession at the "cadahalso," where, after the usual sermon in praise of the holy office and in denunciation of heresy, he had administered the oath to the Infante, who had duly sworn upon the crucifix to maintain for ever the sacred inquisition and the apostolic decrees. The Archbishop had then cried aloud, "So may God prosper your Highnesses and your estates;"[1] after which the men and women who formed the object of the show had been cast into the flames.[2] It being afterwards ascertained that the King himself would soon be enabled to return to Spain, the next festival was reserved as a fitting celebration for his arrival. Upon the 8th October, accordingly, another *auto-da-fé* took place at Valladolid. The King, with his sister and his son, the high officers of state, the foreign ministers, and all the nobility of the kingdom, were present, together with an immense concourse of soldiery, clergy, and populace. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Cuença. When it was finished, Inquisitor-General Valdez cried with a loud voice, "Oh God, make speed to help us!"[3] The King then drew his sword. Valdez, advancing to the platform upon which Philip was seated, proceeded to read the protestation: "Your Majesty swears by the cross of the sword, whereon your royal hand reposes, that you will give all necessary favour to the holy office of the inquisition against heretics, apostates, and those who favour them, and will denounce and inform against all those who, to your royal knowledge, shall act or speak against the faith."[4] The King answered aloud, "I swear it," and signed the paper. The oath was read to the whole assembly by an officer of the inquisition. Thirteen distinguished victims were then burned alive before the monarch's eyes, beside one body which a friendly death had snatched from the hands of the holy office, and the effigy of another person who had been condemned, although not yet tried or even

[1] Cabrera, v. 234. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] "Domine adjuva nos." — Cabrera, v. 235. [4] *Ibid.*

apprehended. Among the sufferers was Carlos de Sessa, a young noble of distinguished character and abilities, who said to the King as he passed by the throne to the stake, "How can you thus look on and permit me to be burned?" Philip then made the memorable reply, carefully recorded by his historiographer and panegyrist: "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you."[1]

In Seville, immediately afterwards, another *auto-da-fé* was held, in which fifty living heretics were burned, besides the bones of Doctor Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, once the friend, chaplain, and almoner of Philip's father. This learned and distinguished ecclesiastic had been released from a dreadful dungeon by a fortunate fever. The holy office, however, not content with punishing his corpse, wreaked also an impotent and ludicrous malice upon his effigy. A stuffed figure, attired in his robes, and with its arms extended in the attitude which was habitual with him in prayer, was placed upon the scaffold among the living victims, and then cast into the flames, that bigotry might enjoy a fantastic triumph over the grave.

Such were the religious ceremonies with which Philip celebrated his escape from shipwreck, and his marriage with Isabella of France, immediately afterwards solemnized. These human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch.[2]

[1] "Yo traeré lena para quemar a mi hijo si fuere tan malo como vos."—*Cabrera*, v. 236.

[2] Hoofd, i. 27. Meteren, i. 25. Bor, i. 23. De Thou, iii. 410-413, xxiii. Cabrera, iv. 209, and v. 235, *sqq.*—Compare Llorente (Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis, ii. xviii. xx. and xxi.), who has corrected many errors made by preceding historians.

PART II.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUCHESS MARGARET.

1359–1367.

CHAPTER I.

SOWING THE WIND.

Biographical sketch and portrait of Margaret of Parma—The state council—Berlaymont—Viglius—Sketch of William the Silent—Portrait of Anthony Perrenot, afterwards Cardinal Granvelle—General view of the political, social, and religious condition of the Netherlands—Habits of the aristocracy—Emulation in extravagance—Pecuniary embarrassments—Sympathy for the Reformation, steadily increasing among the people, the true cause of the impending revolt—Measures of the government—Edict of 1550 described—Papal Bulls granted to Philip for increasing the number of Bishops in the Netherlands—Necessity for retaining the Spanish troops to enforce the policy of persecution.

MARGARET of Parma, newly appointed Regent of the Netherlands, was the natural daughter of Charles the Fifth, and his eldest-born child. Her mother, of a respectable family called Van der Genst, in Oudenarde, had been adopted and brought up by the distinguished house of Hoogstraaten. Peculiar circumstances, not necessary to relate at length, had palliated the fault to which Margaret owed her imperial origin, and gave the child almost a legitimate claim upon its father's protection. The claim was honourably acknowledged. Margaret was in her infancy placed by the Emperor in the charge of his paternal aunt, Margaret of Savoy, then Regent of the provinces. Upon the death of that princess, the child was entrusted to the care of the Emperor's sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, who had succeeded to the government, and who occupied it until the abdication. The huntress-queen communicated her tastes to her youthful niece, and Margaret soon outrivalled her instructress. The ardour with which she pursued the stag, and the courageous horsemanship which she always displayed, proved her, too, no degenerate descendant of Mary of Burgundy. Her education for the distinguished position in which she had somewhat surreptitiously been placed was at least not neglected in this par-

ticular. When, soon after the memorable sack of Rome, the Pope and the Emperor had been reconciled, and it had been decided that the Medici family should be elevated upon the ruins of Florentine liberty, Margaret's hand was conferred in marriage upon the pontiff's nephew Alexander. The wretched profligate who was thus selected to mate with the Emperor's eldest-born child and to appropriate the fair demesnes of the Tuscan republic, was nominally the offspring of Lorenzo de Medici by a Moorish slave, although generally reputed a bastard of the Pope himself. The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp at Naples, where the Emperor rode at the tournament in the guise of a Moorish warrior. At Florence splendid festivities had also been held, which were troubled with omens believed to be highly unfavourable. It hardly needed, however, preternatural appearances in heaven or on earth to proclaim the marriage ill-starred which united a child of twelve years with a worn-out debauchee of twenty-seven. Fortunately for Margaret, the funereal portents proved true. Her husband, within the first year of their wedded life, fell a victim to his own profligacy, and was assassinated by his kinsman, Lorenzino de Medici. Cosmo, his successor in the tyranny of Florence, was desirous of succeeding to the hand of Margaret, but the politic Emperor, thinking that he had already done enough to conciliate that house, was inclined to bind to his interests the family which now occupied the papal throne. Margaret was accordingly a few years afterwards united to Ottavio Farnese, nephew of Paul the Third. It was still her fate to be unequally matched. Having while still a child been wedded to a man of more than twice her years, she was now, at the age of twenty, united to an immature youth of thirteen. She conceived so strong an aversion to her new husband that it became impossible for them to live together in peace. Ottavio accordingly went to the wars, and in 1541 accompanied the Emperor in his memorable expedition to Barbary.

Rumours of disaster by battle and tempest reached Europe before the results of the expedition were precisely known. reports that the Emperor had been lost in a storm, and the young Ottavio had perished with him, were received in the bosom of Margaret. It seemed to her that she had been driven forth by domestic misfortune, and that

the elements. When, however, the truth became known, and it was ascertained that her husband, although still living, was lying dangerously ill in the charge of the Emperor, the repugnance which had been founded upon his extreme youth changed to passionate fondness. His absence, and his faithful military attendance upon her father, caused a revulsion in her feelings, and awakened her admiration. When Ottavio, now created Duke of Parma and Piacenza, returned to Rome, he was received by his wife with open arms. Their union was soon blessed with twins, and but for a certain imperiousness of disposition which Margaret had inherited from her father, and which she was too apt to exercise even upon her husband, the marriage would have been sufficiently fortunate.[1]

Various considerations pointed her out to Philip as a suitable person for the office of Regent, although there seemed some mystery about the appointment which demanded explanation. It was thought that her birth would make her acceptable to the people; but perhaps, the secret reason with Philip was, that she alone of all other candidates would be amenable to the control of the churchman in whose hand he intended placing the real administration of the provinces. Moreover, her husband was very desirous that the citadel of Piacenza, still garrisoned by Spanish troops, should be surrendered to him. Philip was disposed to conciliate the Duke, but unwilling to give up the fortress. He felt that Ottavio would be flattered by the nomination of his wife to so important an office, and be not too much dissatisfied at finding himself relieved for a time from her imperious fondness. Her residence in the Netherlands would guarantee domestic tranquillity to her husband, and peace in Italy to the King. Margaret would be a hostage for the fidelity of the Duke, who had, moreover, given his eldest son to Philip to be educated in his service.

She was about thirty-seven years of age when she arrived in the Netherlands, with the reputation of possessing high talents, and a proud and energetic character.[2] She was an enthusiastic Catholic, and had sat at the feet of Loyola, who had been her confessor and spiritual guide. She felt a greater horror for heretics than for any other species of malefactors,

[1] Strada, i. 35-44.

[2] *Ibid.*, i. 42.

loyalty loses most of the romance with which genius and poetry have so often hallowed the sentiment, when the "legitimate" prince for whom the sword is drawn is not only an alien in tongue and blood, but filled with undisguised hatred for the land he claims to rule.

Viglius van Aytta van Zuichem was a learned Frisian, born, according to some writers, of "lower degree, but having no inclination for boorish work."[1] According to other authorities, which the President himself favoured, he was of noble origin: but, whatever his race, it is certain that whether gentle or simple, it derived its first and only historical illustration from his remarkable talents and acquirements. These in early youth were so great as to acquire the commendation of Erasmus. He had studied in Louvain, Paris, and Padua, had refused the tutorship of Philip when that prince was still a child, and had afterwards filled a professorship at Ingolstadt. After rejecting several offers of promotion from the Emperor, he had at last accepted in 1542 a seat in the council of Mechlin, of which body he had become president in 1545. He had been one of the peace commissioners to France in 1558, and was now president of the privy council, a member of the state council, and of the inner and secret committee of that board, called the Consulta. Much odium was attached to his name for his share in the composition of the famous edict of 1550. The rough draught was usually attributed to his pen, but he complained bitterly, in letters written at this time, of injustice done him in this respect, and maintained that he had endeavoured, without success, to induce the Emperor to mitigate the severity of the edict. One does not feel very strongly inclined to accept his excuses, however, when his general opinions on the subject of religion are remembered. He was most bigoted in precept and practice. Religious liberty he regarded as the most detestable and baleful of doctrines; heresy he denounced as the most unpardonable of crimes.

From no man's mouth flowed more bitter or more elegant commonplaces than from that of the learned president against those blackest of malefactors, the men who claimed within their own walls the right to worship God according

[1] Levensbesch. Nederl. Man. en Vrouwen, iv. 75.

to their own consciences. For a common person, not learned in law or divinity, to enter into his closet, to shut the door, and to pray to Him who seeth in secret, was, in his opinion, to open wide the gate of destruction for all the land, and to bring in the Father of Evil at once to fly away with the whole population, body and soul. "If every man," said he to Hopper, "is to believe what he likes in his own house, we shall have hearth gods and tutelar divinities[1] again, the country will swarm with a thousand errors and sects, and very few there will be, I fear, who will allow themselves to be enclosed in the sheepfold of Christ. I have ever considered this opinion," continued the president, "the most pernicious of all. They who hold it have a contempt for all religion, and are neither more nor less than atheists. This vague, fireside liberty should be by every possible means extirpated; therefore did Christ institute shepherds to drive his wandering sheep back into the fold of the true Church; thus only can we guard the lambs against the ravening wolves, and prevent them being carried away from the flock of Christ to the flock of Belial. Liberty of religion, or of conscience, as they call it, ought never to be tolerated."[2]

This was the cant with which Viglius was ever ready to feed not only his faithful Hopper, but all the world beside. The president was naturally anxious that the fold of Christ should be entrusted to none but regular shepherds, for he looked forward to taking one of the most lucrative crooks into his own hand, when he should retire from his secular career.

It is now necessary to say a few introductory words concerning the man, who, from this time forth, begins to rise upon the history of his country with daily increasing grandeur and influence. William of Nassau, *Prince of Orange*, although still young in years, is already the central personage about whom the events and the characters of the epoch most naturally group themselves; destined as he is to

become more and more with each succeeding year the vivifying source of light, strength, and national life to a whole people.

The Nassau family first emerges into distinct existence in the middle of the eleventh century. It divides itself almost as soon as known into two great branches. The elder remained in Germany, ascended the imperial throne in the thirteenth century in the person of *Adolph of Nassau* and gave to the country many electors, bishops, and generals. The younger and more illustrious branch retained the modest property and petty sovereignty of Nassau Dillenbourg, but at the same time transplanted itself to the Netherlands, where it attained at an early period to great power and large possessions. The ancestors of William, as Dukes of Gueldres, had begun to exercise sovereignty in the provinces four centuries before the advent of the house of Burgundy.[1] That overshadowing family afterwards numbered the Netherland Nassaus among its most staunch and powerful adherents. Engelbert the Second was distinguished in the turbulent councils and in the battle-fields of Charles the Bold, and was afterwards the unwavering supporter of Maximilian, in court and camp. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his brother John, whose two sons, Henry and William of Nassau, divided the great inheritance after their father's death. William succeeded to the German estates, became a convert to Protestantism, and introduced the Reformation into his dominions. Henry, the eldest son, received the family possessions and titles in Luxembourg, Brabant, Flanders and Holland, and distinguished himself as much as his uncle Engelbert, in the service of the Burgundo-Austrian house. The confidential friend of Charles the Fifth, whose governor he had been in that Emperor's boyhood, he was ever his most efficient and reliable adherent. It was he whose influence placed the imperial crown upon the head of Charles.[2] In 1515 he espoused Claudia de

[1] Apologie d'Orange, 42.

[2] "—— C'est lui qui a mis la couronne imperiale sur la teste de l'Empereur . . . il persuada les electeurs de preferer l'Empereur au Roi de France. . . . Et comme il est notoire à un chacun que ceste couronne imperiale a esté le pont qui par apres a faict passage à l'Empereur pour tant de conquestes," etc.—*Apologie*, 23.

Chalons, sister of Prince Philibert of Orange, "in order," as he wrote to his father, "to be obedient to his imperial Majesty, to please the King of France, *and more particularly for the sake of his own honour and profit.*"[1] His son René de Nassau-Chalons succeeded Philibert. The little principality of Orange, so pleasantly situated between Provence and Dauphiny, but in such dangerous proximity to the seat of the "Babylonian captivity" of the popes at Avignon, thus passed to the family of Nassau. The title was of high antiquity. Already in the reign of Charlemagne, Guillaume au Court-Nez, or "William with the Short Nose," had defended the little town of Orange against the assaults of the Saracens. The interest and authority acquired in the demesnes thus preserved by his valour became extensive, and in process of time hereditary in his race. The principality became an absolute and free sovereignty, and had already descended, in defiance of the Salic law, through the three distinct families of Orange, Baux, and Chalons.

In 1544, Prince René died at the Emperor's feet in the trenches of Saint Dizier. Having no legitimate children, he left all his titles and estates to his cousin-german, William of Nassau, son of his father's brother William, who thus at the age of eleven years became William the Ninth of Orange. For this child, whom the future was to summon to such high destinies and such heroic sacrifices, the past and present seemed to have gathered riches and power together from many sources. He was the descendant of the Othos, the Engelberts, and the Henries, of the Netherlands, the representative of the Philiberts and the Renés of France: the chief of a house, humbler in its origin and position in Germany, but still of high rank, and which had already done good service to humanity by having been the first to embrace the great principles of the Reformation.

His father, younger brother of the Emperor's [illegible]

Henry, was called William the Rich—he was, however, only rich in children. Of these he had five sons and seven daughters by his wife Juliana of Stolberg. She was a person of most exemplary character and unaffected piety. She instilled into the minds of all her children the elements of that devotional sentiment which was her own striking characteristic, and it was destined that the seed sown early should increase to an abundant harvest. Nothing can be more tender or more touching than the letters which still exist from her hand, written to her illustrious sons in hours of anxiety or anguish, and to the last, recommending to them with as much earnest simplicity as if they were still little children at her knee, to rely always in the midst of the trials and dangers which were to beset their paths through life, upon the great hand of God. Among the mothers of great men, Juliana of Stolberg deserves a foremost place, and it is no slight eulogy that she was worthy to have been the mother of William of Orange and of Louis, Adolphus, Henry, and John of Nassau.

At the age of eleven years, William having thus unexpectedly succeeded to such great possessions, was sent from his father's roof to be educated in Brussels. No destiny seemed to lie before the young prince but an education at the Emperor's court, to be followed by military adventures, embassies, viceroyalties, and a life of luxury and magnificence. At a very early age he came, accordingly, as a page into the Emperor's family. Charles recognized, with his customary quickness, the remarkable character of the boy. At fifteen, William was the intimate, almost confidential friend of the Emperor, who prided himself, above all other gifts, on his power of reading and of using men. The youth was so constant an attendant upon his imperial chief that even when interviews with the highest personages, and upon the gravest affairs, were taking place, Charles would never suffer him to be considered superfluous or intrusive. There seemed to be no secrets which the Emperor held too high for the comprehension or discretion of his page. His perceptive and reflective faculties, naturally of remarkable keenness and depth, thus acquired a precocious and extraordinary development. He was brought up behind the curtain of that great stage where the world's dramas were daily

enacted. The machinery and the masks which produced the grand delusions of history had no deceptions for him. Carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives, was the favourite occupation of the Prince during his apprenticeship at court. As he advanced to man's estate, he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. Charles, whose only merit, so far as the provinces were concerned, was in having been born in Ghent, and that by an ignoble accident, was glad to employ this representative of so many great Netherland houses in the defence of the land. Before the Prince was twenty-one he was appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy. The post was coveted by many most distinguished soldiers — the Counts of Buren, Bossu, Lalaing, Aremberg, Meghem, and particularly by Count Egmont;[1] yet Charles showed his extraordinary confidence in the Prince of Orange by selecting him for the station, although he had hardly reached maturity, and was moreover absent in France. The young Prince acquitted himself of his high command in a manner which justified his appointment.

It was the Prince's shoulder upon which the Emperor leaned at the abdication: the Prince's hand which bore the imperial insignia of the discrowned monarch to Ferdinand at Augsburg. With these duties his relations with Charles were ended, and those with Philip begun. He was with the army during the hostilities which were soon after resumed in Picardy: he was the secret negotiator of the preliminary arrangement with France, soon afterwards confirmed by the triumphant treaty of April, 1559. He had conducted these initiatory conferences with the Constable Montmorency and Marshal de Saint André with great sagacity, although hardly a man in years, and by so doing he had laid France under deep obligations. The King was so inordinately anxious for peace that he would have been capable of conducting a treaty upon almost any terms. He assured the Prince that "the greatest service he could render him in this world was to make peace, and that he desired it at any price whatever, even if by [illegible]

To the envoy Suriano, Philip had held the same language. "Oh, Ambassador," said he, "I wish peace on any terms, and if the King of France had not sued for it, I would have begged for it myself." [1]

With such impatience on the part of the sovereign, it certainly manifested diplomatic abilities of a high character in the Prince, that the treaty negotiated by him amounted to a capitulation by France. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry for the due execution of the treaty, and while in France made that remarkable discovery which was to colour his life. While hunting with the King in the forest of Vincennes, the Prince and Henry found themselves alone together, and separated from the rest of the company. The French monarch's mind was full of the great scheme which had just secretly been formed by Philip and himself to extirpate Protestantism by a general extirpation of Protestants. Philip had been most anxious to conclude the public treaty with France, that he might be the sooner able to negotiate that secret convention by which he and his Most Christian Majesty were solemnly to bind themselves to massacre all the converts to the new religion in France and the Netherlands. This conspiracy of the two Kings against their subjects was the matter nearest the hearts of both. The Duke of Alva, a fellow hostage with William of Orange, was the plenipotentiary to conduct this more important arrangement. The French monarch, somewhat imprudently imagining that the Prince was also a party to the plot, opened the whole subject to him without reserve. He complained of the constantly-increasing numbers of sectaries in his kingdom, and protested that his conscience would never be easy, nor his state secure, until his realm should be delivered of "that accursed vermin." A civil revolution, under pretext of a religious reformation, was his constant apprehension, particularly since so many notable personages in the realm, and even princes of the blood, were already tainted with heresy. Nevertheless, with the favour of heaven, and the assistance of his son and brother Philip, he hoped soon to be master of

[1] "—— Se ben era cosi poco honorevole fu gran cosa quella ch' io serissi al Settembre passato che mi disse S. M., nell' esercito con queste parole ò simili; o Imbasciatore, io voglio pace in ogni modo e s' il Re di Francia no l'havesse domandata, la domanderei io."—*Suriano MS.*

Yet we are not to regard William of Orange, thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period. In no historical character more remarkably than in his is the law of constant development and progress illustrated. At twenty-six he is not the "*pater patriæ*," the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond human strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict, privation, and ceaseless labour to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He had only the germs within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. He had small sympathy for the religious reformation, of which he was to be one of the most distinguished champions. He was a Catholic, nominally, and in outward observance. With doctrines he troubled himself but little. He had given orders to enforce conformity to the ancient Church, not with bloodshed, yet with comparative strictness, in his principality of Orange.[1] Beyond the compliance with rites and forms, thought indispensable in those days to a personage of such high degree, he did not occupy himself with theology. He was a Catholic, as Egmont and Horn, Berlaymont and Mansfeld, Montigny and even Brederode, were Catholic. It was only tanners, dyers, and apostate priests who were Protestants at that day in the Netherlands. His determination to protect a multitude of his harmless inferiors from horrible deaths did not proceed from sympathy with their religious sentiments, but merely from a generous and manly detestation of murder. He carefully averted his mind from sacred matters. If indeed the seed implanted by his pious parents were really the germ of his future conversion to Protestantism, it must be confessed that it lay dormant a long time. But his mind was in other pursuits. He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed likely to fill out his life.

[1] Archives et Corresp., i. 203*.

His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the King and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau palace of Breda, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense.[1] This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. His establishment was on so extensive a scale that upon one day twenty cook-masters were dismissed, for the purpose of diminishing the family expenses, and there was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen.[2] The reputation of his table remained undiminished for years. We find at a later period that Philip, in the course of one of the nominal reconciliations which took place several times between the monarch and William of Orange, wrote that, his head cook being dead, he begged the Prince to "make him a present of his chief cook, Master Herman, who was understood to be very skilful."[3]

In this hospitable mansion, the feasting continued night and day. From early morning till noon, the breakfast-tables were spread with wines and luxurious viands in constant succession, to all comers and at every moment.[4] The dinner and supper were daily banquets for a multitude of guests. The highest nobles were not those alone who were entertained. Men of lower degree were welcomed with a charming hospitality which made them feel themselves at their ease.[5] Contemporaries of all parties unite in eulogizing the winning address and gentle manners of the Prince. "Never," says a most bitter Catholic historian, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He, upon no occasion, manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously

[1] Apologie, 26, 27.
[2] Vander Haer, 182.
[3] Corresp. de Guill. le Tacit., ii. 89.
[4] Vander Haer, 182.
[5] "A la vérité c'estoit un personage d'une merveilleuse vivacité d'esprit, lequel sur tous autres tenoit table magnifique, où les petits compagnons estoyent autant bienvenus que les grands."—*Pontus Payen MS.*

without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honoured by the whole community."[1] His manner was graceful, familiar, caressing, and yet dignified. He had the good breeding which comes from the heart, refined into an inexpressible charm from his constant intercourse, almost from his cradle, with mankind of all ranks.

It may be supposed that this train of living was attended with expense. Moreover, he had various other establishments in town and country, besides his almost royal residence in Brussels. He was ardently fond of the chase, particularly of the knightly sport of falconry. In the country he "consoled himself by taking every day a heron in the clouds."[2] His falconers alone cost him annually fifteen hundred florins after he had reduced their expenses to the lowest possible point.[3] He was much in debt, even at this early period and with his princely fortune. "We come of a race," he wrote carelessly to his brother Louis, "who are somewhat bad managers in our young days, but when we grow older, we do better, like our late father: sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in secula seculorum. My greatest difficulty," he adds, "as usual, is on account of the falconers."[4]

His debts already amounted, according to Granvelle's statement, to 800,000 or 900,000 florins.[5] He had embarrassed himself, not only through his splendid extravagance, by which all the world about him were made to partake of his wealth, but by accepting the high offices to which he had been appointed. When general-in-chief on the frontier, his salary was three hundred florins monthly; "not enough," as he said, "to pay the servants in his tent,"[6] his necessary expenses being twenty-five hundred florins, as appears by a letter to his wife.[7] His embassy to carry the crown to Ferdinand, and his subsequent residence as a hostage for the treaty in Paris, were also very onerous, and he received no salary: according to the economical system in this respect

[1] Foppens Bibera MS.
[2] Letter to Count Louis de Nassau. Archives, etc., i. 173.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, i. 169.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 51. Archives, etc., i. 38.
[5] Apologie, 27. Archives et Correspondance, i. 16

persuaded by Cardinal Philip. In the same embassage or mission also, together with the entertainments offered by him to the court and to the envoys after the peace had been concluded, the Prince spent, according to his own estimate, 150,000 florins. He was, however, although deeply, not irretrievably involved, and had already taken active measures to regulate and reduce his outside liabilities. How active we shall see in his own right and in that of his deceased wife. He had large claims upon the royal treasury for service and expenditure. He had, besides ample sums to receive from the ransoms of the prisoners of St. Quentin and Gravelines, having served in both campaigns. The amount to be received by individuals from this source may be estimated from the fact that Count Horn, by no means one of the most favoured in the victorious armies, had received from Leonor d'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, a ransom of eighty thousand crowns.[2] The sum due, if payment were enforced, from the prisoners assigned to Egmont, Orange, and others, must have been very large. Granvelle estimated the whole amount at two millions; adding, characteristically, "that this kind of speculation was a practice" which our good old fathers, lovers of virtue, would not have found laudable.[3] In this the churchman was right, but he might have added that the "lovers of virtue" would have found it as little "laudable" for ecclesiastics to dispose of the sacred offices in their gift, for carpets, tapestry, and annual payments of certain percentages upon the cure of souls.[4] If the profits respectively gained by military and clerical speculators in that day should be compared, the disadvantage would hardly be found to lie with those of the long robe.

Such, then, at the beginning of 1560, was William of

[1] Apologie, 27.

[2] "—— De Rançons des prisonniers françois, prisonniers prins aux batailles de S. Quintin et Gravelinges qui pouvoient à une infinité des deniers, entre lesquels Messire Leonor d'Orleans Duc de Longueville paia comptant au Compte de Hornes quatre-vingt mil Escus—penser maintenant si le Compte d'Egmont avoit eu moyen de faire ces Besoignes," etc.—*Fontes Payen MS.*

[3] "—— Chose à la vérité mal séante, et que nos bons vieux pères, amateurs de la vertu, n'eussent trouvé louable."—*Archives et Correspondance*, i. 38.

[4] V. Gachard. Correspondance de Philippe II. sur les affaires des Pays-Bas (Brux., 1848), i. 318-320.

Orange; a generous, stately, magnificent, powerful grandee. As a military commander, he had acquitted himself very creditably of highly important functions at an early age. Nevertheless it was the opinion of many persons, that he was of a timid temperament.[1] He was even accused of having manifested an unseemly panic at Philippeville, and of having only been restrained by the expostulations of his officers from abandoning both that fortress and Charlemont to Admiral Coligny, who had made his appearance in the neighbourhood, merely at the head of a reconnoitring party.[2] If the story were true, it would be chiefly important as indicating that the Prince of Orange was one of the many historical characters, originally of an excitable and even timorous physical organization, whom moral courage and a strong will have afterwards converted into dauntless heroes. Certain it is that he was destined to confront open danger in every form, that his path was to lead through perpetual ambush, yet that his cheerful confidence and tranquil courage were to become not only unquestionable but proverbial.[3] It may be safely asserted, however, that the story was an invention, to be classed with those fictions which made him the murderer of his first wife, a common conspirator against Philip's crown and person, and a crafty malefactor in general, without a single virtue. It must be remembered that even the terrible Alva, who lived in harness almost from the cradle to the grave, was, so late as at the period with which we are now occupied, censured for timidity, and had been accused in youth of flat cowardice.[4] He despised the insinuation, which for him had no meaning. There is no doubt too that caution was a predominant characteristic of the Prince. It was one of the chief sources of his greatness. At that period, perhaps at any period, he would have been incapable of such brilliant and dashing exploits as had made the name of Egmont so famous. It had even become a proverb, "the counsel of Orange, the execution of Egmont," yet we shall

[1] "—— D'un naturel craintif, comme il avoit souvente fois monstré durant la guerre de France."—*Pontus Payen MS.*

[2] Pontus Payen MS.

[3] "Saevis tranquillus in undis," was the motto often engraved upon the medals struck at different periods in his honour.

[4] Bulovano MS. Suriano MS. [5] Pontus Payen MS.

have occasion to see how far this physical promptness which had been so felicitous upon the battle-field was likely to avail the hero of St. Quentin in the great political combat which was approaching.

As to the talents of the Prince, there was no difference of opinion. His enemies never contested the subtlety and breadth of his intellect, his adroitness and capacity in conducting state affairs, his knowledge of human nature, and the profoundness of his views. In many respects it must be confessed that his surname of the Silent, like many similar appellations, was a misnomer. William of Orange was neither "silent" nor "taciturn," yet these are the epithets which will be for ever associated with the name of a man who, in private, was the most affable, cheerful, and delightful of companions, and who on many great public occasions was to prove himself, both by pen and by speech, the most eloquent man of his age. His mental accomplishments were considerable. He had studied history with attention, and he spoke and wrote with facility Latin, French, German, Flemish, and Spanish.

The man, however, in whose hands the administration of the Netherlands was in reality placed, was Anthony Perrenot, then Bishop of Arras, soon to be known by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle. He was the chief of the Consulta, or secret council of three, by whose deliberations the Duchess Regent was to be governed. His father, Nicholas Perrenot, of an obscure family in Burgundy, had been long the favourite minister and man of business to the Emperor Charles. Anthony, the eldest of thirteen children, was born in 1517. He was early distinguished for his talents. He studied at Dôle, Padua, Paris, and Louvain. At the age of twenty he spoke seven languages with perfect facility, while his acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical laws was considered prodigious. At the age of twenty-three he became a canon of Liege Cathedral. The necessary eight quarters of gentility produced upon that occasion have accordingly been displayed by his panegyrists in triumphant refutation of that theory which gave him a blacksmith for his grandfather.[1] At the same period, although he had not reached

[1] Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Cardinal Granvelle (Paris, 1753), ii. 146-293. Compare Strada, ii. 60.

the requisite age, the rich bishopric of Arras had already been prepared for him by his father's care. Three years afterwards, in 1543, he distinguished himself by a most learned and brilliant harangue before the Council of Trent, which display so much charmed the Emperor, that he created him councillor of state. A few years afterwards he rendered the unscrupulous Charles still more valuable proofs of devotion and dexterity by the part he played in the memorable imprisonment of the Landgrave of Hesse and the Saxon Dukes. He was thereafter constantly employed in embassies and other offices of trust and profit.

There was no doubt as to his profound and varied learning, nor as to his natural quickness and dexterity. He was ready-witted, smooth and fluent of tongue, fertile in expedients, courageous, resolute. He thoroughly understood the art of managing men, particularly his superiors. He knew how to govern under the appearance of obeying. He possessed exquisite tact in appreciating the characters of those far above him in rank and beneath him in intellect. He could accommodate himself with great readiness to the idiosyncrasies of sovereigns. He was a chameleon to the hand which fed him. In his intercourse with the King, he coloured himself, as it were, with the King's character. He was not himself, but Philip; not the sullen, hesitating, confused Philip, however, but Philip endowed with eloquence, readiness, facility. The King ever found himself anticipated with the most delicate obsequiousness, beheld his struggling ideas change into winged words without ceasing to be his own. No flattery could be more adroit. The bishop accommodated himself to the King's epistolary habits. The silver-tongued and ready debater substituted protocols for conversation, in deference to a monarch who could not speak. He corresponded with Philip, with Margaret of Parma, with every one. He wrote folios to the Duchess when they were in the same palace. He would write letters forty pages long to the King, and send off another courier on the same day with two or three additional despatches of identical date. Such prolixity enchanted the King, whose greediness for business epistles was insatiable. The pen-taking monarch toiled, pen in hand, after his wonderful minister in vain. Philip was only fit to be the head-clerk

clerk: yet he imagined himself to be the directing and governing power. He scrawled apostilles in the margin, to prove that he had read with attention, and persuaded himself that he suggested when he scarcely even comprehended. The bishop gave advice and issued instructions when he seemed to be only receiving them. He was the substance while he affected to be the shadow. These tactics were comparatively easy, and likely to be triumphant, so long as he had only to deal with inferior intellects, like those of Philip and Margaret. When he should be matched against political genius and lofty character combined, it was possible that his resources might not prove so all-sufficient.

His political principles were sharply defined in reality, but smoothed over by a conventional and decorous benevolence of language, which deceived vulgar minds. He was a strict absolutist. His deference to arbitrary power was profound and slavish. God and "the master," as he always called Philip, he professed to serve with equal humility. "It seems to me," said he, in a letter of this epoch, "that I shall never be able to fulfil the obligation of slave which I owe to your majesty, to whom I am bound by so firm a chain;—at any rate, I shall never fail to struggle for that end with sincerity."[1]

As a matter of course, he was a firm opponent of the national rights of the Netherlands. He had strenuously warned Philip against assembling the states-general before his departure for the sake of asking them for supplies. He earnestly deprecated allowing the constitutional authorities any control over the expenditures of the government, and averred that this practice under the Regent Mary had been the cause of endless trouble.[2] It may easily be supposed that other rights were as little to his taste as the claim to vote the subsidies, a privilege which was in reality indisputable. Men who stood forth in defence of the provincial constitutions were, in his opinion, mere demagogues and hypocrites; their only motive being to curry favour with the

[1] "Y jamas me parecera que bastaria para que yo puedo cumplir con la obligacion de esclavo en que me ha puesto V. M. atando me con tan firme catena; à lo menos sè que no me falta ny me faltarà—de acertar en las cosas del servicio . . . con limpieza y amor," etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 96.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 27.

populace. Yet these charters were, after all, sufficiently limited. The natural rights of man were topics which had never been broached. Man had only natural wrongs. None ventured to doubt that sovereignty was heaven-born, anointed of God. The rights of the Netherlands were special, not general; plural, not singular; liberties, not liberty: "privileges," not maxims. They were practical, not theoretical; historical, not philosophical. Still, such as they were, they were facts, acquisitions. They had been purchased by the blood and toil of brave ancestors: they amounted—however open to criticism upon broad humanitarian grounds, of which few at that day had ever dreamed—to a solid, substantial dyke against the arbitrary power which was ever chafing and fretting to destroy its barriers. No men were more subtle or more diligent in corroding the foundation of these bulwarks than the disciples of Granvelle. Yet one would have thought it possible to tolerate an amount of practical freedom so different from the wild, social speculations which, in later days, have made both tyrants and reasonable lovers of our race tremble with apprehension. The Netherlanders claimed, mainly, the right to vote the money which was demanded in such enormous profusion from their painfully-acquired wealth: they were also unwilling to be burned alive if they objected to transubstantiation. Granvelle was most distinctly of an opposite opinion upon both topics. He strenuously deprecated the interference of the states with the subsidies, and it was by his advice that the remorseless edict of 1550, the Emperor's ordinance of blood and fire, was re-enacted, as the very first measure of Philip's reign.[1] Such were his sentiments as to national and popular rights by representation. For the people itself—"that vile and mischievous animal called the people"—as he expressed it, he entertained a cheerful contempt.

His aptitude for managing men was very great; his capacity for affairs incontestable; but it must be always understood as the capacity for the affairs of absolutism. He was a clever, scheming politician, an adroit manager; it remains to be seen whether he had a claim to the character of a

[1] Bor, lxv. fol. 475, 476.

[illegible] 597.

statesman. His industry was enormous. He could write fifty letters a day with his own hand. He could dictate to half a dozen amanuenses at once, on as many different subjects, in as many different languages, and send them all away exhausted.

He was already rich. His income from his see and other livings was estimated, in 1557, at ten thousand dollars; his property in ready money, "furniture, tapestry, and the like," at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.[1] When it is considered that, as compared with our times, these sums represent a revenue of a hundred thousand, and a capital of two millions and a half in addition, it may be safely asserted that the prelate had at least made a good beginning. Besides his regular income, moreover, he had handsome receipts from that simony which was reduced to a system, and which gave him a liberal profit, generally in the shape of an annuity, upon every benefice which he conferred. He was, however, by no means satisfied. His appetite was as boundless as the sea; he was still a shameless mendicant of pecuniary favours and lucrative offices. Already, in 1552, the Emperor had roundly rebuked his greediness. "As to what you say of getting no 'merced' nor 'ayuda de costa,'" said he, "'tis merced and ayuda de costa quite sufficient, when one has fat benefices, pensions, and salaries, with which a man might manage to support himself."[2] The bishop, however, was not easily abashed, and he was, at the epoch which now occupies us, earnestly and successfully soliciting from Philip the lucrative abbey of Saint Armand. Not that he would have accepted this preferment, "could the abbey have been annexed to any of the new bishoprics;"[3] on the contrary, he assured the King that "to carry out so holy a work as the erection of those new sees, he would willingly have contributed even out of his own miserable pittance."[4] It

[1] Vive honoratamente—la puo fare, havendo tra l'entrata temporale chi se ritrova nelle Borgogna e quelle del vescovado et altri benefitij piu di 10,000 scudi di entrata, e tra gioje, argento, tappezzerie con altri mobili e denari contanti piu di 250,000 scudi, et è opinione dè giuditiosi che riuscira Cardinale," etc.—*Badovaro MS.*

[2] Groen v. Prinsterer. Archives, etc. i. 189*.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 31.

[4] "—— Mas que de la miseria que yo tengo holgaria que se tomasse para cumplimento de tan sancta obra."—*Ibid.*

not being considered expedient to confiscate the abbey to any particular bishop, Philip accordingly presented it to the prelate of Arras, together with a handsome sum of money in the shape of an "ayuda de costa" beside. The thrifty bishop, who foresaw the advent of troublous times in the Netherlands, however, took care in the letters by which he sent his thanks, to instruct the King to secure the money upon crown property in Arragon, Naples, and Sicily, as matters in the provinces were beginning to look very precarious.[1]

Such, at the commencement of the Duchess Margaret's administration, were the characters and the previous histories of the persons into whose hands the Netherlands were entrusted. None of them have been prejudged. Their characters have been sketched, not according to subsequent developments, but as they appeared at the opening of this important epoch.

The aspect of the country and its inhabitants offered many sharp contrasts, and revealed many sources of future trouble.

The aristocracy of the Netherlands was excessively extravagant, dissipated, and already considerably embarrassed in circumstances. It had been the policy of the Emperor and of Philip to confer high offices, civil, military, and diplomatic, upon the leading nobles, by which enormous expenses were entailed upon them, without any corresponding salaries. The case of Orange has been already alluded to, and there were many other nobles less able to afford the expense, who had been indulged with these ruinous honours. During the war, there had been, however, many chances of bettering broken fortunes. Victory brought immense prizes to the leading officers. The ransoms of so many illustrious prisoners as had graced the triumphs of Saint Quentin and Gravelines had been extremely profitable. These sources of wealth had now been cut off; yet, on the departure of the King from the Netherlands, the luxury increased instead of diminishing. "Instead of one court," said a contemporary, "you would have said that there were fifty."[2] Nothing could be more sumptuous than the modes of life in Brussels. The house-hold

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 21. [2] Bentivoglio, Pace 165

of Orange has been already painted. That of Egmont was almost as magnificent. A rivalry in hospitality and in display began among the highest nobles, and extended to those less able to maintain themselves in the contest. During the war there had been the valiant emulation of the battle-field; gentlemen had vied with each other how best to illustrate an ancient name with deeds of desperate valour, to repair the fortunes of a ruined house with the spoils of war. They now sought to surpass each other in splendid extravagance. It was an eager competition who should build the stateliest palaces, have the greatest number of noble pages and gentlemen in waiting, the most gorgeous liveries, the most hospitable tables, the most scientific cooks. There was also much depravity as well as extravagance. The morals of high society were loose. Gaming was practised to a frightful extent. Drunkenness was a prevailing characteristic of the higher classes. Even the Prince of Orange himself, at this period, although never addicted to habitual excess, was extremely convivial in his tastes, tolerating scenes and companions, not likely at a later day to find much favour in his sight. "We kept Saint Martin's joyously," he wrote, at about this period, to his brother, "and in the most jovial company. Brederode was one day in such a state that I thought he would certainly die, but he has now got over it."[1] Count Brederode, soon afterwards to become so conspicuous in the early scenes of the revolt, was, in truth, most notorious for his performances in these banqueting scenes. He appeared to have vowed as uncompromising hostility to cold water as to the Inquisition, and always denounced both with the same fierce and ludicrous vehemence. Their constant connection with Germany at that period did not improve the sobriety of the Netherland nobles. The aristocracy of that country, as is well known, were most "potent at potting." "When the German finds himself sober," said the bitter Badovaro, "he believes himself to be ill." Gladly, since the peace, they had welcomed the opportunities afforded for many a deep carouse with their Netherland cousins. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Saxon princess—an episode

[1] Archives et Correspondance, i. 185.

which will soon engage our attention—gave rise to tremendous orgies. Count Schwartzburg, the Prince's brother in-law, and one of the negotiators of the marriage, found many occasions to strengthen the bonds of harmony between the countries by indulgence of these common tastes. "I have had many princes and counts at my table," he wrote to Orange, "where a good deal more was drunk than eaten. The Rhinegrave's brother fell down dead after drinking too much malvoisie: but we have had him balsamed and sent home to his family."[1]

These disorders among the higher ranks were in reality so extensive as to justify the biting remark of the Venetian: "The gentlemen intoxicate themselves every day," said he, "and the ladies also: but much less than the men."[2] His remarks as to the morality, in other respects, of both sexes were equally sweeping, and not more complimentary.

If these were the characteristics of the most distinguished society, it may be supposed that they were reproduced with more or less intensity throughout all the more remote but concentric circles of life, as far as the seductive splendour of the court could radiate. The lesser nobles emulated the grandees, and vied with each other in splendid establishments, banquets, masquerades, and equipages. Their estates, in consequence, were mortgaged, deeply and more deeply; then, after a few years, sold to the merchants, or rich advocates and other gentlemen of the robe, to whom they had been pledged. The more closely ruin stared the victims in the face, the more heedlessly did they plunge into excesses. Many of the nobles being thus embarrassed, and some even desperate, in their condition, it was thought that they were desirous of creating disturbances in the commonwealth, that the payment of just debts might be avoided, that their mortgaged lands might be wrested by main force from the low-born individuals who had become possessed of them, that, in particular, the rich abbey lands held by idle priests might be appropriated to the use of impoverished gentlemen, who could turn them to so much better account.[3] It [illegible]

[1] Archives et Correspondance, [illegible]

[2] [illegible]

[3] [illegible]

probable that interested motives such as these were not entirely inactive among a comparatively small class of gentlemen. The religious reformation in every land of Europe derived a portion of its strength from the opportunity it afforded to potentates and great nobles for helping themselves to Church property. No doubt many Netherlanders thought that their fortunes might be improved at the expense of the monks, and for the benefit of religion. Even without apostasy from the mother Church, they looked with longing eyes on the wealth of her favoured and indolent children. They thought that the King would do well to carve a round number of handsome military commanderies out of the abbey lands, whose possessors should be bound to military service after the ancient manner of fiefs, so that a splendid cavalry, headed by the gentlemen of the country, should be ever ready to mount and ride at the royal pleasure, in place of a horde of lazy epicureans, telling beads and indulging themselves in luxurious vice.[1]

Such views were entertained; such language often held. These circumstances and sentiments had their influence among the causes which produced the great revolt now impending. Care should be taken, however, not to exaggerate that influence. It is a prodigious mistake to refer this great historical event to sources so insufficient as the ambition of a few great nobles, and the embarrassments of a larger number of needy gentlemen. The Netherland revolt was not an aristocratic, but a popular, although certainly not a democratic movement. It was a great episode—the longest, the darkest, the bloodiest, the most important episode in the history of the religious reformation in Europe. The nobles so conspicuous upon the surface at the outbreak, only drifted before a storm which they neither caused nor controlled.

For the state of the people was very different from the condition of the aristocracy. The period of martyrdom had

[1] "——Ne tenoient autres propos à table que de reformer, l'estat, ecclesiastique, signamment les riches abbayes, scavoir vous convient, leur ostant les grands biens qui estoyent cause, si qu'ils disoyent, de leur mauvaise vie et les eriger en croisades que l'on poldroit conferer à une infinité des pauvres gentilhommes, qui seraient tenus de faire service . . . au lieu d'ung tas de faineans vivans à l'epicurienne, l'on auroit toujours une belle cavallerie à la main . . . au proffict du Roy et soulagement du pays," etc., etc.—*Pontus Payen MS.*

lasted long and was to last longer; but there were symptoms that it might one day be succeeded by a more active stage of popular disease. The tumults of the Netherlands were long in ripening; when the final outbreak came it would have been more philosophical to enquire, not why it had occurred, but how it could have been so long postponed. During the reign of Charles, the sixteenth century had been advancing steadily in strength as the once omnipotent Emperor lapsed into decrepitude. That extraordinary century had not dawned upon the earth only to increase the strength of absolutism and superstition. The new world had not been discovered, the ancient world reconquered, the printing-press perfected, only that the inquisition might reign undisturbed over the fairest portions of the earth, and chartered hypocrisy fatten upon its richest lands. It was impossible that the most energetic and quick-witted people of Europe should not feel sympathy with the great effort made by Christendom to shake off the incubus which had so long paralyzed her hands and brain. In the Netherlands, where the attachment to Rome had never been intense, where in the old times, the Bishops of Utrecht had been rather Ghibelline than Guelph, where all the earliest sects of dissenters—Waldenses, Lollards, Hussites—had found numerous converts and thousands of martyrs, it was inevitable that there should be a response from the popular heart to the deeper agitation which now reached to the very core of Christendom.

The people were numerous, industrious, accustomed for centuries to a state of comparative civil freedom, and to a lively foreign trade, by which their minds were saved from the stagnation of bigotry. It was natural that they should begin to generalize, and to pass from the concrete images presented them in the Flemish monasteries to the abstract character of Rome itself. The Flemings, above all their other qualities, were a commercial nation. Commerce was the mother of their freedom, so far as they had acquired it in civil matters. It was struggling to give birth to a higher liberty, to freedom of conscience. The provinces were situated in the very heart of Europe. The blood of a world-wide traffic was daily coursing through the thousand arteries of that water-inwoven territory. There was a mutual exchange between the Netherlands and all the world's ...

ideas were as liberally interchanged as goods. Truth was imported as freely as less precious merchandise. The psalms of Marot were as current as the drugs of Molucca or the diamonds of Borneo. The prohibitory measures of a despotic government could not annihilate this intellectual trade, nor could bigotry devise an effective quarantine to exclude the religious pest which lurked in every bale of merchandise, and was wafted on every breeze from East and West.

The edicts of the Emperor had been endured, but not accepted. The horrible persecution under which so many thousands had sunk had produced its inevitable result. Fertilized by all this innocent blood, the soil of the Netherlands became as a watered garden, in which liberty, civil and religious, was to flourish perennially. The scaffold had its daily victims, but did not make a single convert. The statistics of these crimes will perhaps never be accurately adjusted; but those who love horrible details may find ample material. The chronicles contain the lists of these obscure martyrs; but their names, hardly pronounced in their lifetime, sound barbarously in our ears, and will never ring through the trumpet of fame. Yet they were men who dared and suffered as much as men can dare and suffer in this world, and for the noblest cause which can inspire humanity. Fanatics they certainly were not, if fanaticism consists in show, without corresponding substance. For them all was terrible reality. The Emperor and his edicts were realities, the axe, the stake were realities, and the heroism with which men took each other by the hand and walked into the flames, or with which women sang a song of triumph while the grave-digger was shovelling the earth upon their living faces, was a reality also.

Thus, the people of the Netherlands were already pervaded, throughout the whole extent of the country, with the expanding spirit of religious reformation. It was inevitable that sooner or later an explosion was to arrive. They were placed between two great countries, where the new principles had already taken root. The Lutheranism of Germany and the Calvinism of France had each its share in producing the Netherland revolt, but a mistake is often made in estimating the relative proportion of these several influences. The

Reformation first entered the provinces, not through the Augsburg, but the Huguenot gate. The fiery field-preachers from the south of France first inflamed the excitable hearts of the kindred population of the south-western Netherlands. The Walloons were the first to rebel against and the first to reconcile themselves with papal Rome, exactly as their Celtic ancestors, fifteen centuries earlier, had been foremost in the revolt against imperial Rome, and precipitate in their submission to her overshadowing power. The Batavians, slower to be moved but more steadfast, retained the impulse which they received from the same source which was already agitating their "Welsh" compatriots. There were already French preachers at Valenciennes and Tournay, to be followed, as we shall have occasion to see, by many others. Without undervaluing the influence of the German Churches, and particularly of the garrison-preaching of the German military chaplains in the Netherlands, it may be safely asserted that the early Reformers of the provinces were mainly Huguenots in their belief. The Dutch Church became, accordingly, not Lutheran, but Calvinistic, and the founder of the commonwealth hardly ceased to be a nominal Catholic before he became an adherent to the same creed.

In the mean time, it is more natural to regard the great movement, psychologically speaking, as a whole, whether it revealed itself in France, Germany, the Netherlands, England, or Scotland. The policy of governments, national character, individual interests, and other collateral circumstances, modified the result; but the great cause was the same; the source of all the movements was single. The Reformation in Germany had been adjourned for half a century by the Augsburg religious peace, just concluded. It was held in suspense in France through the Macchiavellian policy which Catherine de Medici had just adopted, and was for several years to prosecute, of balancing one party against the other, so as to neutralize all power but her own. The great contest was accordingly transferred to the Netherlands, to be fought out for the rest of the century, while the whole of Christendom was to look anxiously for the result. From the East and from the West the clouds rolled away, leaving a comparatively bright and peaceful atmosphere, only that they might concentrate

themselves with portentous blackness over the soil of the Netherlands. In Germany, the princes, not the people, had conquered Rome, and to the princes, not the people, were secured the benefits of the victory—the spoils of churches, and the right to worship according to conscience. The people had the right to conform to their ruler's creed, or to depart from his land. Still, as a matter of fact, many of the princes being Reformers, a large mass of the population had acquired the privilege for their own generation and that of their children to practise that religion which they actually approved. This was a fact, and a more comfortable one than the necessity of choosing between what they considered wicked idolatry and the stake—the only election left to their Netherland brethren. In France, the accidental splinter from Montgomery's lance had deferred the Huguenot massacre for a dozen years. During the period in which the Queen Regent was resolved to play her fast and loose policy, all the persuasions of Philip and the arts of Alva were powerless to induce her to carry out the scheme which Henry had revealed to Orange in the forest of Vincennes. When the crime came at last, it was as blundering as it was bloody; at once premeditated and accidental; the isolated execution of an interregal conspiracy, existing for half a generation, yet exploding without concert; a wholesale massacre, but a piecemeal plot.

The aristocracy and the masses being thus, from a variety of causes, in this agitated and dangerous condition, what were the measures of the government?

The edict of 1550 had been re-enacted immediately after Philip's accession to sovereignty. It is necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with some of the leading provisions of this famous document, thus laid down above all the constitutions as the organic law of the land. A few plain facts, entirely without rhetorical varnish, will prove more impressive in this case than superfluous declamation. The American will judge whether the wrongs inflicted by Laud and Charles upon his Puritan ancestors were the severest that a people has had to undergo, and whether the Dutch Republic does not track its source to the same high, religious origin as that of our own commonwealth.

"No one," said the edict,[1] "shall print, write, copy, keep, conceal, sell, buy or give in churches, streets, or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Ecolampadius, Ulrich Zwinglius, Martin Bucer, John Calvin, or other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church; . . . nor break, nor otherwise injure the images of the holy virgin, or canonized saints; . . . nor in his house hold conventicles, or illegal gatherings, or be present at any such in which the adherents of the above-mentioned heretics teach, baptize, and form conspiracies against the Holy Church and the general welfare. . . . Moreover, we forbid," continues the edict, in name of the sovereign, "all lay persons *to converse or dispute concerning* the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or *to read, teach,* or *expound* the *Scriptures,* unless they have duly studied theology and been approved by some renowned university; . . . or to preach secretly, or openly, or to *entertain* any of *the opinions* of the above-mentioned heretics; . . . on pain, should any one be found to have contravened any of the points above mentioned, as perturbators of our state and of the general quiet, to be punished in the following manner." And how were they to be punished? What was the penalty inflicted upon the man or woman who owned a hymn-book, or who hazarded the opinion in private, that Luther was not quite wrong in doubting the power of a monk to sell for money the license to commit murder or incest; or upon the parent, not being a Roman Catholic doctor of divinity, who should read Christ's Sermon on the Mount to his children in his own parlour or shop? How were crimes like these to be visited upon the transgressor? Was it by reprimand, fine, imprisonment, banishment, or by branding on the forehead, by the cropping of the ears or the slitting of nostrils, as was practised upon the Puritan fathers of New England for *their* nonconformity? It was by a sharper chastisement than any of these methods. The Puritan fathers of the Dutch Republic had to struggle against a darker doom. The edict went on to provide—

"That such perturbators of the general quiet are to be executed, to wit: the men with the sword and the women to

[1] The text of the edict is given by Bor, i. 7-12.

be buried alive, if they *do not* persist in their errors; if they do persist in them, then they are to be executed with fire; all their property in both cases being confiscated to the crown."

Thus, the clemency of the sovereign permitted the *repentant* heretic to be beheaded or buried alive, instead of being burned.

The edict further provided against all misprision of heresy by making those who failed to betray the suspected liable to the same punishment as if suspected or convicted themselves: "we forbid," said the decree, "all persons to lodge, entertain, furnish with food, fire, or clothing, or otherwise to favour anyone holden or notoriously suspected of being a heretic; . . . and anyone failing to denounce any such we ordain shall be liable to the above-mentioned punishments."

The edict went on to provide, "that if any person, being not convicted of heresy or error, but greatly suspected thereof, and *therefore condemned* by the spiritual judge to abjure such heresy, or by the secular magistrate to make public fine and reparation, shall again become suspected or tainted with heresy—*although it should not appear that he has contravened* or violated *any one of our above-mentioned commands*—nevertheless, we do will and ordain that such person shall be considered as relapsed, and, as such, be *punished with loss of life* and property, *without any hope* of moderation or mitigation of the above-mentioned penalties."

Furthermore, it was decreed, that "the spiritual judges, desiring to proceed against anyone for the crime of heresy, shall request any of our sovereign courts or provincial councils to appoint anyone of their college, or such other adjunct as the council shall select, to preside over the proceedings to be instituted against the suspected. All who know of any person tainted with heresy are required to denounce and give them up to all judges, officers of the bishops, or others having authority on the premises, on pain of being punished according to the pleasure of the judge. Likewise, all shall be obliged, who know of any place where such heretics keep themselves, to declare them to the authorities, on pain of being held as accomplices, and punished as such heretics themselves would be if apprehended."

In order to secure the greatest number of arrests by a direct appeal to the most ignoble, but not the least powerful

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In order to secure the greatest number of arrests by a direct appeal to the most ignoble, but not the least powerful

principle of human nature, it was ordained "that *the informer*, in case of conviction, should be entitled to one-half the property of the accused, if not more than one hundred pounds Flemish; if more, then ten per cent. of all such excess."

Treachery to one's friends was encouraged by the provision, "that if any man being present at any secret conventicle, shall afterwards come forward and betray his fellow-members of the congregation, he shall receive full pardon."

In order that neither the good people of the Netherlands, nor the judges and inquisitors should delude themselves with the notion that these fanatic decrees were only intended to inspire terror, not for practical execution, the sovereign continued to ordain—"to the end that the judges and officers may have no reason, under pretext that the penalties are too great and heavy and only devised to terrify delinquents, to punish them less severely than they deserve—that the culprits be really punished by the penalties above declared; forbidding all judges to alter or moderate the penalties in any manner—*forbidding any one*, of whatsoever condition, to *ask of us* or of any one having authority, *to grant pardon*, or to present any petition in favour of such heretics, exiles, or fugitives, on penalty of being declared for ever incapable of civil and military office, and of being arbitrarily punished besides."

Such were the leading provisions of this famous edict, originally promulgated in 1550 as a recapitulation and condensation of all the previous ordinances of the Emperor upon religious subjects. By its style and title it was a perpetual edict, and, according to one of its clauses, was to be published for ever once in every six months, in every city and village of the Netherlands. It had been promulgated at Augsburg, where the Emperor was holding a diet, upon the 25th of September. Its severity had so appalled the Dowager Queen of Hungary, that she had made a journey to Augsburg expressly to procure a mitigation of some of its provisions.[1] The principal alteration which she was able to

[1] Viglii Epist. ad diversos, cxlviii. Brandt, Historie der Reformatie in en omtrent de Nederlanden (Amst., 1677), i. 163, b. iii. Grotii Ann., i. 17.

obtain of the Emperor was, however, in the phraseology only. As a concession to popular prejudice, the words "spiritual judges" were substituted for "inquisitors" wherever that expression had occurred in the original draft.[1]

The edict had been re-enacted by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras, immediately on the accession of Philip. The prelate knew the value of the Emperor's name; he may have thought, also, that it would be difficult to increase the sharpness of the ordinances. "I advised the King," says Granvelle, in a letter written a few years later, "to make no change in the placards, but to proclaim the text drawn up by the Emperor, republishing the whole as the King's edict, with express insertion of the phrase, 'Carolus,' etc. I recommended this lest men should calumniate his Majesty as wishing to introduce novelties in the matter of religion."[2]

This edict, containing the provisions which have been laid before the reader, was now to be enforced with the utmost rigour; every official personage, from the stadholders down, having received the most stringent instructions to that effect, under Philip's own hand. This was the first gift of Philip and of Granvelle to the Netherlands; of the monarch who said of himself that he had always, "from the beginning of his government, followed the path of clemency, according to his natural disposition, so well known to all the world;"[3] of the prelate who said of himself, "that he had ever combated the opinion that anything could be accomplished by terror, death, and violence."[4]

During the period of the French and Papal war, it has been seen that the execution of these edicts had been permitted to slacken. It was now resumed with redoubled fury. Moreover, a new measure had increased the disaffection and dismay of the people, already sufficiently filled with apprehension. As an additional security for the supremacy of the ancient religion, it had been thought desirable that the number of bishops should be increased. There were but four sees in the Netherlands, those of Arras, Cambray, Tournay, and Utrecht. That of Utrecht was within

[1] Brandt, Reformatie *ubi sup.* Bor, i. 7-12.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 478, 479.
[3] Groen v. Prinst. Archives, etc., ix. 46.
[4] Archives, etc., i. 187*.

the archiepiscopate of Cologne; the other three were within that of Rheims.[1] It seemed proper that the prelates of the Netherlands should owe no extra-provincial allegiance. It was likewise thought that three millions of souls required more than four spiritual superintendents. At any rate, whatever might be the interest of the flocks, it was certain that those broad and fertile pastures would sustain more than the present number of shepherds. The wealth of the religious houses in the provinces was very great. The abbey of Afflighem alone had a revenue of fifty thousand florins, and there were many others scarcely inferior in wealth.[2] But these institutions were comparatively independent both of King and Pope. Electing their own superiors from time to time, in nowise desirous of any change by which their ease might be disturbed and their riches endangered, the honest friars were not likely to engage in any very vigorous crusade against heresy, nor for the sake of introducing or strengthening Spanish institutions, which they knew to be abominated by the people, to take the risk of driving all their disciples into revolt and apostasy. Comforting themselves with an Erasmian philosophy, which they thought best suited to the times, they were as little likely as the Sage of Rotterdam himself would have been, to make martyrs of themselves for the sake of extirpating Calvinism. The abbots and monks were, in political matters, very much under the influence of the great nobles, in whose company they occupied the benches of the upper house of the states-general.

Doctor Francis Sonnius had been sent on a *mission to* the Pope, for the purpose of representing the necessity of an increase in the episcopal force of the Netherlands. Just as the King was taking his departure, the commissioner arrived, bringing with him the Bull of Paul the Fourth, dated May 18, 1559. This was afterwards confirmed by that of Pius the Fourth, in January of the following year.[3] The document stated[4] that "Paul the Fourth, slave of slaves, wishing to provide for the welfare of the provinces and the eternal salvation of their inhabitants, had determined to plant in that fruitful field several new bishoprics. The enemy of mankind being abroad," said the Bull, "in so many forms

[1] Wagenaer, vi. 62, 63.
[2] Bor, i. 23.
[3] *Ibid*, i. 24, *sqq*.
[4] See the document in Bor. i. 24-26.

at that particular time, and the Netherlands, then under the sway of that beloved son of his holiness, Philip the Catholic, being compassed about with heretic and schismatic nations, it was believed that the eternal welfare of the land was in great danger. At the period of the original establishment of Cathedral churches, the provinces had been sparsely peopled; they had now become filled to overflowing, so that the original ecclesiastical arrangements did not suffice. *The harvest was plentiful, but the labourers were few.*"

In consideration of these and other reasons, three archbishoprics were accordingly appointed. That of Mechlin was to be principal, under which were constituted six bishoprics, those, namely, of Antwerp, Bois le Duc, Rurmond, Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. That of Cambray was second, with the four subordinate dioceses of Tournay, Arras, Saint Omer and Namur. The third archbishopric was that of Utrecht, with the five sees of Haarlem, Middelburg, Leeuwarden, Groningen, and Deventer.[1]

The nomination to these important offices was granted to the King, subject to confirmation by the Pope. Moreover, it was ordained by the Bull that "each bishop should appoint *nine additional prebendaries*, who were to assist him in the matter of the *inquisition* throughout his bishopric, *two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors*."

To sustain these two great measures, through which Philip hoped once and for ever to extinguish the Netherland heresy, it was considered desirable that the Spanish troops still remaining in the provinces should be kept there indefinitely.[2]

The force was not large, amounting hardly to four thousand men, but they were unscrupulous, and admirably disciplined. As the entering wedge, by which a military and ecclesiastical despotism was eventually to be forced into the very heart of the land, they were invaluable. The moral effect to be hoped from the regular presence of a Spanish standing army during a time of peace in the Netherlands could hardly be exaggerated. Philip was therefore determined to employ every argument and subterfuge to detain the troops.

[1] Bor, i. 24-26. Bentivoglio, i. 10. [2] Pontus Payen MS.

CHAPTER II.

THE TACITURN AGAINST KING, CARDINAL, AND ELECTOR.

Agitation in the Netherlands—The ancient charters resorted to as barriers against the measures of government—"Joyous entrance" of Brabant—Constitution of Holland—Growing unpopularity of Anthony Perrenot, Archbishop of Mechlin—Opposition to the new bishoprics, by Orange, Egmont, and other influential nobles—Fury of the people at the continued presence of the foreign soldiery—Orange resigns the command of the legion—The troops recalled—Philip's personal attention to the details of persecution—Perrenot becomes Cardinal de Granvelle—All the power of government in his hands—His increasing unpopularity—Animosity and violence of Egmont towards the Cardinal—Relations between Orange and Granvelle—Ancient friendship gradually changing to enmity—Renewal of the magistracy at Antwerp—Quarrel between the Prince and Cardinal—Joint letter of Orange and Egmont to the King—Answer of the King—Indignation of Philip against Count Horn—Secret correspondence between the King and Cardinal—Remonstrances against the new bishoprics—Philip's private financial statements—Penury of the exchequer in Spain and in the provinces—Plan for debasing the coin—Marriage of William the Silent with the Princess of Lorraine circumvented—Negotiations for his matrimonial alliance with Princess Anna of Saxony—Correspondence between Granvelle and Philip upon the subject—Opposition of Landgrave Philip and of Philip the Second—Character and conduct of Elector Augustus—Mission of Count Schwartzburg—Communications of Orange to the King and to Duchess Margaret—Characteristic letter of Philip—Artful conduct of Granvelle and of the Regent—Visit of Orange to Dresden—Proposed "note" of Elector Augustus—Refusal of the Prince—Protest of the Landgrave against the marriage—Preparations for the wedding at Leipzig—Notarial instrument drawn up on the marriage day—Wedding ceremonies and festivities—Entrance of Granvelle into Mechlin as Archbishop—Compromise in Brabant between the abbeys and bishops.

THE years 1560 and 1561 were mainly occupied with the agitation and dismay produced by the causes set forth in the preceding chapter.

Against the arbitrary policy embodied in the edicts, the new bishoprics and the foreign soldiery, the Netherlanders appealed to their ancient constitutions. These charters were called "handvests" in the vernacular Dutch and Flemish,

because the sovereign made them fast with his hand. As already stated, Philip had made them faster than any of the princes of his house had ever done, so far as oath and signature could accomplish that purpose, both as hereditary prince in 1549, and as monarch in 1555. The reasons for the extensive and unconditional manner in which he swore to support the provincial charters, have been already indicated.

Of these constitutions, that of Brabant, known by the title of the *joyeuse entrée, blyde inkomst* or blythe entrance, furnished the most decisive barrier against the present wholesale tyranny. First and foremost, the "joyous entry" provided "that the prince of the land should not elevate the clerical state higher than of old has been customary and by former princes settled; unless by consent of the other two estates, the nobility and the cities." [1]

Again; "the prince can prosecute no one of his subjects, nor any foreign resident, civilly or criminally, except in the ordinary and open courts of justice in the province, where the accused may answer and defend himself with the help of advocates." [2]

Further; "the prince shall appoint no foreigners to office in Brabant." [3]

Lastly; "should the prince, by force or otherwise, violate any of these privileges, the inhabitants of Brabant, after regular protest entered, are discharged of their oaths of allegiance, and as free, independent, and unbound people, may conduct themselves exactly as seems to them best." [4]

Such were the leading features, so far as they regarded the points now at issue, of that famous constitution which was so highly esteemed in the Netherlands, that mothers came to the province in order to give birth to their children, who might thus enjoy, as a birthright, the privileges of Brabant. Yet the charters of the other provinces ought to have been as effective against the arbitrary course of the government. [5]

[1] Die Blyde Inkomste dem Hertochdom v. Brabant, by Philippus, Conink v. Hispanien solennlick geschworen. Gedruckt tot Cuelen, 1564.—Compare Bor, i. 19; Meteren, i. 28.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*—Compare Apologie d'Orange, 69, 70.

[5] Bor, *ubi sup.* Meteren, 28, 29.

"No foreigner," said the constitution of Holland, "is eligible as councillor, financier, magistrate, or member of a court. Justice can be administered only by the ordinary tribunals and magistrates. The ancient laws and customs shall remain inviolable. Should the prince infringe any of these provisions, no one is bound to obey him."[1]

These provisions, from the Brabant and Holland charters, are only cited as illustrative of the general spirit of the provincial constitutions. Nearly all the provinces possessed privileges equally ample, duly signed and sealed. So far as ink and sealing-wax could defend a land against sword and fire, the Netherlands were impregnable against the edicts and the renewed episcopal inquisition. Unfortunately, all history shows how feeble are barriers of paper or lambskin, even when hallowed with a monarch's oath, against the torrent of regal and ecclesiastical absolutism. It was on the reception in the provinces of the new and confirmatory Bull concerning the bishoprics, issued in January, 1560, that the measure became known, and the dissatisfaction manifest. The discontent was inevitable and universal. The ecclesiastical establishment, which was not to be enlarged or elevated but by consent of the estates, was suddenly expanded into three archiepiscopates and fifteen bishoprics.

The administration of justice, which was only allowed in free and local courts, distinct from each province, was to be placed, so far as regarded the most important of human interests, in the hands of bishops and their creatures, many of them foreigners and most of them monks. The lives and property of the whole population were to be at the mercy of these utterly irresponsible conclaves. All classes were outraged. The nobles were offended because ecclesiastics, perhaps foreign ecclesiastics, were to be empowered to sit in the provincial estates and to control their proceedings in place of easy, indolent, ignorant abbots and friars, who had generally accepted the influence of the great seigniors.[2] The priests were enraged because the religious houses were thus taken out of their control and confiscated to a bench of bishops, usurping the places of those superiors who had formerly been elected by and among themselves. The people were alarmed

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* Meteren, 28, 29.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, v. 309.

because the monasteries, although not respected nor popular, were at least charitable[1] and without ambition to exercise ecclesiastical cruelty; while, on the other hand, by the new episcopal arrangements, a force of thirty new inquisitors was added to the apparatus for enforcing orthodoxy already established. The odium of the measure was placed upon the head of that churchman, already appointed Archbishop of Mechlin, and soon to be known as Cardinal Granvelle. From this time forth, this prelate began to be regarded with a daily increasing aversion. He was looked upon as the incarnation of all the odious measures which had been devised; as the source of that policy of absolutism which revealed itself more and more rapidly after the King's departure from the country. It was for this reason that so much stress was laid by popular clamour upon the clause prohibiting foreigners from office. Granvelle was a Burgundian: his father had passed most of his active life in Spain, while both he and his more distinguished son were identified in the general mind with Spanish politics. To this prelate then, were ascribed the edicts, the new bishoprics, and the continued presence of the foreign troops. The people were right as regarded the first accusation. They were mistaken as to the other charges.

The King had not consulted Anthony Perrenot with regard to the creation of the new bishoprics. The measure, which had been successively contemplated by Philip "the Good," by Charles the Bold, and by the Emperor Charles, had now been carried out by Philip the Second, without the knowledge of the new Archbishop of Mechlin. The King had for once been able to deceive the astuteness of the prelate, and had concealed from him the intended arrangement, until the arrival of Sonnius with the Bulls. Granvelle gave the reasons for this mystery with much simplicity. "His Majesty knew," he said, "that I should oppose it, as it was more honourable and lucrative to be one of four than one of eighteen."[2] In fact, according to his own statement, he lost

[1] Hoofd, i. 29, 30. Bor, i. 19. Meteren, i. 28.

[2] "—— Et l'on a voulu persuader aucuns que je fusse auteur de ceste nouvellité —— et par sa lettre sa M. me dit que l'on me faisoit grand tort, confessant que en ceste negotiation elle s'estoit cachè de moy —— d'aultant que les aultres et trois evesques que nous estions lors et moy

money by becoming Archbishop of Mechlin, and ceasing to be Bishop of Arras.[1] For these reasons he declined, more than once, the proffered dignity, and at last only accepted it from fear of giving offence to the King, and after having secured compensation for his alleged losses. In the same letter (of 29th May, 1560) in which he thanked Philip for conferring upon him the rich abbey of Saint Armand, which he had solicited, in addition to the "merced" in ready money, concerning the safe investment of which he had already sent directions, he observed that he was now willing to accept the archbishopric of Mechlin; notwithstanding the odium attached to the measure, notwithstanding his feeble powers, and notwithstanding that, during the life of the Bishop of Tournay, who was then *in rude health*, he could only receive three thousand ducats of the revenue, giving up Arras and gaining nothing in Mechlin; notwithstanding all this, and a thousand other things besides, he assured his Majesty that "since the royal desire was so strong that he should accept, he would consider nothing so difficult that he would not at least attempt it."[2] Having made up his mind to take the see and support the new arrangements, he was resolved that his profits should be as large as possible. We have seen how he had already been enabled to indemnify himself. We shall find him soon afterwards importuning the King for the Abbey of Afflighem, the enormous revenue of which the prelate thought would make another handsome addition to the rewards of his sacrifices. At the same time, he was most anxious that the people, and particularly the great nobles, should not ascribe the new establishment to him, as they persisted in doing. "They say that the episcopates were devised to gratify my ambition," he wrote to Philip two years later; "whereas your Majesty knows how steadily I refused the see of Mechlin, and that I only accepted it in order not to live in idleness, doing

le contredisions, comme il estoit vraysemblable, pour que il est plus honourable estre un de quatre que ung de dix-sept."—*Memoir of Granvelle in Groen v. Prinst. Archives, etc.*, i. 76. *See also Archives, etc.* viii. 54.

[1] "—— Et quant au prouffit je feroy apparoir qu'an revenu que je y ay receu perte notable."—*Ibid.*

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 96-98.

nothing for God and your Majesty."[1] He therefore instructed Philip, on several occasions, to make it known to the government of the Regent, to the seigniors, and to the country generally, that the measure had been arranged without his knowledge; that the Marquis Berghen had known of it first, and that the prelate had, in truth, been kept in the dark on the subject until the arrival of Sonnius with the Bulls. The King, always docile to his minister, accordingly wrote to the Duchess the statements required, in almost the exact phraseology suggested; taking pains to repeat the declarations on several occasions, both by letter and by word of mouth, to many influential persons.[2]

The people, however, persisted in identifying the Bishop with the scheme. They saw that he was the head of the new institutions; that he was to receive the lion's share of the confiscated abbeys, and that he was foremost in defending and carrying through the measure, in spite of all opposition. That opposition waxed daily more bitter, till the Cardinal, notwithstanding that he characterized the arrangement to the King as "a holy work,"[3] and warmly assured Secretary Perez that he would contribute his fortune, his blood and his life, to its success,[4] was yet obliged to exclaim in the bitterness of his spirit, "Would to God that the erection of these new sees had never been thought of! Amen! Amen!"[5]

Foremost in resistance was the Prince of Orange. Although a Catholic, he had no relish for the horrible persecution which had been determined upon. The new bishoprics he characterized afterwards as parts "of one grand scheme for establishing the cruel inquisition of Spain; the said bishops to serve as inquisitors, burners of bodies, and tyrants of conscience: two prebendaries in each see being actually constituted inquisitors."[6] For this reason he omitted no remonstrance on the subject to the Duchess, to Granvelle, and by direct letters to the King. His efforts were seconded by

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552-562.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 207.
[3] "Tan sancta obra."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 3.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 189.
[5] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 341. "—— Plugièra à Dios que jamas se huviera pensado en esta erection destas yglesias. Amen! Amen!"
[6] Apologie, 92, 93.

Egmont, Berghen, and other influential nobles. Even Berlaymont was at first disposed to side with the opposition, but upon the argument used by the Duchess, that the bishoprics and prebends would furnish excellent places for his sons and other members of the aristocracy, he began warmly to support the measure.[1] Most of the labour, however, and all the odium of the business fell upon the Bishop's shoulders. There was still a large fund of loyalty left in the popular mind, which not even forty years of the Emperor's dominion had consumed, and which Philip was destined to draw upon as prodigally as if the treasure had been inexhaustible. For these reasons it still seemed most decorous to load all the hatred upon the minister's back, and to retain the consolatory formula that Philip was a prince, "clement, benign, and debonair."

The Bishop, true to his habitual conviction, that words, with the people, are much more important than things, was disposed to have the word "inquisitor" taken out of the text of the new decree. He was anxious at this juncture to make things pleasant, and he saw no reason why men should be unnecessarily startled. If the inquisition could be *practised*, and the *heretics burned*, he was in favour of its being done comfortably. The word "inquisitor" was unpopular, almost indecent. It was better to suppress the term and retain the thing. "People are afraid to speak of the new bishoprics," he wrote to Perez, "on account of the clause providing that of nine canons one shall be inquisitor. Hence people fear the Spanish inquisition."[2] He, therefore, had written to the King to suggest instead, that the canons or graduates should be obliged to assist the bishop, according as he might command. Those terms would suffice, because, although not expressly stated, it was clear that the Bishop was an *ordinary inquisitor; but it was necessary to expunge words that gave offence.*[3]

It was difficult, however, with all the Bishop's eloquence and dexterity, to construct an agreeable inquisition. The people did not like it, in any shape, and there were indications

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 322.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 200.

[3] "Pues aunque no se diga, claro es que el obispo es inquisidor ordinario, sino que es menester quitar las palabras que ofenden."—*Ibid.*

not to be mistaken that one day there would be a storm which it would be beyond human power to assuage. At present the people directed its indignation only upon a part of the machinery devised for their oppression. The Spanish troops were considered as a portion of the apparatus by which the new bishoprics and the edicts were to be forced into execution. Moreover, men were weary of the insolence and the pillage which these mercenaries had so long exercised in the land. When the King had been first requested to withdraw them, we have seen that he had burst into a violent passion. He had afterward dissembled. Promising, at last, that they should all be sent from the country within three or four months after his departure, he had determined to use every artifice to detain them in the provinces. He had succeeded by various subterfuges in keeping them there fourteen months, but it was at last evident that their presence would no longer be tolerated. Towards the close of 1560 they were quartered in Walcheren and Brill. The Zelanders, however, had become so exasperated by their presence that they resolutely refused to lay a single hand upon the dykes, which, as usual at that season, required great repairs.[1] Rather than see their native soil profaned any longer by these hated foreign mercenaries they would see it sunk for ever in the ocean. They swore to perish—men, women, and children together—in the waves, rather than endure longer the outrages which the soldiery daily inflicted. Such was the temper of the Zelanders that it was not thought wise to trifle with their irritation. The Bishop felt that it was no longer practicable to detain the troops, and that all the pretext devised by Philip and his government had become ineffectual. In a session of the State Council, held on October 25th, 1560,[2] he represented in the strongest terms to the Regent the necessity for the final departure of the troops. Viglius, who knew the character of his countrymen, strenuously seconded the proposal. Orange briefly but firmly expressed the same opinion, declining any longer to serve as commander of the legion, an office which, in conjunction with Egmont, he had accepted provisionally, with the best of motives, and on the

[1] Bor, i. 18-22. Strada, iii. 87.

[2] See a procès verbal of this Session in Gachard, Documents Inédits, i. 330, 331.

pledge of Philip that the soldiers should be withdrawn. The Duchess urged that the order should at least be deferred until the arrival of Count Egmont, then in Spain, but the proposition was unanimously negatived.[1]

Letters were accordingly written in the name of the Regent to the King. It was stated that the measure could no longer be delayed, that the provinces all agreed in this point, that so long as the foreigners remained not a stiver should be paid into the treasury; that if they at once set sail the necessary amount for their arrears would be furnished to the government; but that if they should return, it was probable that they would be resisted by the inhabitants with main force, and that they would only be allowed to enter the cities through a breach in their walls.[2] It was urged, moreover, that three or four thousand Spaniards would not be sufficient to coerce all the provinces, and that there was not money enough in the royal exchequer to pay the wages of a single company of the troops.[3] "It cuts me to the heart," wrote the Bishop to Philip, "to see the Spanish infantry leave us; but go they must. Would to God that we could devise any pretext, as your Majesty desires, under which to keep them here! We have tried all means humanly possible for detaining them, but I see no way to do it without putting the provinces in manifest danger of sudden revolt."[4]

Fortunately for the dignity of the government, or for the repose of the country, a respectable motive was found for employing the legion elsewhere. The important loss which Spain had recently met with in the capture of Zerby made a reinforcement necessary in the army engaged in the Southern service. Thus the disaster in Barbary at last relieved the

[1] See a procès verbal of this Session in Gachard, Documents Inédits, i. 330, 331.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, i. 62.

[3] Meteren, i. 24. Bor, i. 18-22. Strada, iii. 87-89.

[4] "En el alma siento ver partir la infanteria Española."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 25.

"Conferi con su Alt. sobre el negocio de la quedada aqui de los Españoles, y se han intendado todas las vias humanamente possibles, mas enfin no veo forma ny camino que, sin poner estos estados en manifiesto peligro de subita rebuelta, se puede diferir la execucion de su yda, si el tiempo lo consiente."—*Groen* v. *Prinst. Archives, etc.*, i. 61.

Netherlands of the pest which had afflicted them so long.[1] For a brief breathing space the country was cleared of foreign mercenaries.

The growing unpopularity of the royal government, still typified, however, in the increasing hatred entertained for the Bishop, was not materially diminished by the departure of the Spaniards. The edicts and the bishopries were still there, even if the soldiers were gone. The churchman worked faithfully to accomplish his master's business. Philip, on his side, was industrious to bring about the consummation of his measures. Ever occupied with details, the monarch, from his palace in Spain, sent frequent informations against the humblest individuals in the Netherlands. It is curious to observe the minute reticulations of tyranny which he had begun already to spin about a whole people, while cold, venomous, and patient, he watched his victims from the centre of his web. He forwarded particular details to the Duchess and Cardinal concerning a variety of men and women, sending their names, ages, personal appearance, occupations, and residence, together with directions for their immediate immolation.[2] Even the inquisitors of Seville were set to work to increase, by means of their branches or agencies in the provinces, the royal information on this all-important subject. "There are but few of us left in the world," he moralized in a letter to the Bishop, "who care for religion. 'Tis necessary, therefore, for us to take the greater heed for Christianity. We must lose our all, if need be, in order to do our duty; for, in fine," added he, with his usual tautology, "it is right that a man should do his duty."[3]

[1] Meteren, i. 24. Bor, i. 18-22. Strada iii. 87-89.

[2] Strada, iv. 142 — "—— Gubernatricem doceret rationem haereticos intercipiendi; eorum tanquam vestigia et cubilia ipse monstraret: etiam *indice* (*quos habeo regiis litteris inclusos*) *ea diligentia confectos*, ita cujusque conditione, *vicinia*, *ætate*, *statura ad unguem explicatis*." The Jesuit can hardly find words strong enough to express his admiration for the diligence thus displayed by the King; "ut miro profecto sit," he continues, "principem in tam multas distractum diversumque Regnorum curas, huic rei *quasi per otium vacasse*, inquirendisque *hominibus plerumq. obscuris*, *sollicitudine* etiam in *privato cive admiranda* cogitationem manumque flexisse."—*Compare Hoofd*, i. 38.

[3] "—— Y quan pocos ay ya en el mundo que curen della religion y assi los pocos que quedamos es menester que tengamos mas cuydado de

Granvelle—as he must now be called, for his elevation to the cardinalship will be immediately alluded to—wrote to assure the King that every pains would be taken to ferret out and execute the individuals complained of.[1] He bewailed, however, the want of heartiness on the part of the Netherland inquisitors and judges. "I find," said he, "that all judicial officers go into the matter of executing the edicts with reluctance, which I believe is caused by their fear of displeasing the populace. When they do act they do it but languidly, and when these matters are not taken in hand with the necessary liveliness, the fruit desired is not gathered. We do not fail to exhort and to command them to do their work."[2] He added that Viglius and Berlaymont displayed laudable zeal, but that he could not say as much for the Council of Brabant. Those councillors were "for ever prating," said he, "of the constitutional rights of their province, and deserved much less commendation."[3]

The popularity of the churchman, not increased by these desperate exertions to force an inhuman policy upon an unfortunate nation, received likewise no addition from his new elevation in rank. During the latter part of the year 1560, Margaret of Parma, who still entertained a profound admiration of the prelate, and had not yet begun to chafe under his smooth but imperious dominion, had been busy in preparing for him a delightful surprise. Without either his knowledge or that of the King she had corresponded with the Pope, and succeeded in obtaining, as a personal favour to herself, the cardinal's hat for Anthony Perrenot.[4] In February, 1561, Cardinal Borromeo wrote to announce that the coveted dignity had been bestowed.[5] The Duchess hastened, with joyous alacrity, to communicate the intelligence to the Bishop, but was extremely hurt to find that he steadily refused to assume his new dignity until he had written to the King to announce the appointment and to ask his per-

la Christiandad y si fuere menester lo perdamos todo por hazer en esto lo que devemos; pero en fin es bien que hombre haga lo que deve."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 149.

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 208-210. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] "Con alegar à cada passo su joyeuse entrée."—*Ibid.*

[4] Strada, iii. 92. Dom l'Evesque Mémoires, i. 256-264.

[5] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 296, 297.

mission to accept the honour.[1] The Duchess, justly wounded at his refusal to accept from her hands the favour which she, and she only, had obtained for him, endeavoured in vain to overcome his pertinacity. She represented that although Philip was not aware of the application or the appointment, he was certain to regard it as an agreeable surprise.[2] She urged, moreover, that his temporary refusal would be misconstrued at Rome, where it would certainly excite ridicule, and very possibly give offence in the highest quarter.[3] The Bishop was inexorable. He feared, says his panegyrist, that he might one day be on worse terms than at present with the Duchess, and that then she might reproach him with her former benefits.[4] He feared also that the King might, in consequence of the step, not look with satisfaction upon him at some future period, when he might stand in need of his favours.[5] He wrote, accordingly, a most characteristic letter to Philip, in which he informed him that he had been honoured with the Cardinal's hat. He observed that many persons were already congratulating him, but that before he made any demonstration of accepting or refusing, he waited for his Majesty's orders: upon his will he wished ever to depend. He also had the coolness, under the circumstances, to express his conviction that "*it was his Majesty who had secretly procured this favour from his Holiness.*"[6]

The King received the information very graciously, observing in reply, that although he had never made any suggestion of the kind, he had "often thought upon the subject."[7] The royal command was of course at once transmitted, that the dignity should be accepted. By special favour, moreover, the Pope dispensed the new Cardinal from the duty of going to Rome in person, and despatched his chamberlain, Theophilus Friso, to Brussels, with the red hat and tabbard.[8]

The prelate, having thus reached the dignity to which he had long aspired, did not grow more humble in his deportment or less zealous in the work through which he had already gained so much wealth and preferment. His con-

[1] Strada, iii. 93. Dom l'Evesque, i. 258.
[2] Strada. Dom l'Evesque, *ubi sup.* [3] Dom l'Evesque, i. 258.
[4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.* [6] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 296, 297.
[7] Dom l'Evesque, i. 256-264. Papiers d'Etat, vi. 302, 303.
[8] Dom l'Evesque.

duct with regard to the edicts and bishoprics had already brought him into relations which were far from amicable with his colleagues in the council. More and more he began to take the control of affairs into his own hand. The consulta, or secret committee of the state council, constituted the real government of the country. Here the most important affairs were decided upon without the concurrence of the other seigniors, Orange, Egmont, and Glayon, who, at the same time, were held responsible for the action of government. The Cardinal was smooth in manner, plausible of speech, generally even-tempered, but he was overbearing and blandly insolent. Accustomed to control royal personages under the garb of extreme obsequiousness, he began, in his intercourse with those of less exalted rank, to omit a portion of the subserviency while claiming a still more undisguised authority. To nobles like Egmont and Orange, who looked down upon the son of Nicolas Perrenot and Nicola Bonvalot as a person immeasurably beneath themselves in the social hierarchy, this conduct was sufficiently irritating. The Cardinal, placed as far above Philip, and even Margaret, in mental power as he was beneath them in worldly station, found it comparatively easy to deal with them amicably. With such a man as Egmont it was impossible for the churchman to maintain friendly relations. The Count, who, notwithstanding his romantic appearance, his brilliant exploits, and his interesting destiny, was but a commonplace character, soon conceived a mortal aversion to Granvelle. A rude soldier, entertaining no respect for science or letters, ignorant and overbearing, he was not the man to submit to the airs of superiority which pierced daily more and more decidedly through the conventional exterior of the Cardinal. Granvelle, on the other hand, entertained a gentle contempt for Egmont, which manifested itself in all his private letters to the King, and was sufficiently obvious in his deportment. There had also been distinct causes of animosity between them. The governorship of Hesdin having become vacant, Egmont, backed by Orange and other nobles, had demanded it for the Count de Roeulx, a gentleman of the Croy family, who, as well as his father, had rendered many important services to the crown.[1] The appointment was, however, be-

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

stowed, through Granvelle's influence, upon the Seigneur d'Helfault,[1] a gentleman of mediocre station and character, who was thought to possess no claims whatever to the office. Egmont, moreover, desired the abbey of Trulle for a poor relation of his own; but the Cardinal, to whom nothing in this way ever came amiss, had already obtained the King's permission to appropriate the abbey to himself.[2] Egmont was now furious against the prelate, and omitted no opportunity of expressing his aversion, both in his presence and behind his back. On one occasion, at least, his wrath exploded in something more than words. Exasperated by Granvelle's polished insolence in reply to his own violent language, he drew his dagger upon him in the presence of the Regent herself, "and," says a contemporary, "would certainly have sent the Cardinal into the next world had he not been forcibly restrained by the Prince of Orange and other persons present, who warmly represented to him that such griefs were to be settled by deliberate advice, not by choler."[3] At the same time, while scenes like these were occurring in the very bosom of the state council, Granvelle, in his confidential letters to secretary Perez, asserted warmly that all reports of a want of harmony between himself and the other seigniors and councillors were false, and that the best relations existed among them all. It was not his intention, before it should be necessary, to let the King doubt his ability to govern the council according to the secret commission with which he had been invested.

His relations with Orange were longer in changing from friendship to open hostility. In the Prince the Cardinal met his match. He found himself confronted by an intellect as subtle, an experience as fertile in expedients, a temper as even, and a disposition sometimes as haughty as his own. He never affected to undervalue the mind of Orange. "'Tis a man of profound genius, vast ambition—dangerous, acute, politic," he wrote to the King at a very early period. The

[1] Pontus Payen MS. [2] Dom l'Evesque Mémoires, i. 231.

[3] Pontus Payen MS.—Vander Haer alludes to, but discredits, a similar story, according to which Egmont gave the Cardinal, publicly, a box on the ear. "Ut vulgi sermonibus diu fama valuerit, quæ Cardinalem ab Egmondane alapâ percussum mentiretur."—i. 180, 181. *De Initiis Tum. Belg.*

which the Cardinal had permitted himself. He now sent back the commission to the Duchess, adding, it was said, that he was not her lackey, and that she might send some one else with her errands. The words were repeated in the state council. There was a violent altercation—Orange vehemently resenting his appointment merely to carry out decisions in which he claimed an original voice. His ancestors, he said, had often changed the whole of the Antwerp magistracy by their own authority. It was a little too much that this matter, as well as every other state affair, should be controlled by the secret committee of which the Cardinal was the chief. Granvelle, on his side, was also in a rage. He flung from the council-chamber, summoned the Chancellor of Brabant, and demanded, amid bitter execrations against Orange, what common and obscure gentlemen there might be whom he could appoint to execute the commission thus refused by the Prince and by Aremberg. He vowed that in all important matters he would, on future occasions, make use of nobles less inflated by pride, and more tractable than such grand seigniors. The chancellor tried in vain to appease the churchman's wrath, representing that the city of Antwerp would be highly offended at the turn things were taking, and offering his services to induce the withdrawal, on the part of the Prince, of the language which had given so much offence. The Cardinal was inexorable and peremptory. "I will have nothing to do with the Prince, Master Chancellor," said he, "and these are matters which concern you not." Thus the conversation ended, and thus began the open state of hostilities between the great nobles and the Cardinal which had been brooding so long.[1]

On the 23rd July, 1561, a few weeks after the scenes lately described, the Count of Egmont and the Prince of Orange addressed a joint letter to the King. They reminded him in this despatch that they had originally been reluctant to take office in the state-council, on account of their previous experience of the manner in which business had been conducted during the administration of the Duke of Savoy. They had feared that important matters of state might be transacted without their concurrence. The King had, how-

[1] Bakh. v. d. Brink.—"Het Huwelijk van W. v. Oranje," etc., p. 47, 48.

ever, assured them, when in Zeland, that all affairs would be uniformly treated in full council. If the contrary should ever prove the case, he had desired them to give him information to that effect, that he might instantly apply the remedy. They accordingly now gave him that information. They were consulted upon small matters: momentous affairs were decided upon in their absence. Still they would not even now have complained had not Cardinal Granvelle declared that all the members of the state council were to be held responsible for its measures, whether they were present at its decisions or not. Not liking such responsibility, they requested the King either to accept their resignation or to give orders that all affairs should be communicated to the whole board and deliberated upon by all the councillors.[1]

In a private letter, written some weeks later (August 15), Egmont begged secretary Erasso to assure the King that their joint letter had not been dictated by passion, but by zeal for his service. It was impossible, he said, to imagine the insolence of the Cardinal, nor to form an idea of the absolute authority which he arrogated.[2]

In truth, Granvelle, with all his keenness, could not see that Orange, Egmont, Berghen, Montigny and the rest, were no longer pages and young captains of cavalry, while he was the politician and the statesman.[3] By six or seven years the senior of Egmont, and by sixteen years of Orange, he did not divest himself of the superciliousness of superior wisdom, not unjust nor so irritating when they had all been boys. In his deportment towards them, and in the whole tone of his private correspondence with Philip, there was revealed, almost in spite of himself, an affectation of authority, against which Egmont rebelled, and which the Prince was not the man to acknowledge. Philip answered the letter of the two nobles in his usual procrastinating manner. The Count of Horn, who was about leaving Spain (whither he had accompanied the King) for the Netherlands, would be entrusted with the resolution which he should think proper to take upon the subject suggested. In the meantime, he assured them that he did not doubt their zeal in his service.[4]

As to Count Horn, Granvelle had already prejudiced the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 195, 196. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Bakhuyzen, 44, 45. [4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 197.

King against him. Horn and the Cardinal had never been friends. A brother of the prelate had been an aspirant for the hand of the Admiral's sister, and had been somewhat contemptuously rejected.[1] Horn, a bold, vehement, and not very good-tempered personage, had long kept no terms with Granvelle, and did not pretend a friendship which he had never felt. Granvelle had just written to instruct the King that Horn was opposed bitterly to that measure which was nearest the King's heart—the new bishoprics. He had been using strong language, according to the Cardinal, in opposition to the scheme, while still in Spain. He therefore advised that his Majesty, *concealing, of course, the source* of the information, and speaking, as it were, out of the royal mind itself, should expostulate with the Admiral upon the subject.[2] Thus prompted, Philip was in no gracious humour when he received Count Horn, then about to leave Madrid for the Netherlands, and to take with him the King's promised answer to the communication of Orange and Egmont. His Majesty had rarely been known to exhibit so much anger towards any person as he manifested upon that occasion. After a few words from the Admiral, in which he expressed his sympathy with the other Netherland nobles, and his aversion to Granvelle, in general terms, and in reply to Philip's interrogatories, the King fiercely interrupted him: "What! *miserable man!*"—he *vociferated*, "you all complain of this Cardinal, and always in vague language. Not one of you, in spite of all my questions, can give me a single reason for your dissatisfaction."[3] With this the royal wrath boiled over in such unequivocal terms that the Admiral changed colour, and was so confused with indignation and astonishment that he was scarcely able to find his way out of the room.[4]

This was the commencement of Granvelle's long mortal combat with Egmont, Horn, and Orange. This was the first answer which the seigniors were to receive to their remonstrances against the churchman's arrogance. Philip

[1] La Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332.

[3] "Quoi malheureux! Vous vous plaignez tous de cet homme, et n'y a personne quoy que je demande qui m'en saiche dire la cause."—*Papiers d'Etat*, viii. 443.

[4] *Ibid.*

was enraged that any opposition should be made to his coercive measures, particularly to the new bishoprics, the "holy work" which the Cardinal was ready to "consecrate his fortune and his blood" to advance. Granvelle fed his master's anger by constant communications as to the efforts made by distinguished individuals to delay the execution of the scheme. Assonville had informed him, he wrote, that much complaint had been made on the subject by several gentlemen, at a supper of Count Egmont's. It was said that the King ought to have consulted them all, and the state councillors especially. The present nominees to the new episcopates were good enough, but it would be found, they said, that very improper personages would be afterwards appointed. The estates ought not to permit the execution of the scheme. In short, continued Granvelle, "*there is the same kind of talk which brought about the recall of the Spanish troops.*"[1] A few months later, he wrote to inform Philip that a petition against the new bishoprics was about to be drawn up by "the two lords." They had two motives, according to the Cardinal, for this step: first, to let the King know that he could do nothing without their permission; secondly, because in the states assembly they were then the *cocks of the walk*.[2] They did not choose, therefore, that in the clerical branch of the estates any body should be above the abbots, whom they could frighten into doing whatever they chose.[3] At the end of the year, Granvelle again wrote to instruct his sovereign how to reply to the letter which *was about to be* addressed to him by the Prince of Orange and the Marquis Berghen on the subject of the bishoprics. They would tell him, he said, that the incorporation of the Brabant abbeys into the new bishoprics was contrary to the constitution of the "joyful entrance." Philip was, however, to make answer that he had consulted the universities, and those learned in the laws, and had satisfied himself that it was entirely constitutional. He was

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 261.

[2] "Como son los gallos de los estados."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 307.

[3] "No querrian que en el primer braço que es el de los prelados huviesse quien entendiesse y las osasse contradecir, que hazen de los abades frayles lo que quieren, poniendo les miedo."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 307.

therefore advised to send his command that the Prince and Marquis should use all their influence to promote the success of the measure.[1] Thus fortified, the King was enabled not only to deal with the petition of the nobles, but also with the deputies from the estates of Brabant, who arrived about this time at Madrid. To these envoys, who asked for the appointment of royal commissioners, with whom they might treat on the subject of the bishoprics, the abbeys, and the "joyful entrance," the King answered proudly, "that in matters which concerned the service of God, he was his own commissioner."[2] He afterwards, accordingly, recited to them, with great accuracy, the lesson which he had privately received from the ubiquitous Cardinal.

Philip was determined that no remonstrance from great nobles or from private citizens should interfere with the thorough execution of the grand scheme on which he was resolved, and of which the new bishoprics formed an important part. Opposition irritated him more and more, till his hatred of the opponents became deadly; but it, at the same time, confirmed him in his purpose. "'Tis no time to temporize," he wrote to Granvelle; "we must inflict chastisement with full rigour and severity. These rascals can only be made to do right through fear, and not always even by that means."[3]

At the same time, the royal finances did not admit of any very active measures, at the moment, to enforce obedience to a policy which was already so bitterly opposed. A rough estimate, made in the King's own handwriting, of the resources and obligations of his exchequer, a kind of balance sheet for the years 1560 and 1561, drawn up much in the same manner as that in which a simple individual would make a note of his income and expenditure, gave but a dismal picture of his pecuniary condition. It served to show how intelligent a financier is despotism, and how little available are the resources of a mighty empire when regarded

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 463, 464.

[2] "Yo les mandè responder que por ser del servicio de Dios, lo queria yo mesmo."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 504.

[3] "—— En las de la religion no se çufre temporizar sino castigarlos con todo rigor y serenidad, que estos vellacos sino es por miedo no hazen cosa buena y aun con el, no todas vezes."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 421.

merely as private property, particularly when the owner chances to have the vanity of attending to all details himself. "Twenty millions of ducats," began the memorandum,[1] "will be required to disengage my revenues. But of this," added the King, with whimsical pathos for an account-book, "we will not speak at present, as the matter is so entirely impossible."[2] He then proceeded to enter the various items of expense which were to be met during the two years; such as so many millions due to the Fuggers (the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century), so many to merchants in Flanders, Seville, and other places, so much for Prince Doria's galleys, so much for three years' pay due to his guards, so much for his household expenditure, so much for the tuition of Don Carlos and Don Juan d'Austria, so much for salaries of ambassadors and councillors—mixing personal and state expenses, petty items and great loans, in one singular jumble, but arriving at a total demand upon his purse of ten million nine hundred and ninety thousand ducats.

To meet this expenditure he painfully enumerated the funds upon which he could reckon for the two years. His ordinary rents and taxes being all deeply pledged, he could only calculate from that source upon two hundred thousand ducats. The Indian revenue, so called, was nearly spent; still it might yield him four hundred and twenty thousand ducats. The quicksilver mines would produce something, but so little as hardly to require mentioning. As to the other mines, they were equally unworthy of notice, being so very uncertain, and not doing as well as they were wont. The licences accorded by the crown to carry slaves to America were put down at fifty thousand ducats for the two years. The product of the "crozada" and "cuarta," or money paid to him in small sums by individuals, with the permission of his Holiness, for the liberty of abstaining from the Church fasts, was estimated at five hundred thousand ducats. These and a few more meagre items only sufficed to stretch his income to a total of one million three hundred

[1] The document is in the Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle (vi. 156-165), and is entitled, "Memorial de las Fiananças de España en los anos 1560 et 1561."

[2] "—— Pero desto non se tracta agora como de cosa tam impossibile."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 156-165.

and thirty thousand for the two years, against an expenditure calculated at near eleven millions. "Thus, there are nine millions, less three thousand ducats, deficient," he concluded ruefully (*and making a mistake in his figures in his own favour of six hundred and sixty-three thousand* besides), "which I may look for in the sky, or try to raise by inventions already exhausted." [1]

Thus, the man who owned all America and half of Europe could only raise a million ducats a year from his estates. The possessor of all Peru and Mexico could reckon on "nothing worth mentioning" from his mines, and derived a precarious income mainly from permissions granted to his subjects to carry on the slave-trade, and to eat meat on Fridays. This was certainly a gloomy condition of affairs for a monarch on the threshold of a war which was to outlast his own life and that of his children; a war in which the mere army expenses were to be half a million florins monthly, in which about seventy per cent. of the annual disbursements was to be regularly embezzled or appropriated by the hands through which it passed, and in which for every four men on paper, enrolled and paid for, only one, according to the average, was brought into the field.[2]

Granvelle, on the other hand, gave his master but little consolation from the aspect of financial affairs in the provinces. He assured him that "the government was often in such embarrassment as not to know where to look for ten ducats." [3] He complained bitterly that the states would meddle with the administration of money matters, and were slow in the granting of subsidies. The Cardinal felt especially outraged by the interference of these bodies with the disbursement of the sums which they voted. It has been seen that the states had already compelled the government to withdraw the troops, much to the regret of Granvelle. They continued, however, to be intractable on the subject of supplies. "These are very vile things," he wrote to Philip,

[1] "Que se han de buscar del ayre y de invenciones que estan ya tan buscadas como allà."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 156-165.

[2] Simon Styl. De Opkomst en Bloei der Vereenigde Nederlanden (Amst., 1778), p. 119.—Compare Reidani Belgarum Annales (Lugd. Bat. 1633), lib. ii.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 180.

"this authority which they assume, this audacity with which they say whatever they think proper; and these impudent conditions which they affix to every proposition for subsidies."[1] The Cardinal protested that he had in vain attempted to convince them of their error, but that they remained perverse.

It was probably at this time that the plan for debasing the coin, suggested to Philip some time before by a skilful chemist named Malen, and always much approved of both by himself and Ruy Gomez, recurred to his mind. "Another and an extraordinary source of revenue, although perhaps not a very honourable one," wrote Suriano, "has hitherto been kept secret; and on account of differences of opinion between the King and his confessor, has been discontinued." This source of revenue, it seemed, was found in "a certain powder, of which one ounce mixed with six ounces of quicksilver would make six ounces of silver." The composition was said to stand the test of the hammer, but not of the fire. Partly in consequence of theological scruples, and partly on account of opposition from the states, a project formed by the King to pay his army with this kind of silver was reluctantly abandoned. The invention, however, was so very agreeable to the King, and the inventor had received such liberal rewards, that it was supposed, according to the envoy, that in time of scarcity his Majesty would make use of such coin without reluctance.[2]

[1] "—— Y es tambien muy ruin cosa le authoridad que han tomado y la osada de dezir lo que se les antoja y de proponer condiciones tan desaforadas à que se los va opiniendo quanto se puede," etc. etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 178-180.

[2] "—— N'e un altra straordinaria laqual perioché è poco honorevole ha pero tenuta secreta—quest è una industria che fu principiata gia due anni et piu con titolo di zecca ben conosciuta d'alcuni di questa citta ma non fu continuata essendo occorsi certi dispareri fra lui (Phil°. 2°) et il confessore per le mani del quale passo tutto questa prattica. Si trovi poi per un Tedesco Malines che le messe in opera et con un oncia di certa sua polvere et sei d'argento vivo fa sei oncie d'argento che sta al tocco et all martello ma non al fuoco et fa qualche opinione di valersene di quella sorte d'argento in pagar l'essercito: ma li stati non hanno voluto consentire perche con quest occasione tutto il buono oro si saria portato in altri paesi —— ma quest inventione e *molto grata al Re* et a *Ruy Gomez*, viene presentato largamente quello ch' l' ha rittrovato, si puo credere ch' in tempo di qualche stretteza, sua M. se ne valeria senza rispetto."—*Suriano MS.*

It is necessary before concluding this chapter, which relates the events of the years 1560 and 1561, to allude to an important affair which occupied much attention during the whole of this period. This is the celebrated marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Anna of Saxony. By many superficial writers, a moving cause of the great Netherland revolt was found in the connection of the great chieftain with this distinguished Lutheran house. One must have studied the characters and the times to very little purpose, however, to believe it possible that much influence could be exerted on the mind of William of Orange by such natures as those of Anna of Saxony, or of her uncle the Elector Augustus, surnamed "the Pious."

The Prince had become a widower in 1558, at the age of twenty-five. Granvelle, who was said to have been influential in arranging his first marriage, now proposed to him, after the year of mourning had expired, an alliance with Mademoiselle Renée,[1] daughter of the Duchess de Lorraine, and grand-daughter of Christiern the Third of Denmark, and his wife Isabella, sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Such a connection, not only with the royal house of Spain, but with that of France—for the young Duke of Lorraine, brother of the lady, had espoused the daughter of Henry the Second—was considered highly desirable by the Prince. Philip and the Duchess Margaret of Parma both approved, or pretended to approve, the match. At the same time the Dowager Duchess of Lorraine, mother of the intended bride, was a candidate, and a very urgent one, for the Regency of the Netherlands. Being a woman of restless ambition and intriguing character, she naturally saw in a man of William's station and talents a most desirable ally in her present and future schemes. On the other hand, Philip—who had made open protestation of his desire to connect the Prince thus closely with his own blood,[2] and had warmly recommended

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] "—— Que V. Mtè m'eust escript, par ses lettres, le desir que icelle avoit toujours eu de sa grandeur —— et cfae, désirant l'allier plus près de son sang, icelle avoit instance, telle qu'il sçavoit, pour procurer son mariage avec la fille ainée de Madame de Lorraine, comme il se pouvoit souvenir."—*Letter of Margaret of Parma in Reiffenberg. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche*, pp. 271, 272.

the match to the young lady's mother—soon afterwards while walking one day with the Prince in the park at Brussels,[1] announced to him that the Duchess of Lorraine had declined his proposals.[2] Such a result astonished the Prince, who was on the best terms with the mother, and had been urging her appointment to the Regency with all his influence, having entirely withdrawn his own claims to that office. No satisfactory explanation was ever given of this singular conclusion to a courtship, begun with the apparent consent of all parties. It was hinted that the young lady did not fancy the Prince;[3] but, as it was not known that a word had ever been exchanged between them, as the Prince, in appearance and reputation, was one of the most brilliant cavaliers of the age, and as the approval of the bride was not usually a matter of primary consequence in such marriages of state, the mystery seemed to require a further solution. The Prince suspected Granvelle and the King, who were believed to have held mature and secret deliberation together, of insincerity. The Bishop was said to have expressed the opinion, that although the friendship he bore the Prince would induce him to urge the marriage, yet his duty to his master made him think it questionable whether it were right to advance a personage already placed so high by birth, wealth, and popularity, still higher by so near an alliance with his Majesty's family.[4] The King, in consequence, secretly instructed the Duchess of Lorraine to decline the proposal, while at the same time he continued openly to advocate the connection.[5] The Prince is said to have discovered this double dealing, and to have found in it the only

[1] Reiffenberg, pp. 273, 274. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] "—— Mais comme l'affaire trainait en longueur et comme aucuns disent qu'il n'estoit à la bonne grace de la demoiselle."—*Pontus Payen MS.*

[4] "Granvelle antwoordde, dat de vriendschap de hy den Prinse droegh, hem dryven zoude, om het aan te raaden indien de trouw, die hy zynen meester schuldigh was, niet bedenkelyk vond een persoonadje, ondersteunt von oovergroote achbaarheit, en gunst der Landtzaaten, door 't behuwen van zoo naa een bloedt verwandtschap zyner Majesteit, in top te trekken."—*Hoofd*, i. 35. This was precisely the same argument used by the Emperor Charles against the marriage with Mademoiselle de Buren, and successfully combated by Granvelle.

[5] Hoofd, i. 35.

reasonable explanation of the whole transaction.[1] Moreover, the Duchess of Lorraine, finding herself equally duped, and her own ambitious scheme equally foiled by her unscrupulous cousin—who now, to the surprise of everyone, appointed Margaret of Parma to be Regent, with the Bishop for her prime minister—had as little reason to be satisfied with the combinations of royal and ecclesiastical intrigue as the Prince of Orange himself. Soon after this unsatisfactory mystification, William turned his attentions to Germany. Anna of Saxony, daughter of the celebrated Elector Maurice, lived at the court of her uncle, the Elector Augustus. A musket-ball, perhaps a traitorous one, in an obscure action with Albert of Brandenbourg, had closed the adventurous career of her father seven years before.[2] The young lady, who was thought to have inherited much of his restless, stormy character, was sixteen years of age. She was far from handsome, was somewhat deformed, and limped.[3] Her marriage-portion was deemed, for the times, an ample one; she had seventy thousand rix dollars in hand, and the reversion of thirty thousand on the death of John Frederic the Second, who had married her mother after the death of Maurice.[4] Her rank was accounted far higher in Germany than that of William of Nassau, and in this respect, rather than for pecuniary considerations, the marriage seemed a desirable one for him. The man who held the great Nassau-Chalons property, together with the heritage of Count Maximilian de Buren, could hardly have been tempted by 100,000 thalers. His own provision for the children who might spring from the proposed marriage was to be a settlement of seventy thousand florins annually.[5] The fortune which permitted of such liberality was not one to be very materially increased by a dowry which might seem enormous to many of the pauper princes of Germany. "The bride's portion," says a contemporary, "after all, scarcely paid for the banquets and magnificent festivals which celebrated the

[1] Hoofd, i. 35.—Compare Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink; Het Huwelijk, etc., 8, 9, 10, to whose publication on this most intricate subject every candid historical student must feel the deepest sense of obligation.

[2] Pfeilschmidt, p. 64. 9-11 July, 1553.

[3] "—— Ungeschickten Leibes, wahrscheinlich etwas hinkend."—*Böttiger*, p. 87.

[4] Böttiger, 86.

[5] Böttiger, 93.—Compare Bakhuyzen, p. 15.

marriage. When the wedding was paid for, there was not a thaler remaining of the whole sum."[1] Nothing, then, could be more puerile than to accuse the Prince of mercenary motives in seeking this alliance: an accusation, however, which did not fail to be brought.

There were difficulties on both sides to be arranged before this marriage could take place. The bride was a Lutheran, the Prince was a Catholic. With regard to the religion of Orange not the slightest doubt existed, nor was any deception attempted. Granvelle himself gave the most entire attestation of the Prince's orthodoxy. "This proposed marriage gives me great pain," he wrote to Philip, "but I have never had reason to suspect his principles."[2] In another letter he observed that he wished the marriage could be broken off; but that he hoped so much from the virtue of the Prince that nothing could suffice to separate him from the true religion.[3] On the other side there was as little doubt as to his creed. Old Landgrave Philip of Hesse, grandfather of the young lady, was bitterly opposed to the match. "'Tis a papist," said he, "who goes to mass, and eats no meat on fast days."[4] He had no great objection to his character, but insurmountable ones to his religion. "Old Count William," said he, "was an evangelical lord to his dying day. This man is a papist."[5] The marriage, then, was to be a mixed marriage. It is necessary, however, to beware of anachronisms upon the subject. Lutherans were not yet formally denounced as heretics. On the contrary, it was exactly at this epoch that the Pope was inviting the Protestant princes of Germany to the Trent Council, where the schism was to be closed, and all the erring lambs to be received again into the bosom of the fold. So far from

[1] "C'este Allemande qui ne luy avoit porté en mariage que cent à six vingt mille daldres, qui a grande peine avoit eu peu suffir pour payer les banquets, festins et magnificences de ces nopces payés lui estoit resté boni pas un daldre tant seulement du dot et portement de sa femme."—*Pontus Payen MS.*

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 52.

[3] Archives, etc., i. 70.—"Yo todavía espero de la bondad y virtud del principe que no bastará todo esto para apartarle de la verdadera religion."

[4] Bakhuyzen, 34.

[5] V. Rommel, Philipp der Grosmüthige, iii. 319, *sqq.*; cited by Groen van Prinsterer, i. 59.

manifesting an outward hostility, the papal demeanour was conciliating. The letters of invitation from the Pope to the princes were sent by a legate, each commencing with the exordium, "To my beloved son," and were all sent back to his Holiness, contemptuously, with the coarse jest for answer, "We believe our mothers to have been honest women, and hope that we had better fathers."[1] The great council had not yet given its decisions. Marriages were of continual occurrence, especially among princes and potentates, between the adherents of Rome and of the new religion. Even Philip had been most anxious to marry the Protestant Elizabeth, whom, had she been a peasant, he would unquestionably have burned, if in his power. Throughout Germany, also, especially in high places, there was a disposition to cover up the religious controversy;[2] to abstain from disturbing the ashes where devastation still glowed, and was one day to rekindle itself. It was exceedingly difficult for any man, from the Archduke Maximilian down, to define his creed. A marriage, therefore, between a man and woman of discordant views upon this topic was not startling, although in general not considered desirable.

There were, however, especial reasons why this alliance should be distasteful, both to Philip of Spain upon one side, and to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse on the other. The bride was the daughter of the Elector Maurice. In that one name were concentrated nearly all the disasters, disgrace, and disappointment of the Emperor's reign. It was Maurice who had hunted the Emperor through the Tyrolean mountains; it was Maurice who had compelled the peace of Passau; it was Maurice who had overthrown the Catholic Church in Germany; it was Maurice who had frustrated Philip's election as king of the Romans. If William of Orange must seek a wife among the pagans, could no other bride be found for him than the daughter of such a man?

Anna's grandfather, on the other hand, Landgrave Philip, was the celebrated victim to the force and fraud of Charles the Fifth. He saw in the proposed bridegroom a youth who had been from childhood the petted page and confidant of the hated Emperor, to whom he owed his long imprisonment.

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 92. [2] Bakhuyzen, 26-28.

He saw in him, too, the intimate friend and ally—for the brooding quarrels of the state-council were not yet patent to the world—of the still more deeply-detested Granvelle; the crafty priest whose substitution of "einig" for "ewig" had inveigled him into that terrible captivity. These considerations alone would have made him unfriendly to the Prince, even had he not been a Catholic.

The Elector Augustus, however, uncle and guardian to the bride, was not only well-disposed but eager for the marriage, and determined to overcome all obstacles, including the opposition of the Landgrave, without whose consent he had been long pledged not to bestow the hand of Anna. For this there was more than one reason. Augustus, who, in the words of one of the most acute historical critics of our day, was "a Byzantine Emperor of the lowest class, re-appearing in electoral hat and mantle,"[1] was not firm in his rights to the dignity he held. He had inherited from his brother, but his brother had dispossessed John Frederic. Maurice, when turning against the Emperor, who had placed him in his cousin's seat, had not thought it expedient to restore to the rightful owner the rank which he himself owed to the violence of Charles. Those claims might be revindicated, and Augustus be degraded in his turn, by a possible marriage of the Princess Anna with some turbulent or intriguing German potentate. Out of the land she was less likely to give trouble. The alliance, if not particularly desirable on the score of rank, was, in other worldly respects, a most brilliant one for his niece. As for the religious point, if he could overcome or circumvent the scruples of the Landgrave, he foresaw little difficulty in conquering his own conscience.

The Prince of Orange, it is evident, was placed in such a position, that it would be difficult for him to satisfy all parties. He intended that the marriage, like all marriages among persons in high places at that day, should be upon the "*uti possidetis*" principle, which was the foundation of the religious peace of Germany. His wife, after marriage and removal to the Netherlands, would "live Catholically;" she would be considered as belonging to the same Church

[1] Bakhuyzen, Het Huwelijk, etc., p. 14.

with her husband, was to give no offence to the government, and bring no suspicion upon himself, by violating any of the religious decencies. Further than this, William, who *at that day* was an easy, indifferent Catholic, averse to papal persecutions, but almost equally averse to long puritanical prayers and faces, taking far more pleasure in worldly matters than in ecclesiastical controversies, was not disposed to advance in this thorny path. Having a stern bigot to deal with in Madrid, and another in Cassel, he soon convinced himself that he was not likely entirely to satisfy either, and thought it wiser simply to satisfy himself.

Early in 1560, Count Gunther de Schwartzburg, betrothed to the Prince's sister Catharine, together with Colonel George von Holl, were despatched to Germany to open the marriage negotiations. They found the Elector Augustus already ripe and anxious for the connection. It was easy for the envoys to satisfy all his requirements on the religious question. If, as the Elector afterwards stated to the Landgrave, they really promised that the young lady should be allowed to have an evangelical preacher in her own apartments, together with the befitting sacraments,[1] it is very certain that they travelled a good way out of their instructions, for such concessions were steadily refused by William in person.[2] It is, however, more probable that Augustus, whose slippery feet were disposed to slide smoothly and swiftly over this dangerous ground, had represented the Prince's communications under a favourable gloss of his own. At any rate, nothing in the subsequent proceedings justified the conclusions thus hastily formed.

The Landgrave Philip, from the beginning, manifested his repugnance to the match. As soon as the proposition had been received by Augustus, that potentate despatched Hans von Carlowitz to the grandfather at Cassel. The Prince of Orange, it was represented, was young, handsome, wealthy, a favourite of the Spanish monarch; the Princess Anna, on the other hand, said her uncle, was not likely to grow straighter or better proportioned in body, nor was her crooked and perverse character likely to improve with years. It was therefore desirable to find a settlement for her as soon as

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 82, 83. [2] *Ibid.*

possible.[1] The Elector, however, would decide upon nothing without the Landgrave's consent.

To this frank, and not very flattering statement, so far as the young lady was concerned, the Landgrave answered stoutly and characteristically. The Prince was a Spanish subject, he said, and would not be able to protect Anna in her belief, who would sooner or later become a fugitive: he was but a count in Germany, and no fitting match for an Elector's daughter;[2] moreover, the lady herself ought to be consulted, who had not even seen the Prince. If she were crooked in body, as the Elector stated, it was a shame to expose her; to conceal it, however, was questionable, as the Prince might complain afterwards, that a straight princess had been promised, and a crooked one fraudulently substituted,[3] and so on, though a good deal more of such quaint casuistry, in which the Landgrave was accomplished. The amount of his answer, however, to the marriage proposal was an unequivocal negative, from which he never wavered.

In consequence of this opposition, the negotiations were for a time suspended. Augustus implored the Prince not to abandon the project, promising that every effort should be made to gain over the Landgrave, hinting that the old man might "go to his long rest soon," and even suggesting that if the worst came to the worst, he had bound himself to do nothing without the *knowledge* of the Landgrave, but was not obliged to wait for his *consent*.[4]

[1] "Hans von Karlowitz sollte vorstellen dasz die Prinzessin in ihrem Alter schwerlich an geradem Wuchse und proportion des Leibes zunchmen werde, dabei von einer seltsamen Gemüthsart und hartem Sinne sei, und man daher billig auf ihre Versorgung bedacht sein müsse."—*Bottiger*, 93.

[2] Böttiger, 94.

[3] "Da nun ober der Kurfürst melde, dasz sie einen ungeschickten Leib hätte, so wäre es schimpflich, ihm solches sehen zu lassen, zu verbergen aber um deswillen bedenklich, weil er alsdann sagen dürfte, dasz man ihm eine wohlegebildate Prinzessin angerühmt, eine ungeschickte aber listigerweise angehängt hätte," etc.—*Bottiger*, 94.

[4] "—— Dan im vortragk stunde nichts anders dan ohne vorwissen, und nicht ohne vorwilligung, derwegen die vorwilligung bei ihr Ch. Gu. allein stunde," etc.—*Archives et Correspondance*, i. 88.

"Ce raisonnement," observes M. Groen van Prinsteier, very judiciously, "a l'air d'un subterfuge peu honorable."—*Ibid.*

On the other hand, the Prince had communicated to the King of Spain, the fact of the proposed marriage. He had also held many long conversations with the Regent and with Granvelle. In all these interviews he had uniformly used one language: his future wife was to "live as a Catholic,"[1] and if that point were not conceded, he would break off the negotiations. He did not pretend that she was to abjure her Protestant faith. The Duchess, in describing to Philip the conditions, as sketched to her by the Prince, stated expressly that Augustus of Saxony was to consent that his niece "should live Catholically after the marriage,"[2] but that it was quite improbable that "before the nuptials she would be permitted to abjure her errors, and receive necessary absolution, according to the rules of the Church."[3] The Duchess, while stating her full confidence in the orthodoxy of the Prince, expressed at the same time her fears that attempts might be made in the future by his new connections "to pervert him to their depraved opinions."[4]

A silence of many months ensued on the part of the sovereign, during which he was going through the laborious process of making up his mind, or rather, of having it made up for him by people a thousand miles off. In the autumn Granvelle wrote to say that the Prince was very much surprised to have been kept so long waiting for a definite reply to his communications, made at the beginning of the year, concerning his intended marriage, and to learn at last that his Majesty had sent no answer, upon the ground that the match had been broken off; the fact being, that the negotiations were proceeding more earnestly than ever.[5]

Nothing could be more helpless and more characteristic than the letter which Philip sent, thus pushed for a decision. "You wrote me," said he, "that you had hopes that this matter of the Prince's marriage would go no further, and seeing that you did not write oftener on the subject, I thought certainly that it had been terminated. This pleased me not a little, because it was the best thing that could

[1] "De sorte que le Prince fust asseuré d'eulx qu'elle vivroit catholicquement se mariant avec lui."—*Letter of Marg. of Parma. Reiffenb.*, 261.

[2] Reiffenberg, 261. [3] *Ibid.*, 264. [4] *Ibid.*, 265.

[5] Papiers d'État, vi. 169, 170.

be done. Likewise," continued the most tautological of monarchs, "I was much pleased that it should be done. Nevertheless," he added, "if the marriage is to be proceeded with, *I really don't know what to say about it*, except to refer it to my sister, inasmuch as a person being upon the spot can see better what can be done with regard to it; whether it be possible to prevent it, or whether it be best, if there be no remedy, to give permission. But if there be a remedy, it would be better to take it, because," concluded the King, pathetically, "I don't see how the Prince could think of marrying with the daughter of the man who did to his Majesty, now in glory, that which Duke Maurice did."[1]

Armed with this luminous epistle, which, if it meant anything, meant a reluctant affirmation to the demand of the Prince for the royal consent, the Regent and Granvelle proceeded to summon William of Orange, and to catechise him in a manner most galling to his pride, and with a latitude not at all justified by any reasonable interpretation of the royal instructions.[2] They even informed him that his Majesty had assembled "certain persons learned in cases of conscience and versed in theology," according to whose advice a final decision, not yet possible, would be given at some future period.[3] This assembly of learned conscience-keepers and theologians had no existence save in the imaginations of Granvelle and Margaret. The King's letter, blind and blundering as it was, gave the Duchess the right to decide in the affirmative on her own responsibility; yet fictions like these formed a part of the "dissimulation," which was accounted profound statesmanship by the disciples of Mac-

[1] "Vos me scrivistes que teniades esperança que no passaria adelante la platica del casamiento del Principe d'Orange, y con ver que no se me scrivia mas della, yo pensè cierto que havia cessado, de que no holgava poco per que fuera lo mejor y lo que yo holgaria harto que se hiziesse: mas si todavia passa adelante no se que me dezir en ello, sino remitirlo à mi hermana, pues como quien esta sobre el negocio, vera mejor lo que se podra hazer en el, o si se podra estorvar, y quando no huviere otro remedio, dar la licencia: mas quando le huviesse, seria lo mejor tomar le porque no sè como pueda parecer casarse el principe con hija del que hize con su majestad, que haya gloria, lo que el Duque Mauricio."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 175, 176.

[2] Bakhuyzen, 41, 42.

[3] *Ibid.*

tage.[1] At the same time he observed to Count Louis, verbally, "that he had been satisfied with the declarations made by the Prince when in Dresden, upon all points, *except that concerning religion.* He therefore felt obliged to beg for a little agreement in writing."[2] "By no means! by no means!" interrupted Louis promptly, at the very first word; "the Prince can give your Electoral Highness no such assurance. 'Twould be risking *life*, *honour*, and fortune to do so, as your grace is well aware."[3] The Elector protested that the declaration, if signed, should never come into the Spanish monarch's hands, and insisted upon sending it to the Prince.[4] Louis, in a letter to his brother, characterized the document as "singular, prolix, and artful," and strongly advised the Prince to have nothing to do with it.[5]

This note, which the Prince was thus requested to sign, and which his brother Louis thus strenuously advised him not to sign, the Prince never did sign. Its tenor was to the following effect:—The Princess, after marriage, was neither by menace nor persuasion to be turned from the true and pure Word of God, or the use of the sacrament according to the doctrines of the Augsburg Confession. The Prince was to allow her to read books written in accordance with the Augsburg Confession. The Prince was to permit her, as often, annually, as she required it, to go out of the Netherlands to some place where she could receive the sacrament according to the Augsburg Confession. In case she were in sickness or perils of childbirth, the Prince, if necessary, would call to her an evangelical preacher, who might administer to her the holy sacrament in her chamber. The children who might spring from the marriage were to be instructed as to the doctrines of the Augsburg Confession."[6]

Even if executed, this celebrated memorandum would

[1] Archives et Correspondance, i. 98.

[2] "So viel die püncten belangt do sich der Prinz gegen mich erkleret hat allhie zu Dresen, bin ich mit im gar wol zu friden und lasz es auch darbey bleiben *ausgenommen* so viel die religion belanget, so musz ich eine kleine verschreibung von im haben."—*Archives, etc.*, i. 100. Letter of Louis de Nassau.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, i. 100, 101. [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.*

[6] The note has been often published: V. e. g. Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, i. 102, 103. Bakhuyzen, Het Huwelijk, etc., 75, 76.

hardly have been at variance with the declarations made by the Prince to the Spanish government. He had never pretended that his bride was to become a Catholic, but only to live as a Catholic. All that he had promised, or was expected to promise, was that his wife should conform to the law in the Netherlands. The paper, in a general way, recognized that law. In case of absolute necessity, however, it was stipulated that the Princess should have the advantage of private sacraments. This certainly would have been a mortal offence in a Calvinist or Anabaptist, but for Lutherans the practice had never been so strict. Moreover, the Prince already repudiated the doctrines of the edicts, and rebelled against the command to administer them within his government. A general promise, therefore, made by him privately, in the sense of the memorandum drawn up by the Elector, would have been neither hypocritical nor deceitful, but worthy the man who looked over such grovelling heads as Granvelle and Philip on the one side, or Augustus of Saxony on the other, and estimated their religious pretences at exactly what they were worth. A formal document, however, technically according all these demands made by the Elector, would certainly be regarded by the Spanish government as a very culpable instrument. The Prince never signed the note,[1] but as we shall have occasion to state in its proper place, he gave a verbal declaration, favourable to its tenor,

[1] This has always been a disputed question. The opinion more generally entertained, particularly by the enemies of William, is that he did sign it. M. Bakhuyzen (82, *sqq.*), almost alone, maintains the contrary, against many distinguished publicists; and, after a strong chain of circumstantial evidence to make his position as firm as a negative usually can be made, arrives at the conclusion that a signed and sealed document to that effect never will be found (p. 86). I am fortunately able to attest the accuracy of his *à priori* argument, and to prove the negative by positive and indisputable evidence. According to the text of a notarial instrument executed on the 24th of August, 1561, between four and five P.M., just before the marriage ceremony (a document still existing in the Royal Archives at Dresden, and published in the first edition of this work), the Elector testified that the Prince never would and never did consent to make such an holographic, signed and sealed instrument as the one in question. Whatever may be the opinion formed as to the general nature of the transaction, no one henceforth can pretend that the Prince of Orange executed the document in the manner in which he was requested to execute it.—V. postea.

but in very vague and brief terms, before a notary, on the day of the marriage.

If the reader be of opinion that too much time has been expended upon the elucidation of this point, he should remember that the character of a great and good man is too precious a possession of history to be lightly abandoned. It is of no great consequence to ascertain the precise creed of Augustus of Saxony, or of his niece; it is of comparatively little moment to fix the point at which William of Orange ceased to be an honest but liberal Catholic, and opened his heart to the light of the Reformation; but it is of very grave interest that his name should be cleared of the charge of deliberate fraud and hypocrisy. It has therefore been thought necessary to prove conclusively that the Prince never gave, in Dresden or Cassel, any assurance inconsistent with his assertions to King and Cardinal. The whole tone of his language and demeanour on the religious subject was exhibited in his reply to the Electress, who, immediately after the marriage, entreated that he would not pervert her niece from the paths of the true religion. "She shall not be troubled," said the Prince, "with such melancholy things. Instead of holy writ she shall read 'Amadis de Gaule,' and such books of pastime which discourse *de amore;* and instead of knitting and sewing she shall learn to dance a *galliarde*, and such *curtoisies* as are the mode of our country and suitable to her rank."[1]

The reply was careless, flippant, almost contemptuous. It is very certain that William of Orange was not yet the "father William" he was destined to become—grave, self-sacrificing, deeply religious, heroic; but it was equally evident from this language that he had small sympathy, either in public or private, with Lutheranism or theological controversy. Landgrave William was not far from right when he

[1] Extracts from this letter (of Landgrave William, son of Philip) have been published by Böttiger and others. I quote from the original in the Royal Archives at Dresden, partly in the handwriting of the Landgrave. "Was er nun darauff E. L. Gemahlin geantwortett das ist beydenn E. L. bewusst, nemblich, das er sie mit den melancolischen Dingen nicht bemuhen wollte, sondern dos sie ann statt der heyligen schrift Amadis de Gaule und dergleichen Kurzweilige Bücher, die de Amore tractirten lesenn, und an statt strickens undt nahenns ein Galliarde tantzenn lernen solte und dergleichen curtoisie, wie solche etwa der Landt preuchlich undt wol stendig."

added, in his quaint style, after recalling this well-known reply, "Your grace will observe, therefore, that when the abbot has dice in his pocket, the convent will play."[1]

So great was the excitement at the little court of Cassel, that many Protestant princes and nobles declared that "they would sooner give their daughters to a boor or a swineherd than to a Papist."[2] The Landgrave was equally vigorous in his protest, drawn up in due form on the 26th April, 1561. He was not used, he said, "to flatter or to tickle with a fox-tail."[3] He was sorry if his language gave offence, nevertheless "the marriage was odious, and that was enough."[4] He had no special objection to the Prince, "who before the world was a brave and honourable man." He conceded that his estates were large, although he hinted that his debts also were ample; allowed that he lived in magnificent style, had even heard "of one of his banquets, where all the table-cloths, plates, and everything else, were made of sugar,"[5] but thought he might be even a little too extravagant; concluding, after a good deal of skimble-skamble of this nature, with "protesting before God, the world, and all pious Christians, that he was not responsible for the marriage, but only the Elector Augustus and others, who therefore would one day have to render account thereof to the Lord."[6]

Meantime the wedding had been fixed to take place on Sunday, the 24th August, 1561. This was St. Bartholomew's, a nuptial day which was not destined to be a happy one in the sixteenth century. The Landgrave and his family declined to be present at the wedding, but a large and brilliant company were invited. The King of Spain sent a bill of exchange to the Regent, that she might purchase a ring worth three thousand crowns, as a present on his part to the bride.[7] Besides this liberal evidence that his opposition

[1] MS. Dresden Archives.—"Nunn haben E. L. zuerachten, wann der Aptt werffel tregtt, das dem convent das spielenn erleubtt." The Landgrave was always as full of homely proverbs as Sancho Panza.

[2] V. Rommel in Bottiger, 102.

[3] "Wir nit gewondt sein zue fuchsschwentzen oder zue schmeicheln." —*Böttiger*, 104.

[4] "Es ist aber Odiosum, darumb wollen wirs dissmals bleiben lassen."—*Ibid.*

[5] Böttiger, 104.

[6] *Ibid.* 106.

[7] Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche, 184.

to the marriage was withdrawn, he authorized his sister to appoint envoys from among the most distinguished nobles to represent him on the occasion. The Baron de Montigny, accordingly, with a brilliant company of gentlemen, was deputed by the Duchess, although she declined sending all the governors of the provinces, according to the request of the Prince.[1] The marriage was to take place at Leipsic. A slight picture of the wedding festivities, derived entirely from unpublished sources, may give some insight into the manners and customs of high life in Germany and the Netherlands at this epoch.[2]

The Kings of Spain and Denmark were invited, and were represented by special ambassadors. The Dukes of Brunswick, Lauenburg, Mecklenburg, the Elector and Margraves of Brandenburg, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Duke of Cleves, the Bishops of Naumburg, Meneburg, Meissen, with many other potentates, accepted the invitations, and came generally in person, a few only being represented by envoys. The town councils of Erfurt, Leipsic, Magdeburg, and other cities, were also bidden. The bridegroom was personally accompanied by his brothers John, Adolphus, and Louis; by the Burens, the Leuchtenbergs, and various other distinguished personages.

As the electoral residence at Leipsic was not completely finished, separate dwellings were arranged for each of the sovereign families invited, in private houses, mostly on the market-place. Here they were to be furnished with provisions by the Elector's officials, but they were to cook for themselves. For this purpose all the princes had been requested to bring their own cooks and butlers, together with their plate and kitchen utensils. The sovereigns themselves were to dine daily with the Elector at the town-house, but the attendants and suite were to take their meals in their own lodgings. A brilliant collection of gentlemen and pages, appointed by the Elector to wait at his table, were ordered to assemble at Leipsic on the 22nd, the guests having been all

[1] Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche, 288.

[2] There are many papers and documents in the Royal Archives of Dresden relating to this celebrated marriage. The collection which I have principally consulted for the following account is entitled, "Acta des Prinzen tzu Uranieun und Frawlein Annen tzu Saxen Beylager, 1561." It is entirely unpublished.

invited for the 23rd. Many regulations were given to these noble youths, that they might discharge their duties with befitting decorum. Among other orders, they received particular injunctions that they were to abstain from all drinking among themselves, and from all riotous conduct whatever, while the sovereigns and potentates should be at dinner. "It would be a shameful indecency," it was urged, "if the great people sitting at table should be unable to hear themselves talk on account of the screaming of the attendants."[1] This provision did not seem unreasonable. They were also instructed, that if invited to drink by any personage at the great tables they were respectfully to decline the challenge and to explain the cause after the repast.

Particular arrangements were also made for the safety of the city. Besides the regular guard of Leipsic, two hundred and twenty arquebusiers, spearsmen, and halberdmen, were ordered from the neighbouring towns. These were to be all dressed in uniform; one arm, side, and leg in black, and the other in yellow, according to a painting distributed beforehand to the various authorities. As a mounted patrole Leipsic had a regular force of *two men*. These were now increased to ten, and received orders to ride with their lanterns up and down all the streets and lanes, to accost all persons whom they might find abroad without lights in their hands, to ask them their business in courteous language, and at the same time to see generally to the peace and safety of the town.[2] Fifty arquebusiers were appointed to protect the town-house, and a burgher watch of six hundred was distributed in different quarters, especially to guard against fire.

[1] "Dasz dieselben in dem Essgemache auf dem Rathhause des Zutrinkens und allen Geschrei während der ordentlichen Mahlzeiten sich enthalten sollten, indem dies nicht allien Unordnung und Mangel in der Aufwartung verursache, *sondern auch es ein schimpflicher* Uibelstand sei, wenn die fremden Herrschaften an der Tafel vor dem *Geschrei der Umstehenden ihr* eignes wort nicht hören konnten," etc.—*MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.*

[2] "Als Reuterwache hatte der Rath zu Leipzig zwei Mann, diese wurden bis auf zehen mann gebracht, um mit ihren Leuchten die eine Gasse auf die andere ab zu reiten und die sich auf den Gassen ohne Licht treffen lassen *mit glimpflichen Worten zu Rede zu stellen*, dabei auch auf das Feuer gute Acht zu haben."—*MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.*

The regulations have a remarkable resemblance to Dogberry's instructions to his watch.

On Saturday, the day before the wedding, the guests had all arrived at Leipsic, and the Prince of Orange, with his friends, at Meneburg. On Sunday, the 24th August, the Elector at the head of his guests and attendants, in splendid array, rode forth to receive the bridegroom. His cavalcade numbered four thousand. William of Orange had arrived, accompanied by one thousand mounted men. The whole troop now entered the city together, escorting the Prince to the town-house. Here he dismounted, and was received on the staircase by the Princess Anna, attended by her ladies. She immediately afterwards withdrew to her apartments.

It was at this point, between 4 and 5 P.M., that the Elector and Electress, with the bride and bridegroom, accompanied also by the Dame Sophia von Miltitz and the Councillors Hans von Ponika and Ubrich Woltersdorff upon one side, and by Count John of Nassau and Heinrich von Wiltberg upon the other, as witnesses, appeared before Wolf Seidel, notary, in a corner room of the upper story of the town-house. One of the councillors, on the part of the Elector, then addressed the bridegroom. He observed that his highness would remember, no doubt, the contents of a memorandum or billet, sent by the Elector on the 14th April of that year, by the terms of which the Prince was to agree that he would, neither by threat nor persuasion, prevent his future wife from continuing in the Augsburg Confession; that he would allow her to go to places where she might receive the Augsburg sacraments; that in case of extreme need she should receive them in her chamber; and that the children who might spring from the marriage should be instructed as to the Augsburg doctrines. As however, continued the councillor, his highness the Prince of Orange has, for various reasons, declined giving any such agreement in writing, as therefore it had been arranged that before the marriage ceremony the Prince should, in the presence of the bride and of the other witnesses, make a verbal promise on the subject, and as the parties were now to be immediately united in marriage, therefore the Elector had no doubt that the Prince would make no objection in presence of those witnesses to give his consent to maintain the agreements comprised in the memorandum or note. The note was then read. Thereupon, the Prince answered verbally, "Gracious

Elector, I remember the writing which you sent me on the 14th April. All the points just narrated by the Doctor were contained in it. I now state to your highness that I will keep it all as becomes a prince, and conform to it." Thereupon he gave the Elector his hand.[1]

What now was the amount and meaning of this promise on the part of the Prince? Almost nothing. He would conform to the demands of the Elector, exactly as he had hitherto said he would conform to them. Taken in connection with his steady objections to sign and seal any instrument on the subject—with his distinct refusal to the Landgrave (through Knuttel) to allow the Princess an evangelical preacher or to receive the sacraments in the Netherlands—with the vehement, formal, and public protest, on the part of the Landgrave, against the marriage—with the Prince's declarations to the Elector at Dresden, which were satisfactory on all points save the religious point—what meaning could this verbal promise have, save that the Prince would do exactly as much with regard to the religious question as he had always promised, and no more? This was precisely what did happen. There was no pretence on the part of the Elector, afterwards, that any other arrangement had been contemplated. The Princess lived Catholically from the moment of her marriage, exactly as Orange had stated to the Duchess Margaret, and as the Elector knew would be the case. The first and the following children born of the marriage were baptized by Catholic priests, with very elaborate Catholic ceremonies, and this with the full consent of the Elector, who sent deputies and officiated as sponsor on one remarkable occasion.

Who, of all those guileless lambs then, Philip of Spain, the Elector of Saxony, or Cardinal Granvelle, had been deceived by the language or actions of the Prince? Not one. It may be boldly asserted that the Prince, placed in a transition epoch, both of the age and of his own character, sur-

[1] "Gnediger churfurst, ich kann mich des schreibens das mir, *e.g.*, dieser sachen halben under obebemeltem dato gaben freundtlich und wol erinnern, das alle die punct so der hier Doctor itzunt erzelt dorinne begriffen, und thu, *e.g.*, hiemit zue sagenn das ich solchs alles furstlich wil halden und dem nach kommen, und hat solchs hierauf S. Ch. G. mit hand gebenden treu bewilligtt und zugesagt."—*MS. Dresden Archives.*

rounded by the most artful and intriguing personages known to history, and involved in a network of most intricate and difficult circumstances, acquitted himself in a manner as honourable as it was prudent. It is difficult to regard the notarial instrument otherwise than as a memorandum, filed rather by Augustus than by William, in order to put upon record, for his own justification, his repeated though unsuccessful efforts to procure from the Prince a regularly signed, sealed, and holographic act, upon the points stated in the famous note.

After the delay occasioned by these private formalities, the bridal procession, headed by the court musicians, followed by the court marshals, councillors, great officers of state, and the electoral family, entered the grand hall of the town-house. The nuptial ceremony was then performed by "the Superintendent Doctor Pfeffinger." Immediately afterwards, and in the same hall, the bride and bridegroom were placed publicly upon a splendid, gilded bed, with gold-embroidered curtains, the Princess being conducted thither by the Elector and Electress. Confects and spiced drinks were then served to them and to the assembled company. After this ceremony they were conducted to their separate chambers, to dress for dinner. Before they left the hall, however, Margrave Hans of Brandenburg, on part of the Elector of Saxony, solemnly recommended the bride to her husband, exhorting him to cherish her with faith and affection, and "to leave her undisturbed in the recognized truth of the holy gospel and the right use of the sacraments."[1]

Five round tables were laid in the same hall immediately afterwards—each accommodating ten guests. As soon as the first course of twenty-five dishes had been put upon the chief table, the bride and bridegroom, the Elector and Electress, the Spanish and Danish envoys and others, were escorted to it, and the banquet began. During the repast, the Elector's choir and all the other bands discoursed the "merriest and most ingenious music." The noble vassals handed the water, the napkins, and the wine, and everything

[1] "—— Sie bei der erkannten Wahrheit des heiligen Evangelii und dem rechten Branch und Genuss der hochwürdigen Sacramente unverhinderlich bleiben lassen wolle."—*MS. Dresden Archives. Acta des P. z. Oranien et Fraulein Annen tzu Saxen Beylager*, 1561.

was conducted decorously and appropriately. As soon as the dinner was brought to a close, the tables were cleared away, and the ball began in the same apartment. Dances, previously arranged, were performed, after which "confects and drinks" were again distributed, and the bridal pair were then conducted to the nuptial chamber.

The wedding, according to the Lutheran custom of the epoch, had thus taken place not in a church,[1] but in a private dwelling; the hall of the town-house representing, on this occasion, the Elector's own saloons. On the following morning, however, a procession was formed at seven o'clock to conduct the newly-married couple to the church of St. Nicholas, there to receive an additional exhortation and benediction.[2] Two separate companies of gentlemen, attended by a great number of "fifers, drummers, and trumpeters," escorted the bride and the bridegroom, "twelve counts, wearing each a scarf of the Princess Anna's colours, with golden garlands on their heads and lighted torches in their hands," preceding her to the choir, where seats had been provided for the more illustrious portion of the company. The church had been magnificently decked in tapestry, and, as the company entered, a full orchestra performed several fine motettos. After listening to a long address from Dr. Pfeffinger, and receiving a blessing before the altar, the Prince and Princess of Orange returned, with their attendant processions, to the town-house.

After dinner, upon the same and three following days, a tournament was held. The lists were on the market-place, on the side nearest the town-house; the Electress and the other ladies looking down from balcony and window to "rain influence and adjudge the prize." The chief hero of these jousts, according to the accounts in the Archives, was the Elector of Saxony. He "comported himself with such

[1] MS. Dresden Archives, *ubi sup.*

[2] Böttiger, in his instructive and able work, has fallen into an error upon this point in stating that the marriage (Traung) took place in the Nicholas Church upon the 25th of August. The marriage, as we have seen, was in the city hall, upon the preceding day. The bridal pair went upon the Monday following, to the church, for the benediction. That day was called the "hochzeitliche Ehrentag," the day in honour of the wedding.—MS. Dresden Archives Acta des P. z. Oranien, etc., Beylager, 1561.—Compare Böttiger, 109.

especial chivalry" that his far-famed namesake and remote successor, Augustus the Strong, could hardly have evinced more knightly prowess. On the first day he encountered George von Wiedebach, and unhorsed him so handsomely that the discomfited cavalier's shoulder was dislocated. On the following day he tilted with Michael von Denstedt, and was again victorious, hitting his adversary full in the target, and "bearing him off over his horse's tail so neatly, that the knight came down, heels over head, upon the earth."[1]

On Wednesday, there was what was called the pallia-tourney.[2] The Prince of Orange, at the head of six bands, amounting in all to twenty-nine men; the Margrave George of Brandenburg, with seven bands, comprising thirty-four men; and the Elector Augustus, with *one band* of *four men*, besides himself, all entered the lists. Lots were drawn for the "gate of honour," and gained by the Margrave, who accordingly defended it with his band. Twenty courses were then run between these champions and the Prince of Orange, with his men. The Brandenburgs broke seven lances, the Prince's party only six, so that Orange was obliged to leave the lists discomfited. The ever-victorious Augustus then took the field, and ran twenty courses against the defenders, breaking fourteen spears to the Brandenburgs' ten. The Margrave, thus defeated, surrendered the "gate of honour" to the Elector, who maintained it the rest of the day against all comers. It is fair to suppose, although the fact is not recorded, that the Elector's original band had received some reinforcement. Otherwise, it would be difficult to account for these constant victories, except by ascribing more than mortal strength, as well as valour, to Augustus and his four champions. His party broke one hundred and fifty-six lances, of which number the Elector himself broke thirty-eight and a half. He received the first prize, but declined other guerdons adjudged to him. The reward for the hardest hitting was conferred on Wolf Von Schönberg, "who thrust Kurt Von Arnim clean out of the saddle, so that he fell against the barriers."[3]

[1] "—— Und ihn so geschwind ledig hintern Schwantz herabgerannt das er eher mit dem Ropfe als mit dem Fuessen zur Erde gekommen ist."—*MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.*

[2] "Pallia Rennen."—*MS. ubi sup.*

[3] MS. *ubi sup.*

On Thursday was the riding at the ring. The knights who partook of this sport wore various strange garbs over their armour. Some were disguised as hussars, some as miners, some as lansquenettes; others as Tartars, pilgrims, fools, bird-catchers, hunters, monks, peasants, or Netherland cuirassiers. Each party was attended by a party of musicians, attired in similar costume. Moreover, Count Gunter Von Schwartzburg made his appearance in the lists, accompanied "by five remarkable giants of wonderful proportions and appearance, very ludicrous to behold, who performed all kind of odd antics on horseback."

The next day there was a foot tourney, followed in the evening by "mummeries," or masquerades. These masques were repeated on the following evening, and afforded great entertainment. The costumes were magnificent, "with golden and pearl embroidery," the dances were very merry and artistic, and the musicians, who formed a part of the company, exhibited remarkable talent. These "mummeries" had been brought by William of Orange from the Netherlands, at the express request of the Elector, on the ground that such matters were much better understood in the provinces than in Germany.

Such is a slight sketch of the revels by which this ill-fated Bartholomew marriage was celebrated. While William of Orange was thus employed in Germany, Granvelle seized the opportunity to make his entry into the city of Mechlin, as archbishop; believing that such a step would be better accomplished in the absence of the Prince from the country.[1] The Cardinal found no one in the city to welcome him. None of the great nobles were there.[2] The people looked upon the procession with silent hatred. No man cried, God bless him. He wrote to the King that he should push forward the whole matter of the bishoprics as fast as possible, adding the ridiculous assertion that the opposition came entirely from the nobility, and that "if the seigniors did not talk so much, not a man of the people would open his mouth on the subject."[3]

The remonstrances offered by the three estates of Brabant

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332. [2] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., ciii. 24.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332.—"Si no hablaran tanto los señores, no habla hombre del pueblo nada."

against the scheme had not influenced Philip. He had replied in a peremptory tone. He had assured them that he had no intention of receding, and that the province of Brabant ought to feel itself indebted to him for have given them prelates instead of abbots to take care of their eternal interests, and for having erected their religious houses into episcopates.[1] The abbeys made what resistance they could, but were soon fain to come to a compromise with the bishops, who, according to the arrangement thus made, were to receive a certain portion of the abbey revenues, while the remainder was to belong to the institutions, together with a continuance of their right to elect their own chiefs, subordinate, however, to the approbation of the respective prelates of the diocese.[2] Thus was the episcopal matter settled in Brabant. In many of the other bishoprics the new dignitaries were treated with disrespect, as they made their entrance into their cities, while they experienced endless opposition and annoyance on attempting to take possession of the revenue assigned to them.

[1] Bor, i. 28.

[2] Hoofd, i. 37. Bor. Hopper, 29.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.

The inquisition the great cause of the revolt—The three varieties of the institution—The Spanish inquisition described—The Episcopal inquisition in the Netherlands—The Papal inquisition established in the provinces by Charles V.—His instructions to the inquisitors—They are renewed by Philip—Inquisitor Titelmann—Instances of his manner of proceeding—Spanish and Netherland inquisitions compared—Conduct of Granvelle—Faveau and Mallart condemned at Valenciennes—"Journée des maubrulés"—Severe measures at Valenciennes—Attack of the Rhetoric Clubs upon Granvelle—Granvelle's insinuations against Egmont and Simon Renard—Timidity of Viglius—Universal hatred towards the Cardinal—Buffoonery of Brederode and Lumey—Courage of Granvelle—Philip taxes the Netherlands for the suppression of the Huguenots in France—Meeting of the Knights of the Fleece—Assembly at the house of Orange—Demand upon the estates for supplies—Montigny appointed envoy to Spain—Open and determined opposition to Granvelle—Secret representations by the Cardinal to Philip, concerning Egmont and other Seigniors—Line of conduct traced out for the King—Montigny's representations in Spain—Unsatisfactory result of his mission.

THE great cause of the revolt which, within a few years, was to break forth throughout the Netherlands, was the inquisition. It is almost puerile to look further or deeper, when such a source of convulsion lies at the very outset of any investigation. During the war there had been, for reasons already indicated, an occasional pause in the religious persecution. Philip had now returned to Spain, having arranged, with great precision, a comprehensive scheme for exterminating that religious belief which was already accepted by a very large portion of his Netherland subjects. From afar there rose upon the provinces the prophetic vision of a coming evil still more terrible than any which had yet oppressed them. As across the bright plains of Sicily, when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is definitely and visibly projected—the phantom of that ever-present enemy, which holds fire and devastation in its bosom

—so, in the morning hour of Philip's reign, the shadow of the inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces—a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass.

There has been a good deal of somewhat superfluous discussion concerning the different kinds of inquisition. The distinction drawn between the papal, the episcopal, and the Spanish inquisitions, did not, in the sixteenth century, convince many unsophisticated minds of the merits of the establishment in any of its shapes. However classified or entitled, it was a machine for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him if the result was not satisfactory.

The Spanish inquisition, strictly so called, that is to say, the modern or later institution established by Pope Alexander the Sixth and Ferdinand the Catholic, was doubtless invested with a more complete apparatus for inflicting human misery, and for appalling human imagination, than any of the other less artfully arranged inquisitions, whether papal or episcopal. It had been originally devised for Jews or Moors, whom the Christianity of the age did not regard as human beings, but who could not be banished without depopulating certain districts. It was soon, however, extended from pagans to heretics. The Dominican Torquemada was the first Moloch to be placed upon this pedestal of blood and fire, and from that day forward the "Holy Office" was almost exclusively in the hands of that band of brothers. In the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration, ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals were burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and one.[1] In course of time the jurisdiction of the office was extended. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity. The fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy. It was a court owning allegiance to no temporal

[1] Llorente, i. 280.

authority, superior to all other tribunals. It was a bench of monks without appeal, having its familiars in every house, diving into the secrets of every fireside, judging, and executing its horrible decrees without responsibility. It condemned not deeds, but thoughts. It affected to descend into individual conscience, and to punish the crimes which it pretended to discover. Its process was reduced to a horrible simplicity. It arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire. Two witnesses, and those to separate facts, were sufficient to consign the victim to a loathsome dungeon. Here he was sparingly supplied with food, forbidden to speak, or even to sing—to which pastime it could hardly be thought he would feel much inclination—and then left to himself, till famine and misery should break his spirit. When that time was supposed to have arrived he was examined. Did he confess, and forswear his heresy, whether actually innocent or not, he might then assume the sacred shirt, and escape with confiscation of all his property. Did he persist in the avowal of his innocence, two witnesses sent him to the stake, one witness to the rack. He was informed of the testimony against him, but never confronted with the witness. That accuser might be his son, father, or the wife of his bosom, for all were enjoined, under the death-penalty, to inform the inquisitors of every suspicious word which might fall from their nearest relatives. The indictment being thus supported, the prisoner was tried by torture. The rack was the court of justice; the criminal's only advocate was his fortitude—for the nominal counsellor, who was permitted no communication with the prisoner, and was furnished neither with documents nor with power to procure evidence, was a puppet, aggravating the lawlessness of the proceedings by the mockery of legal forms. The torture took place at midnight, in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim—whether man, matron, or tender virgin—was stripped naked and stretched upon the wooden bench. Water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones bruised without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up its ghost—was now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to

foot, with his eyes glaring at his victim through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practised successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented. The imagination sickens when striving to keep pace with these dreadful realities. Those who wish to indulge their curiosity concerning the details of the system, may easily satisfy themselves at the present day. The flood of light which has been poured upon the subject more than justifies the horror and the rebellion of the Netherlanders.

The period during which torture might be inflicted from day to day was unlimited in duration. It could only be terminated by confession; so that the scaffold was the sole refuge from the rack. Individuals have borne the torture and the dungeon fifteen years, and have been burned at the stake at last.

Execution followed confession, but the number of condemned prisoners was allowed to accumulate, that a multitude of victims might grace each great gala-day. The *auto-da-fé* was a solemn festival. The monarch, the high functionaries of the land, the reverend clergy, the populace, regarded it as an inspiring and delightful recreation. When the appointed morning arrived, the victim was taken from his dungeon. He was then attired in a yellow robe without sleeves, like a herald's coat, embroidered all over with black figures of devils. A large conical paper mitre was placed upon his head, upon which was represented a human being in the midst of flames, surrounded by imps. His tongue was then painfully gagged, so that he could neither open nor shut his mouth. After he was thus accoutred, and just as he was leaving his cell, a breakfast, consisting of every delicacy, was placed before him, and he was urged, with ironical politeness, to satisfy his hunger. He was then led forth into the public square. The procession was formed with great pomp. It was headed by the little school children, who were immediately followed by a band of prisoners, each attired in the horrible yet ludicrous manner described. Then came the magistrates and nobility, the prelates and other dignitaries of the Church: the holy inquisitors, with their officials and familiars, followed, all on horseback, with the blood-red flag of the "sacred office"

waving above them, blazoned upon either side with the portraits of Alexander and of Ferdinand, the pair of brothers who had established the institution. After the procession came the rabble. When all had reached the neighbourhood of the scaffold, and had been arranged in order, a sermon was preached to the assembled multitude. It was filled with laudations of the inquisition, and with blasphemous revilings against the condemned prisoners. Then the sentences were read to the individual victims. Then the clergy chanted the fifty-first psalm, the whole vast throng uniting in one tremendous *miserere*. If a priest happened to be among the culprits, he was now stripped of the canonicals which he had hitherto worn, while his hands, lips, and shaven crown were scraped with a bit of glass, by which process the oil of his consecration was supposed to be removed. He was then thrown into the common herd. Those of the prisoners who were reconciled, and those whose execution was not yet appointed, were now separated from the others. The rest were compelled to mount a scaffold, where the executioner stood ready to conduct them to the fire. The inquisitors then delivered them into his hands, with an ironical request that he would deal with them tenderly, and without blood-letting or injury. Those who remained steadfast to the last were then burned at the stake; they who in the last extremity renounced their faith were strangled before being thrown into the flames. Such was the *Spanish* inquisition—technically so called. It was, according to the biographer of Philip the Second, a "heavenly remedy, a guardian angel of Paradise, a lion's den in which Daniel and other just men could sustain no injury, but in which perverse sinners were torn to pieces."[1] It was a tribunal superior to all human law, without appeal, and certainly owing no allegiance to the powers of earth or heaven. No rank, high or humble, was safe from its jurisdiction. The royal family were not sacred, nor the pauper's hovel. Even death afforded no protection. The Holy Office invaded the prince in his palace and the beggar in his shroud. The corpses of dead heretics were mutilated and burned. The inquisitors preyed upon carcases and

[1] "Lago de los leones de Daniel que a los justos no hazen mal, si despedaçan los obstinados impenitentes pecadores, *remedio del cielo i Angel de la guarda del Paraiso*," etc.—*Cabrera*, v. 236.

rifled graves. A gorgeous festival of the Holy Office had, as we have seen, welcomed Philip to his native land. The news of these tremendous *autos-da-fé*, in which so many illustrious victims had been sacrificed before their sovereign's eyes, had reached the Netherlands almost simultaneously with the bulls creating the new bishoprics in the provinces. It was not likely that the measure would be rendered more palatable by this intelligence of the royal amusements.[1]

The *Spanish* inquisition had never flourished in any soil but that of the peninsula. It is possible that the King and Granvelle were sincere in their protestations of entertaining no intention of introducing it into the Netherlands, although the protestations of such men are entitled to but little weight. The truth was, that the inquisition existed already in the provinces. It was the main object of the government to confirm and extend the institution. The episcopal inquisition, as we have already seen, had been enlarged by the enormous increase in the number of bishops, each of whom was to be head inquisitor in his diocese, with two special inquisitors under him. With this apparatus and with the edicts, as already described, it might seem that enough had already been done for the suppression of heresy. But more had been done. A regular papal inquisition also existed in the Netherlands. This establishment, like the edicts, was the gift of Charles the Fifth. A word of introduction is here again necessary—nor let the reader deem that too much time is devoted to this painful subject. On the contrary, no definite idea can be formed as to the character of the Netherland revolt without a thorough understanding of this great cause—the religious persecution in which the country had lived, breathed, and had its being, for half a century, and in which, had the rebellion not broken out at last, the population must have been either exterminated or entirely embruted. The few years which are immediately to occupy us in the present and succeeding chapter, present the country in a daily increasing ferment from the action of causes

[1] Bor, iii. 113-119; who had used the works of his contemporaries, Gonsalvo Montano and Giorgio Nigrino; Hoofd, i. 30-34. Compare Llorente, Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis., particularly i. chap. 8 and 9, and iv. c. 46; Van der Vynckt, i. 200-238; Hopper, p. ii. c. 9; Grot. Ann., i. 14, 15.

which had existed long before, but which received an additional stimulus as the policy of the new reign developed itself.

Previously to the accession of Charles V., it cannot be said that an inquisition had ever been established in the provinces. Isolated instances to the contrary, adduced by the canonists who gave their advice to Margaret of Parma, rather proved the absence than the existence of the system.[1] In the reign of Philip the Good, the vicar of the inquisitor-general gave sentence against some heretics, who were burned in Lille (1448). In 1459, Pierre Troussart, a Jacobin monk, condemned many Waldenses, together with some leading citizens of Artois, accused of sorcery and heresy. He did this, however, as inquisitor for the Bishop of Arras, so that it was an act of episcopal, and not papal inquisition.[2] In general, when inquisitors were wanted in the provinces, it was necessary to borrow them from France or Germany. The exigencies of persecution making a domestic staff desirable, Charles the Fifth, in the year 1522, applied to his ancient tutor, whom he had placed on the papal throne.[3]

Charles had, however, already, in the previous year,

[1] Histoire des causes de la désunion, révoltes et altérations des Pays-Bas depuis l'abdication de Charles Quint en 1555 jusqu'à la mort du Prince de Parme en 1592. Par Messire Renom de France, Chevalier, Seigneur de Noyelles, President d'Artois.—MS. Bibl. de Bourgogne, i. chap. 5 et 7.

This important historical work, by a noble of the Walloon provinces, and a contemporary of the events he describes, has never been published. The distinguished M. Dumortier, of the "Commission Royale d'Histoire," has long promised an edition which cannot fail to be as satisfactory as learning and experience can make it. The work is of considerable length, in five manuscript folio volumes. It was written mainly from the papers of Councillor d'Assonleville. The almost complete revelations of state secrets in the inestimable publications of the Simancas Correspondence, by M. Gachard, has deprived the work, however, of a large portion of its value. On the subject of national politics and the general condition of the country, the writer cannot for a moment be compared to Bor, in erudition, patience, or fulness of detail. He is a warm Catholic, but his style has not a tithe of the vividly descriptive and almost dramatic power of Pontus Payen, another contemporary Catholic historian, who well deserves publication.

[2] Renom de France, MS., *ubi sup.*

[3] *Ibid.* Introduction to Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., vol. i.

appointed Francis Van der Hulst to be inquisitor-general for the Netherlands.[1] This man, whom Erasmus called a "wonderful enemy to learning," was also provided with a coadjutor, Nicholas of Egmond by name, a Carmelite monk, who was characterized by the same authority as "a madman armed with a sword." The inquisitor-general received full powers to cite, arrest, imprison, torture heretics without observing the ordinary forms of law, and to cause his sentences to be executed without appeal.[2] He was, however, in pronouncing definite judgments, to take the advice of Laurens, president of the grand council of Mechlin, a coarse, cruel, and ignorant man, who "hated learning with a more than deadly hatred,"[3] and who might certainly be relied upon to sustain the severest judgments which the inquisitor might fulminate. Adrian, accordingly, commissioned Van der Hulst to be universal and general inquisitor for all the Netherlands.[4] At the same time it was expressly stated that his functions were not to supersede those exercised by the bishops as inquisitors in their own sees. Thus the papal inquisition was established in the provinces. Van der Hulst, a person of infamous character, was not the man to render the institution less odious than it was by its nature. Before he had fulfilled his duties two years, however, he was degraded from his office by the Emperor for having forged a document.[5] In 1525, Buedens, Houseau and Coppin, were confirmed by Clement the Seventh, as inquisitors in the room of Van der Hulst. In 1537, Ruard Tapper and Michael Drutius were appointed by Paul the Third, on the decease of Coppin, the other two remaining in office. The powers of the papal inquisitors had been gradually extended, and they were, by 1545, not only entirely independent of the episcopal inquisition, but had acquired right of jurisdiction over bishops and archbishops, whom they were empowered to arrest and imprison. They had also received and exercised the privilege of appointing delegates, or sub-

[1] By commission, 23rd April, 1522. Gachard. Introduction Philippe II., cix.
[2] Gachard. Introduction, etc., cix.
[3] Expression of Erasmus. Brandt. Reformatie, i. 93.
[4] By brief, June, 1523. Gachard. Introd. Philippe II., i. cxi.
[5] Gachard. Introd. Philippe II., i. cxi.

inquisitors, on their own authority. Much of the work was, indeed, performed by these officials, the most notorious of whom were Barbier, De Monte, Titelmann, Fabry, Campo de Zon, and Stryen.[1] In 1545, and again in 1550, a stringent set of instructions was drawn up by the Emperor for the guidance of these papal inquisitors. A glance at their context shows that the establishment was not intended to be an empty form.

They were empowered to enquire, proceed against, and chastise all heretics, all persons suspected of heresy, and their protectors.[2] Accompanied by a notary, they were to collect written information concerning every person in the provinces, "infected or vehemently suspected." They were authorized to summon all subjects of his Majesty, whatever their rank, quality, or station, and to compel them to give evidence, or to communicate suspicions. They were to punish all who pertinaciously refused such depositions with death. The Emperor commanded his presidents, judges, sheriffs, and all other judicial and executive officers to render all "assistance to the inquisitors and their familiars in their holy and pious inquisition, whenever required so to do," on pain of being punished as encouragers of heresy, that is to say, with death. Whenever the inquisitors should be satisfied as to the heresy of any individual, they were to order his arrest and detention by the judge of the place, or by others arbitrarily to be selected by them. The judges or persons thus chosen, were enjoined to fulfil the order, on pain of being punished as protectors of heresy, that is to say, with death, by sword or fire. If the prisoner were an ecclesiastic, the inquisitor was to deal summarily with the case "without noise or form in the process—selecting an imperial counsellor to render the sentence of absolution or condemnation."[3] If the prisoner were a lay person, the inquisitor was to order his punishment, according to the edicts, by the council of the province. In case of lay persons suspected but not convicted of heresy, the inquisitor was to proceed to their chastisement, "with the advice of a coun-

[1] Gachard. Introd. Philippe II., i. cxiv.

[2] See the instructions in Vander Haer, i. 161-175.

[3] "Summatim et de plano sine figura et strepitu judicii et processu instructo," etc.—*Vander Haer*, 168.

sellor or some other expert." In conclusion, the Emperor ordered the "inquisitors to make it known that they were not doing their own work, but that of Christ, and to persuade all persons of this fact."[1] This clause of their instruction seemed difficult of accomplishment, for no reasonable person could doubt that Christ, had he re-appeared in human form, would have been instantly crucified again, or burned alive in any place within the dominions of Charles or Philip. The blasphemy with which the name of Jesus was used by such men to sanctify all these nameless horrors, is certainly not the least of their crimes.

In addition to these instructions, a special edict had been issued on the 26th April, 1550, according to which all judicial officers, at the requisition of the inquisitors, were to render them all assistance in the execution of their office, by arresting and detaining all persons suspected of heresy, according to the instructions issued to said inquisitors: and this, *notwithstanding any privileges or charters to the contrary*.[2] In short, the inquisitors were not subject to the civil authority, but the civil authority to them. The imperial edict empowered them "to chastise, degrade, denounce, and deliver over heretics to the secular judges for punishment; to make use of gaols, and to make arrests, without ordinary warrant, but merely with notice given to a single counsellor, *who was obliged to give sentence according to their desire*, without application to the ordinary judge."[3]

These instructions to the inquisitors had been renewed and confirmed by Philip, *in the very first month of his reign*[4] (28th Nov. 1555). As in the case of the edicts, it had been thought desirable by Granvelle to make use of the supposed magic of the Emperor's name to hallow the whole machinery of persecution. The action of the system during the greater part of the imperial period had been terrible. Suffered for a time to languish during the French war, it had lately been renewed with additional vigour. Among all the inquisitors, the name of Peter Titelmann was now pre-eminent. He

[1] "In hoc præcipue laborabunt dicti inquisitores —— ut omnibus persuadeant, se non quæ sua sunt, sed quæ sunt Christi quærere, hoc solum conantes."—*V. d. Haer*, 173.

[2] Brandt, Hist. Reformatie, i. 158.

[3] Meteren, ii. 37.

[4] Vander Haer, 175.

executed his infamous functions throughout Flanders, Douay, and Tournay, the most thriving and populous portions of the Netherlands, with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seemed human. There was a kind of grim humour about the man. Contemporary chronicles give a picture of him as of some grotesque yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging suspected persons from their firesides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information, or process.[1]

The secular sheriff, familiarly called Red-Rod, from the colour of his wand of office, meeting this inquisitor Titelmann one day upon the high road, thus wonderingly addressed him—"How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office, except at the head of a strong force, armed in proof; and then only at the peril of my life?"

"Ah! Red Rod," answered Peter, jocosely, "you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs."

"Mighty well," said the other; "but if you arrest all the good people and I all the bad, 'tis difficult to say who in the world is to escape chastisement."[2] The reply of the inquisitor has not been recorded, but there is no doubt that he proceeded like a strong man to run his day's course.

He was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecution at the epoch of which we are now treating, but he had been inquisitor for many years. The martyrology of the provinces reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds. Hearing once

[1] Brandt, i. 228; 168, *et passim*. Kok, Vaderl. Woorterbuch: art. Titelmann.—Compare the brilliantly-written episode of Professor Altmeyer; "Une succursale du tribunal de sang" (Brux., 1853), p. 37, 38.

[2] Brandt. Hist. der Reformatie, i. 228.

that a certain schoolmaster, named Geleyn de Muler, of Audenarde, "*was addicted to reading the Bible*," he summoned the culprit before him and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, if he were guilty of any crime, to be tried before the judges of his town. "You are my prisoner," said Titelmann, "and are to answer me and none other." The inquisitor proceeded accordingly to catechize him, and soon satisfied himself of the schoolmaster's heresy. He commanded him to make immediate recantation. The schoolmaster refused. "Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titelmann. "God knows," answered the heretic, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water and in bondage." "You have then," answered the inquisitor, "only to renounce the error of your opinions." "Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," answered the prisoner. Thereupon Titelmann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled, and then thrown into the flames.[1]

At about the same time, Thomas Calberg, tapestry weaver, of Tournay, within the jurisdiction of this same inquisitor, was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva. He was burned alive.[2] Another man, whose name has perished, was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in presence of his wife, who was so horror-stricken that she died on the spot before her husband.[3] His crime, to be sure, was anabaptism, the most deadly offence in the calendar. In the same year, one Walter Kapell was burned at the stake for heretical opinions.[4] He was a man of some property, and beloved by the poor people of Dixmuyde, in Flanders, where he resided, for his many charities. A poor idiot, who had been often fed by his bounty, called out to the inquisitor's subalterns, as they bound his patron to the stake, "Ye are bloody murderers; that man has done no wrong; but has given me bread to eat." With these words, he cast himself headlong into the

[1] Hist. des Martyrs, f. 227, clxvii.; apud Brandt, i. 168.
[2] Brandt, i. 169.
[3] Hist. der Doopsg. Mart., p. 229; apud Brandt, i. 167.
[4] Hist. der Doopsg. Mart., 229, ii. 849; apud Brandt, i. 167.

flames to perish with his protector, but was with difficulty rescued by the officers.[1] A day or two afterwards, he made his way to the stake, where the half-burnt skeleton of Walter Kapell still remained, took the body upon his shoulders, and carried it through the streets to the house of the chief burgomaster, where several other magistrates happened then to be in session. Forcing his way into their presence, he laid his burden at their feet, crying, "There, murderers! ye have eaten his flesh, now eat his bones!"[2] It has not been recorded whether Titelmann sent him to keep company with his friend in the next world. The fate of so obscure a victim could hardly find room on the crowded pages of the Netherland martyrdom.

This kind of work, which went on daily, did not increase the love of the people for the inquisition or the edicts. It terrified many, but it inspired more with that noble resistance to oppression, particularly to religious oppression, which is the sublimest instinct of human nature. Men confronted the terrible inquisitors with a courage equal to their cruelty. At Tournay, one of the chief cities of Titelmann's district, and almost before his eyes, one Bertrand le Blas, a velvet manufacturer, committed what was held an almost incredible crime. Having begged his wife and children to pray for a blessing upon what he was about to undertake, he went on Christmas-day to the Cathedral of Tournay and stationed himself near the altar. Having awaited the moment in which the priest held on high the consecrated host, Le Blas then forced his way through the crowd, snatched the wafer from the hands of the astonished ecclesiastic, and broke it into bits, crying aloud as he did so, "Misguided men, do ye take this thing to be Jesus Christ your Lord and Saviour?" With these words, he threw the fragments on the ground and trampled them with his feet.[3] The amazement and horror were so

[1] Hist. der Doopsg. Mart., 229, ii. 849; apud Brandt, i. 167.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Histoire des Martyrs, f. 356, cxcv.; apud Brandt, i. 171, 172. It may be well supposed that this would be regarded as a crime of almost inconceivable magnitude. It was death even to refuse to kneel in the streets when the wafer was carried by. Thus, for example, a poor huckster, named Simon, at Bergen-op-Zoom, who neglected to prostrate himself before his booth at the passage of the host, was immediately burned. Instances of the same punishment for that offence might be

universal at such an appalling offence, that not a finger was raised to arrest the criminal. Priests and congregation were alike paralyzed, so that he would have found no difficulty in making his escape. He did not stir, however; he had come to the church determined to execute what he considered a sacred duty, and to abide the consequences. After a time he was apprehended. The inquisitor demanded if he repented of what he had done. He protested, on the contrary, that he gloried in the deed, and that he would die a hundred deaths to rescue from such daily profanation the name of his Redeemer, Christ. He was then put thrice to the torture, that he might be forced to reveal his accomplices. It did not seem in human power for one man to accomplish such a deed of darkness without confederates. Bertrand had none, however, and could denounce none. A frantic sentence was then devised as a feeble punishment for so much wickedness. He was dragged on a hurdle, with his mouth closed with an iron gag, to the market-place. Here his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between two red-hot irons. His tongue was then torn out by the roots, and because he still endeavoured to call upon the name of God, the iron gag was again applied. With his arms and legs fastened together behind his back, he was then hooked by the middle of his body to an iron chain, and made to swing to and fro over a slow fire till he was entirely roasted. His life lasted almost to the end of these ingenious tortures, but his fortitude lasted as long as his life.[1]

In the next year, Titelmann caused one Robert Ogier, of Ryssel, in Flanders, to be arrested, together with his wife and two sons. Their crime consisted in not going to mass, and in practising private worship at home. They confessed the offence, for they protested that they could not endure to

multiplied. In this particular case, it is recorded that the sheriff who was present at the execution was so much affected by the courage and fervour of the simple-minded victim, that he went home, took to his bed, became delirious, crying constantly, "Ah, Simon! Simon!" and died miserably, "notwithstanding all that the monks could do to console him."—*Hist. des Doopsg. Mart.*, ii. 849, cexxx.; apud Brandt, i. 167.

[1] Hist. des Martyrs, 356, cxcv.; apud Brandt, i. 171, 172.—De la Barre. Recueil des actes et choses plus notables qui sont advenues ès Pays-Bas.—MS. in the Brussels Archives, f. 16.

see the profanation of their Saviour's name in the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practised in their own house. One of the sons, a mere boy, answered, "We fall on our knees, and pray to God that he may enlighten our hearts, and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous, and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all." The boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of his judges; for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames. "Oh God!" prayed the youth at the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of Thy beloved Son." "Thou liest, scoundrel!" fiercely interrupted a monk, who was lighting the fire; "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children." As the flames rose about them, the boy cried out once more, "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth." "Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk; "all hell is opening, and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire." Eight days afterwards, the wife of Ogier and his other son were burned; so that there was an end of that family.[1]

Such are a few isolated specimens of the manner of proceeding in a single district of the Netherlands. The inquisitor Titelmann certainly deserved his terrible reputation. Men called him Saul the Persecutor, and it was well known that he had been originally tainted with the heresy which he had, for so many years, been furiously chastising.[2] At the epoch which now engages our attention, he felt stimulated by the avowed policy of the government to fresh exertions, by which all his previous achievements should be cast into the shade. In one day he broke into a house in Ryssel, seized John de Swarte, his wife and four children, together with two newly-married couples, and two other persons, convicted them of reading the Bible, and of praying in their own doors, and had them all immediately burned.[3]

[1] Hist. des Martyrs, 233, 385, 387, 388; apud Brandt, i. 103-107.
[2] Jacobus Kok. Vaderlandsche Woordenboek, t. 27; art. Titelmann.
[3] Brandt, i. 259.

Are these things related merely to excite superfluous horror? Are the sufferings of these obscure Christians beneath the dignity of history? Is it not better to deal with murder and oppression in the abstract, without entering into trivial details? The answer is, that these things *are* the history of the Netherlands at this epoch; that these hideous details furnish the causes of that immense movement, out of which a great republic was born and an ancient tyranny destroyed; and that Cardinal Granvelle was ridiculous when he asserted that the people would not open their mouths if the seigniors did not make such a noise. Because the great lords "owed their very souls"[1]—because convulsions might help to pay their debts, and furnish forth their masquerades and banquets—because the Prince of Orange was ambitious, and Egmont jealous of the Cardinal—therefore superficial writers found it quite natural that the country should be disturbed, although that "vile and mischievous animal, the people," might have no objection to a continuance of the system which had been at work so long. On the contrary, it was exactly because the movement was a popular and a religious movement that it will always retain its place among the most important events of history. Dignified documents, state papers, solemn treaties, are often of no more value than the lambskin on which they are engrossed. Ten thousand nameless victims, in the cause of religious and civil freedom, may build up great states and alter the aspect of whole continents.

The nobles, no doubt, were conspicuous, and it is well for the cause of the right that, as in the early hours of English liberty, the crown and mitre were opposed by the baron's sword and shield. Had all the seigniors made common cause with Philip and Granvelle, instead of setting their breasts against the inquisition, the cause of truth and liberty would have been still more desperate. Nevertheless they were directed and controlled, under Providence, by humbler, but more powerful agencies than their own.

Nor is it, perhaps, always better to rely upon abstract phraseology, to produce a necessary impression. Upon some minds, declamation concerning liberty of conscience and religious tyranny makes but a vague impression, while

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 51, "Deven todos el alma."

an effect may be produced upon them, for example, by a dry, concrete, cynical entry in an account book, such as the following, taken at hazard from the register of municipal expenses at Tournay, during the years with which we are now occupied:[1]

"To Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner, for having tortured, twice, Jean de Lannoy, ten sous.

"To the same, for having executed, by fire, said Lannoy, sixty sous. For having thrown his cinders into the river, eight sous."[2]

This was the treatment to which thousands had been subjected in the provinces. Men, women, and children were burned, and their "cinders" thrown away, for idle words against Rome, spoken years before,[3] for praying alone in their closets, for not kneeling to a wafer when they met it in the streets,[4] for thoughts to which they had never given utterance, but which, on inquiry, they were too honest to deny. Certainly with this work going on year after year in every city in the Netherlands, and now set into renewed and vigorous action by a man who wore a crown only that he might the better torture his fellow creatures, it was time that the very stones in the streets should be moved to mutiny.

Thus it may be seen of how much value were the protestations of Philip and of Granvelle, on which much stress has latterly been laid, that it was not their intention to introduce the Spanish inquisition. With the edicts and the Netherland inquisition, such as we have described them, the step was hardly necessary.

In fact, the main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars who glided through every chamber and coiled themselves at every fireside. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and to the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible

[1] Gachard, Rapport concernant les Archives de Lille, 87.
[2] *Ibid.* [3] Brandt, i. 243. [4] Brandt, i. *passim.*

machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the "vermin"[1]—to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age—so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. The heretics of the provinces assembled at each other's houses to practise those rites described in such simple language by Baldwin Ogier, and denounced under such horrible penalties by the edicts. The inquisitorial system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow their creed. "It is quite a laughable matter," wrote Granvelle, who occasionally took a comic view of the inquisition, "that the King should send us depositions made in Spain by which we are to hunt for heretics here, as if we did not know of thousands already. Would that I had as many doubloons of annual income," he added, "as there are public and professed heretics in the provinces."[2] No doubt the inquisition was in such eyes a most desirable establishment. "To speak without passion," says the Walloon, "the inquisition well administered is a laudable institution, and not less necessary than all the other offices of spirituality and temporality belonging both to the bishops and to the commissioners of the Roman see."[3] The papal and episcopal establishments, in co-operation with the edicts, were enough, if thoroughly exercised and completely extended. The edicts alone were sufficient. "The edicts and the inquisition are one and the same thing,"[4] said the Prince of Orange. The circumstance, that the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherland, as by the Spanish system, was rather a difference of form than of fact. We have seen that the secular officers of justice were at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, gaoler, judge, and hangman, were all required under the most terrible penalties, to do their bidding. The reader knows what the edicts were. He knows also the

[1] Renom de France, i. 13. MS.

[2] "Si lo osasse dezir, es *cosa de risa* embiarnos deposiciones que se hazen ay delante," etc. ——"y *tuviesse yo* tantos doblones de renta como los hay publicos hereges," etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, iii. 105-107.

[3] Renom de France, i. 8. MS.

[4] Groen v. P. Archives et Correspondar

instructions to the corps of papal inquisitors, delivered by Charles and Philip. He knows that Philip, both in person and by letter, had done his utmost to sharpen those instructions, during the latter portion of his sojourn in the Netherlands. Fourteen new bishops, each with two special inquisitors under him, had also been appointed to carry out the great work to which the sovereign had consecrated his existence. The manner in which the hunters of heretics performed their office has been exemplified by slightly sketching the career of a single one of the sub-inquisitors, Peter Titelmann. The monarch and his ministers scarcely needed, therefore, to transplant the peninsular exotic. Why should they do so? Philip, who did not often say a great deal in a few words, once expressed the whole truth of the matter in a single sentence: "Wherefore introduce the Spanish inquisition?" said he: "the inquisition *of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain.*"[1]

Such was the system of religious persecution commenced by Charles, and perfected by Philip. The King could not claim the merit of the invention, which justly belonged to the Emperor. At the same time, his responsibility for the unutterable woe caused by the continuance of the scheme is not a jot diminished. There was a time when the whole system had fallen into comparative desuetude. It was utterly abhorrent to the institutions and the manners of the Netherlanders. Even a great number of the Catholics in the provinces were averse to it. Many of the leading grandees, every one of whom was Catholic, were foremost in denouncing its continuance. In short, the inquisition had been partially endured, but never accepted. Moreover, it had never been introduced into Luxemburg or Groningen.[2] In Gelderland it had been prohibited by the treaty[3] through which that province had been annexed to the Emperor's dominions, and it had been uniformly and successfully resisted in Brabant. Therefore, although Philip, taking the artful advice of Granvelle, had sheltered himself under the Emperor's name by re-enacting, word for word, his decrees,

[1] "Pourquoy introduire l'inquisition de Espaigne? Car l'inquisition des pays bas est plus pesante que celle d'Espaigne." — *Lettre de Morillon à Granvelle*, 1 Juin, 1563, in *Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle*, iii. 277.

[2] Groningen had been subjected to Philip II., i. 125, 126.

and reissuing his instructions, he cannot be allowed any such protection at the bar of history.

Already, in the beginning of 1562, Granvelle was extremely unpopular. "The cardinal is hated of all men," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham.[1] The great struggle between him and the leading nobles had already commenced. The people justly identified him with the whole infamous machinery of persecution, which he had either originated or warmly made his own. Viglius and Berlaymont were his creatures. With the other members of the state-council, according to their solemn statement, already recorded, he did not deign to consult, while he affected to hold them responsible for the measures of the administration. Even the Regent herself complained that the Cardinal took affairs quite out of her hands, and that he decided upon many important matters without her cognizance.[2] She already began to feel herself the puppet which it had been intended she should become: she already felt a diminution of the respectful attachment for the ecclesiastic which had inspired her when she procured his red hat.

Granvelle was, however, most resolute in carrying out the intentions of his master. We have seen how vigorously he had already set himself to the inauguration of the new bishopries, despite of opposition and obloquy. He was now encouraging or rebuking the inquisitors in their "pious office" throughout all the provinces. Notwithstanding his exertions, however, heresy continued to spread. In the Walloon provinces the infection was most prevalent, while judges and executioners were appalled by the mutinous demonstrations which each successive sacrifice provoked. The victims were cheered on their way to the scaffold. The hymns of Marot were sung in the very faces of the inquisitors. Two ministers, Faveau and Mallart, were particularly conspicuous at this moment at Valenciennes. The governor of the province, Marquis Berghen, was constantly absent, for he hated with his whole soul the system of persecution. For this negligence Granvelle denounced him secretly and perpetually to Philip.[3] "The Marquis says openly," said the Cardinal, "that 'tis not right to shed blood for matters

[1] Burgon, ii. 267. [2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 543-545.
[3] Dom l'Evesque. Mémoires, i. 302-308.

of faith. With such men to aid us, your Majesty can judge how much progress we can make."[1] It was, however, important, in Granvelle's opinion, that these two ministers at Valenciennes should be at once put to death. They were avowed heretics, and they preached to their disciples, although they certainly were not doctors of divinity. Moreover, they were accused, most absurdly, no doubt, of pretending to work miracles. It was said that, in presence of several witnesses, they had undertaken to cast out devils; and they had been apprehended on an accusation of this nature.[2] Their offence really consisted in reading the Bible to a few of their friends. Granvelle sent Philibert de Bruxelles to Valenciennes to procure their immediate condemnation and execution.[3] He rebuked the judges and inquisitors, he sent express orders to Marquis Berghen to repair at once to the scene of his duties. The prisoners were condemned in the autumn of 1561. The magistrates were, however, afraid to carry the sentence into effect.[4] Granvelle did not cease to censure them for their pusillanimity, and wrote almost daily letters accusing the magistrates of being themselves the cause of the tumults by which they were appalled. The popular commotion was, however, not lightly to be braved. Six or seven months long the culprits remained in confinement, while daily and nightly the people crowded the streets, hurling threats and defiance at the authorities, or pressed about the prison windows, encouraging their beloved ministers, and promising to rescue them in case the attempt should be made to fulfil the sentence.[5]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 75.

[2] "Histoire des choses les plus mémorables qui se sont passées en la ville et Compté de Valenciennes depuis le commencement des troubles des Pays-Bas sous le règne de Phil. II., jusqu'à l'année 1621."—*MS.* (*Collec. Gerard*).

This is a contemporary manuscript belonging to the Gerard collection in the Royal Library at the Hague. Its author was a citizen of Valenciennes, and a personal witness of most of the events which he describes. He appears to have attained to a great age, as he minutely narrates, from personal observation, many scenes which occurred before 1550, and his work is continued till the year 1621. It is a mere sketch, without much literary merit, but containing many local anecdotes of interest. Its anonymous author was a very sincere Catholic.

[3] Dom l'Evesque, i. 302-308. [4] *Ibid.* Valenciennes MS.

[5] Dom l'Evesque, i. 302-308. Valenciennes MS.

At last Granvelle sent down a peremptory order to execute the culprits by fire. On the 27th of April, 1562, Faveau and Mallart were accordingly taken from their gaol and carried to the market-place, where arrangements had been made for burning them. Simon Faveau, as the executioner was binding him to the stake, uttered the invocation, "O! Eternal Father!"[1] A woman in the crowd, at the same instant, took off her shoe, and threw it at the funereal pile.[2] This was a preconcerted signal. A movement was at once visible in the crowd. Men in great numbers dashed upon the barriers which had been erected in the square around the place of execution. Some seized the fagots, which had been already lighted, and scattered them in every direction, some tore up the pavements: others broke in pieces the barriers. The executioners were prevented from carrying out the sentence, but the guard were enabled, with great celerity and determination, to bring off the culprits and to place them in their dungeon again. The authorities were in doubt and dismay. The inquisitors were for putting the ministers to death in prison, and hurling their heads upon the street. Evening approached while the officials were still pondering. The people, who had been chanting the Psalms of David through the town, without having decided what should be their course of action, at last determined to rescue the victims. A vast throng, after much hesitation, accordingly directed their steps to the prison. "You should have seen this vile populace," says an eye-witness,[3] "moving, pausing, recoiling, sweeping forward, swaying to and fro like the waves of the sea when it is agitated by contending winds." The attack was vigorous, the defence was weak—for the authorities had expected no such fierce demonstration, notwithstanding the menacing language which had been so often uttered. The prisoners were rescued, and succeeded in making their escape from the city. The day in which the execution had been thus prevented was called, thenceforward, the "day of the ill-burned"[4] (Journée des mau-brulez). One of the ministers, however, Simon Faveau, not discouraged by this near approach to martyrdom, persisted in his heretical labours, and was, a few years afterwards,

[1] Dom l'Evesque, i. 302-308. Valenciennes MS.
[2] Valenciennes MS. [3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*

again apprehended. "He was then," says the chronicler, cheerfully, "burned well and handsomely" in the same place whence he had formerly been rescued.[1]

This desperate resistance to tyranny was for a moment successful, because, notwithstanding the murmurs and menaces by which the storm had been preceded, the authorities had not believed the people capable of proceeding to such lengths. Had not the heretics—in the words of Inquisitor Titelmann—allowed themselves, year after year, to be taken and slaughtered like lambs? The consternation of the magistrates was soon succeeded by anger. The government at Brussels was in a frenzy of rage when informed of the occurrence. A bloody vengeance was instantly prepared, to vindicate the insult to the inquisition. On the 29th of April, detachments of Bossu's and of Berghen's "band of ordonnance" were sent into Valenciennes, together with a company of the Duke of Aerschot's regiment. The prisons were instantly filled to overflowing with men and women arrested for actual or suspected participation in the tumult. Orders had been sent down from the capital to make a short process and a sharp execution for all the criminals. On the 16th of May, the slaughter commenced. Some were burned at the stake, some were beheaded: the number of victims was frightful. "Nothing was left undone by the magistrates," says an eye-witness, with great approbation, "which could serve for the correction and amendment of the poor people."[2] It was long before the judges and hangmen rested from their labours. When at last the havoc was complete, it might be supposed that a sufficient vengeance had been taken for the "day of the ill-burned," and an adequate amount of "amendment" provided for the "poor people."

Such scenes as these did not tend to increase the loyalty of the nation, nor the popularity of the government. On Granvelle's head was poured a daily increasing torrent of hatred. He was looked upon in the provinces as the impersonation of that religious oppression which became every moment more intolerable. The King and the Regent

[1] "Le 28 Mars, 1568. Simon Faveau qui avait esté un des 'vautbrules,' ayant esté rattrappé fust brulé *bien et beau* à Valenciennes."—*Valenciennes MS.*

[2] Valenciennes MS.

escaped much of the odium which belonged to them, because the people chose to bestow all their maledictions upon the Cardinal. There was, however, no great injustice in this embodiment. Granvelle was the government. As the people of that day were extremely reverent to royalty, they vented all their rage upon the minister, while maintaining still a conventional respect for the sovereign. The prelate had already become the constant butt of the "Rhetoric Chambers." These popular clubs for the manufacture of home-spun poetry and street farces out of the raw material of public sentiment, occupied the place which has been more effectively filled in succeeding ages, and in free countries by the daily press. Before the invention of that most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, these humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit the only power which existed of moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people. They were eminently liberal in their tendencies. The authors and the actors of their comedies, poems, and pasquils were mostly artisans or tradesmen, belonging to the class out of which proceeded the early victims, and the later soldiers of the Reformation. Their bold farces and truculent satire had already effected much in spreading among the people a detestation of Church abuses. They were particularly severe upon monastic licentiousness. "These corrupt comedians, called rhetoricians," says the Walloon contemporary already cited, "afforded much amusement to the people. Always some poor little nuns or honest monks were made a part of the farce. It seemed as if the people could take no pleasure except in ridiculing God and the Church.[1] The people, however, persisted in the opinion that the ideas of a monk and of God were not inseparable. Certainly the piety of the early reformers was sufficiently fervent, and had been proved by the steadiness with which they confronted torture and death, but they knew no measure in the ridicule which they heaped upon the men by whom they were daily murdered in droves. The rhetoric comedies were not admirable in an æsthetic point of view, but they were wrathful and sincere. Therefore they cost many thousand lives, but they

[1] Renom de France MS., i. c. 5.

sowed the seed of resistance to religious tyranny, to spring up one day in a hundredfold harvest. It was natural that the authorities should have long sought to suppress these perambulating dramas. "There was at that tyme," wrote honest Richard Clough to Sir Thomas Gresham, "syche playes (of Reteryke) played thet hath cost many a 1000 man's lyves, for in these plays was the Word of God first opened in thys country. Weche playes were and are forbidden moche more strictly than any of the bookes of Martin Luther."[1]

These rhetoricians were particularly inflamed against Granvelle. They were personally excited against him, because he had procured the suppression of their religious dramas. "These rhetoricians who make farces and street plays," wrote the Cardinal to Philip, "are particularly angry with me, because two years ago I prevented them from ridiculing the holy Scriptures."[2] Nevertheless, these institutions continued to pursue their opposition to the course of the government. Their uncouth gambols, their awkward but stunning blows rendered daily service to the cause of religious freedom. Upon the newly-appointed bishops[3] they poured out an endless succession of rhymes and rebuses, epigrams, caricatures and extravaganzas. Poems were pasted upon the walls of every house, and passed from hand to hand. Farces were enacted in every street; the odious ecclesiastics figuring as the principal buffoons. These representations gave so much offence, that renewed edicts were issued to suppress them.[4] The prohibition was resisted, and even ridiculed in many provinces, particularly in Holland.[5] The tyranny which was able to drown a nation in blood and tears, was powerless to prevent them from laughing most bitterly at their oppressors. The tanner, Cleon, was never belaboured more soundly by the wits of Athens, than the prelate by these Flemish "rhetoricians." With infinitely less Attic salt, but with as much heartiness as Aristophanes could have done, the popular rhymers gave the minister ample opportunity to understand the position

[1] Burgon, i. 377-391.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552-562.
[3] Hooft, i. 38.
[4] Repert. der Plakaten, Bl. 96. Wagenaer, vi. 76.
[5] Wagenaer, vi. 76, 299.

which he occupied in the Netherlands. One day a petitioner placed a paper in his hand and vanished. It contained some scurrilous verses upon himself, together with a caricature of his person. In this he was represented as a hen seated upon a pile of eggs, out of which he was hatching a brood of bishops. Some of these were chipping the shell, some thrusting forth an arm, some a leg, while others were running about with mitres on their heads, all bearing whimsical resemblance to various prelates who had been newly appointed. Above the Cardinal's head the Devil was represented hovering, with these words issuing from his mouth: "This is my beloved Son, listen to him, my people."[1]

There was another lampoon of a similar nature, which was so well executed, that it especially excited Granvelle's anger. It was a rhymed satire of a general nature, like the rest, but so delicate, and so stinging, that the Cardinal ascribed it to his old friend and present enemy, Simon Renard. This man, a Burgundian by birth, and college associate of Granvelle, had been befriended both by himself and his father.[2] Aided by their patronage and his own abilities, he had arrived at distinguished posts; having been Spanish Envoy both in France and England, and one of the negotiators of the truce of Vaucelles. He had latterly been disappointed in his ambition to become a councillor of state, and had vowed vengeance upon the Cardinal, to whom he attributed his ill success. He was certainly guilty of much ingratitude, for he had been under early obligations to the man in whose side he now became a perpetual thorn.[3] It must be confessed, on the other hand, that Granvelle repaid the enmity of his old associate with a malevolence equal to his own, and if Renard did not lose his head as well as his political station, it was not for want of sufficient insinuation on the part of the minister.[4] Especially did Granvelle denounce him to "the master" as the perverter of Egmont, while he usually described that nobleman himself, as weak,

[1] "Hic est filius meus, illum audite," &c.—Hoofd, ii. 42.

[2] Groen v. Prinsterer. Archives et Correspondance, i. 177*, *sqq.* Dom l'Evesque. Mémoires, etc. i. 97, *sqq.*

[3] Dom l'Evesque, *ubi sup.*

[4] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 568, 569, 552-562.

Fortified by these arguments, he remained at his post, continued the avowed friend and adherent of Granvelle, and sustained with magnanimity the invectives of nobles and people. To do him justice, he did what he could to conciliate antagonists and to compromise principles. If it had ever been possible to find the exact path between right and wrong, the President would have found it, and walked in it with respectability and complacency.

In the council, however, the Cardinal continued to carry it with a high hand; turning his back on Orange and Egmont, and retiring with the Duchess and President to consult, after every session. Proud and important personages, like the Prince and Count, could ill brook such insolence; moreover, they suspected the Cardinal of prejudicing the mind of their sovereign against them. A report was very current, and obtained almost universal belief, that Granvelle had expressly advised his Majesty to take off the heads of at least half a dozen of the principal nobles in the land. This was an error; "These two seigniors," wrote the Cardinal to Philip, "have been informed that I have written to your Majesty, that you will never be master of these provinces without taking off at least half a dozen heads, and that because it would be difficult, on account of the probable tumults which such a course would occasion, to do it here, your Majesty means to call them to Spain and do it there. Your Majesty can judge whether such a thing has ever entered my thoughts. I have laughed at it as a ridiculous invention. This gross forgery is one of Renard's."[1] The Cardinal further stated to his Majesty that he had been informed by these same nobles that the Duke of Alva, when a hostage for the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, had negotiated an alliance between the crowns of France and Spain for the extirpation of heresy by the sword. He added, that he intended to deal with the nobles with all gentleness, and that he should do his best to please them. The only thing which he could not yield was the authority of his Majesty; to sustain that, he would sacrifice his life, if necessary.[2] At the same time Granvelle carefully impressed upon the King the necessity of contradicting

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 568, 569.—Compare Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 202, 203.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 204, 205.

also wore fox-tails in their hats instead of plumes.[1] They decked their servants also with the same ornaments; openly stating, that by these symbols they meant to signify that the old fox Granvelle, and his cubs, Viglius, Berlaymont, and the rest, should soon be hunted down by them, and the brush placed in their hats as a trophy.[2]

Moreover, there is no doubt that frequent threats of personal violence were made against the Cardinal. Granvelle informed the King that his life was continually menaced by the nobles, but that he feared them little, for he believed them too prudent to attempt anything of the kind.[3] There is no doubt, when his position with regard to the upper and lower classes in the country is considered, that there was enough to alarm a timid man; but Granvelle was constitutionally brave. He was accused of wearing a secret shirt of mail,[4] of living in perpetual trepidation, of having gone on his knees to Egmont and Orange,[5] of having sent Richardot, Bishop of Arras, to intercede for him in the same humiliating manner with Egmont.[6] All these stories were fables. Bold as he was arrogant, he affected at this time to look down with a forgiving contempt on the animosity of the nobles. He passed much of his time alone, writing his eternal despatches to the King. He had a country-house, called La Fontaine, surrounded by beautiful gardens, a little way outside the gates of Brussels, where he generally resided, and whence, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he often returned to town, after sunset, alone, or with but a few attendants.[7] He avowed that he feared no attempts at assassination, for, if the seigniors took his life, they would destroy the best friend they ever had.[8] This villa, where most of his plans were matured and his state papers drawn up, was called by the people, in derision of his supposed ancestry, "The Smithy."[9] Here, as they believed, was the anvil upon which

[1] Pontus Payen MS. [2] *Ibid.* [3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552-562.
[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 426. [5] Ev. Reydani, Atm., i. 4.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 449-450. [7] Pontus Payen MS.
[8] "Respondit constamment avecq une face joiéuse, A quel propos voulez vous que je me garde des seigneurs, il n'y a pas un d'entre eux à qui je n'ay fait plaisir et service. S'ils me tuent, au nom de Dieu, je serai quicte de vivre, et eux d'un tres bon amy, qu'ils regretteront un jour lamentablement."—*Pontus Payen MS.*
[9] Vander Vynckt, i. 104.

government from those who were capable of abusing her confidence. She represented that there were members of the council who would willingly take advantage of the trepidation which she really felt, and which she should exhibit if she expressed herself without reserve before them.[1] For this reason she confined herself, as Philip had always intended, exclusively to the Consulta.[2] It was not difficult to recognize the hand which wrote the letter thus signed by Margaret of Parma.

Both nobles and people were at this moment irritated by another circumstance. The civil war having again broken out in France, Philip, according to the promise made by him to Catharine de Medici, when he took her daughter in marriage, was called upon to assist the Catholic party with auxiliaries. He sent three thousand infantry, accordingly, which he had levied in Italy, as many more collected in Spain, and gave immediate orders that the Duchess of Parma should despatch at least two thousand cavalry from the Netherlands.[3] Great was the indignation in the council when the commands were produced. Sore was the dismay of Margaret. It was impossible to obey the King. The idea of sending the famous mounted *gendarmerie* of the provinces to fight against the French Huguenots could not be tolerated for an instant. The "bands of ordonnance" were very few in number, and were to guard the frontier. They were purely for domestic purposes. It formed no part of their duty to go upon crusades in foreign lands; still less to take a share in a religious quarrel, and least of all to assist a monarch against a nation. These views were so cogently presented to the Duchess in council, that she saw the impossibility of complying with her brother's commands. She wrote to Philip to that effect. Meantime, another letter arrived out of Spain, chiding her delay, and impatiently calling upon her to furnish the required cavalry at once.[4] The Duchess was in a dilemma. She feared to provoke another storm in the council, for there was already sufficient wrangling there upon domestic subjects. She knew it was impossible to obtain the consent, even of Berlaymont and Viglius, to such an

[1] Strada, iii. 116-117.
[2] *Ibid.* Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, v. 117, 118.
[3] Strada, iii. 102, 103. [4] *Ibid.*, iii. 104.

odious measure as the one proposed. She was, however, in great trepidation at the peremptory tone of the King's despatch. Under the advice of Granvelle, she had recourse to a trick. A private and confidential letter of Philip was read to the council, but with alterations suggested and interpolated by the Cardinal. The King was represented as being furious at the delay, but as willing that a sum of money should be furnished instead of the cavalry, as originally required.[1] This compromise, after considerable opposition, was accepted. The Duchess wrote to Philip, explaining and apologizing for the transaction. The King received the substitution with as good a grace as could have been expected, and sent fifteen hundred troopers from Spain to his Medicean mother-in-law, drawing upon the Duchess of Parma for the money to pay their expenses. Thus was the industry of the Netherlands taxed that the French might be persecuted by their own monarch.[2]

The Regent had been forbidden, by her brother, to convoke the states-general; a body which the Prince of Orange, sustained by Berghen, Montigny, and other nobles, was desirous of having assembled. It may be easily understood that Granvelle would take the best care that the royal prohibition should be enforced. The Duchess, however, who, as already hinted, was beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable under the Cardinal's dominion, was desirous of consulting some larger council than that with which she held her daily deliberations. A meeting of the Knights of the Fleece was accordingly summoned. They assembled in Brussels, in the month of May, 1562.[3] The learned Viglius addressed them in a long and eloquent speech, in which he discussed the troubled and dangerous condition of the provinces, alluded to some of its causes, and suggested various remedies. It may be easily conceived, however, that the inquisition was not stated among the causes, nor its suppression included among the remedies. A discourse, in which the fundamental topic was thus conscientiously omitted, was not likely, with all its concinnities, to make much impression upon the disaffected knights, or to exert a soothing influence upon the people. The orator was, however, delighted with his own

[1] Strada, iii. 104. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*, 118. Vit. Viglii, 36.

performance. He informs us, moreover, that the Duchess was equally charmed, and that she protested she had never in her whole life heard anything more "delicate, more suitable, or more eloquent."[1] The Prince of Orange, however, did not sympathize with her admiration. The President's elegant periods produced but little effect upon his mind. The meeting adjourned, after a few additional words from the Duchess, in which she begged the knights to ponder well the causes of the increasing discontent, and to meet her again, prepared to announce what, in their opinion, would be the course best adapted to maintain the honour of the King, the safety of the provinces, and the glory of God.[2]

Soon after the separation of the assembly, the Prince of Orange issued invitations to most of the knights, to meet at his house for the purpose of private deliberation.[3] The President and Cardinal were not included in these invitations. The meeting was, in fact, what we should call a caucus, rather than a general gathering. Nevertheless, there were many of the government party present—men who differed from the Prince, and were inclined to support Granvelle. The meeting was a stormy one. Two subjects were discussed. The first was the proposition of the Duchess, to investigate the general causes of the popular dissatisfaction: the second was an inquiry how it could be rendered practicable to discuss political matters in future—a proceeding now impossible, in consequence of the perverseness and arrogance of certain functionaries, and one which, whenever attempted, always led to the same inevitable result. This direct assault upon the Cardinal produced a furious debate. His enemies were delighted with the opportunity of venting their long-suppressed spleen. They indulged in savage invectives against the man whom they so sincerely hated. His adherents, on the other hand—Bossu, Berlaymont, Courrières—were as warm in his defence. They replied by indignant denials of the charge against him, and by bitter insinuations against the Prince of Orange. They charged him with nourishing the desire of being appointed governor of Brabant, an office considered inseparable from the general stadholdership

[1] Vit. Vigl., 38. [2] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 16, 25.
[3] Hopper, 22. Vit. Vigl. Hopper, ubi supra.

of all the provinces.[1] They protested for themselves that they were actuated by no ambitious designs—that they were satisfied with their own position, and not inspired by jealousy of personages more powerful than themselves.[2] It is obvious that such charges and recriminations could excite no healing result, and that the lines between Cardinalists and their opponents would be defined in consequence more sharply than ever. The adjourned meeting of the Chevaliers of the Fleece took place a few days afterwards.[3] The Duchess exerted herself as much as possible to reconcile the contending factions, without being able, however, to apply the only remedy which could be effective. The man who was already fast becoming the great statesman of the country knew that the evil was beyond healing, unless by a change of purpose on the part of the government. The Regent, on the other hand, who it must be confessed never exhibited any remarkable proof of intellectual ability during the period of her residence in the Netherlands, was often inspired by a feeble and indefinite hope that the matter might be arranged by a compromise between the views of conflicting parties. Unfortunately, the inquisition was not a fit subject for a compromise.

Nothing of radical importance was accomplished by the Assembly of the Fleece. It was decided that an application should be made to the different states for a grant of money,[4] and that, furthermore, a special envoy should be despatched to Spain. It was supposed by the Duchess and her advisers that more satisfactory information concerning the provinces could be conveyed to Philip by word of mouth than by the most elaborate epistles.[5] The meeting was dissolved after these two measures had been agreed upon. Doctor Viglius, upon whom devolved the duty of making the report and petition to the states, proceeded to draw up the necessary application. This he did with his customary elegance, and, as usual, very much to his own satisfaction.[6] On returning to his house, however, after having discharged this duty, he was very much troubled at finding that a large

[1] Groen v. Prinst., i. 147, *sqq.* Strada.
[2] Hoofd, i. 40, 41. Hopper. Vit. Viglii, *ubi sup.*
[3] Hopper. Vit. Viglii, *ubi sup.*
[4] Vit. Viglii, 36.
[5] Strada, iii. 119.
[6] Vit. Viglii, *ubi sup.*

mulberry-tree, which stood in his garden, had been torn up by the roots in a violent hurricane. The disaster was considered ominous by the President, and he was accordingly less surprised than mortified when he found, subsequently, that his demand upon the orders had remained as fruitless as his ruined tree.[1] The tempest which had swept his garden he considered typical of the storm which was soon to rage through the land, and he felt increased anxiety to reach a haven while it was yet comparatively calm.

The estates rejected the Request for supplies, on various grounds; among others, that the civil war was drawing to a conclusion in France, and that less danger was to be apprehended from that source than had lately been the case. Thus, the "cup of bitterness," of which Granvelle had already complained, was again commended to his lips, and there was more reason than ever for the government to regret that the national representatives had contracted the habit of meddling with financial matters.[2]

Florence de Montmorency, Seigneur de Montigny, was selected by the Regent for the mission which had been decided upon for Spain. This gentleman was brother to Count Horn, but possessed of higher talents and a more amiable character than those of the Admiral. He was a warm friend of Orange, and a bitter enemy to Granvelle. He was a sincere Catholic, but a determined foe to the inquisition. His brother had declined to act as envoy.[1] This refusal can excite but little surprise, when Philip's wrath at their parting interview is recalled, and when it is also remembered that the new mission would necessarily lay bare fresh complaints against the Cardinal, still more extensive than those which had produced the former explosion of royal indignation. Montigny, likewise, would have preferred to remain at home, but he was overruled. It had been written in his destiny that he should go twice into the angry lion's den, and that he should come forth once alive.

Thus it has been shown that there was an open, avowed hostility on the part of the grand seigniors and most of the lesser nobility to the Cardinal and his measures. The

[1] Vit. Viglii, *ubi sup.* [2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 543-545, and 27.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 202, 203 (note).

people fully and enthusiastically sustained the Prince of Orange in his course. There was nothing underhand in the opposition made to the government. The Netherlands did not constitute an absolute monarchy. They did not even constitute a monarchy. There was no king in the provinces. Philip was King of Spain, Naples, Jerusalem, but he was only Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, hereditary chief, in short, under various titles, of seventeen states, each one of which, although not republican, possessed constitutions as sacred as, and much more ancient than, the Crown.[1] The resistance to the absolutism of Granvelle and Philip was, therefore, logical, legal, constitutional. It was no cabal, no secret league, as the Cardinal had the effrontery to term it, but a legitimate exercise of powers which belonged of old to those who wielded them, and which only an unrighteous innovation could destroy.

Granvelle's course was secret and subtle. During the whole course of the proceedings which have just been described, he was in daily confidential correspondence with the King, besides being the actual author of the numerous despatches which were sent with the signature of the Duchess. He openly asserted his right to monopolize all the powers of the government; he did his utmost to force upon the reluctant and almost rebellious people the odious measures which the King had resolved upon, while in his secret letters he uniformly represented the nobles who opposed him, as being influenced, not by an honest hatred of oppression and attachment to ancient rights, but by resentment, and jealousy of their own importance. He assumed, in his letters to his master, that the absolutism already existed of right and in fact, which it was the intention of Philip to establish. While he was depriving the nobles, the states, and the nation of their privileges, and

[1] "On respondra qu'il est Roi: et je dis au contraire que ce nom de Roi m'est incognu. Qu'il le soit en Castille ou Arragon, à Naples, aux Indes et par tout ou il commande à plaisir: qu'il le soit s'il veult en Jerusalem, paisible Dominateur en Asie et Afrique, tant y a que je ne cognoi en ce païs qu'un Duc et un Compte, duquel la puissance est limitée selon nos privileges lesquels il a juré à la joieuse entrée," etc.—*Apologie d'Orange*, 39, 40.

even of their natural rights (a slender heritage in those days), he assured the King that there was an evident determination to reduce his authority to a cipher.

The estates, he wrote, had *usurped* the whole administration of the finances,[1] and had farmed it out to Antony Van Straalen and others, who were making enormous profits in the business.[2] "The seigniors," he said, "declare at their dinner-parties that I wish to make them subject to the absolute despotism of your Majesty. In point of fact, however, they really exercise a great deal more power than the governors of particular provinces ever did before; and it lacks but little that Madame and your Majesty should become mere ciphers, while the grandees monopolize the whole power.[3] This," he continued, "is the principal motive of their opposition to the new bishoprics. They were angry that your Majesty *should have dared to solicit* such an arrangement at Rome, *without first obtaining their consent.*[4] They *wish to reduce your* Majesty's authority to so low a *point that you can do nothing unless they desire it.* Their object is the destruction of the royal authority and of the administration of justice, in order to avoid the payment of their debts; telling the creditors constantly that they have spent their all in your Majesty's service, and that they have never received recompense or salary. This they do *to make your Majesty odious.*"[5]

As a matter of course, he attributed the resistance on the part of the great nobles, every man of whom was Catholic, to base motives. They were mere demagogues, who refused to burn their fellow creatures, not from any natural repugnance to the task, but in order to curry favour with the populace. "This talk about the inquisition," said he, "is all a pretext. 'Tis only to throw dust in the eyes of the vulgar, and to persuade them into tumultuous demonstrations, while the real reason is, that they choose that your

[1] "Por haver usurpado los de los estados la administracion de l dineros."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 543-545.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] "Y no no, faltaria otra cosa sino q Madama y aunque V. M. estuviessen aqui *por cifra*, y que ellos hiziesen todo."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi 552-562.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.*

Majesty should do nothing without their permission, and through their hands."[1]

He assumed sometimes, however, a tone of indulgence towards the seigniors—who formed the main topics of his letters—an affectation which might, perhaps, have offended them almost as much as more open and sincere denunciation. He could forgive offences against himself. It was for Philip to decide as to their merits or crimes so far as the Crown was concerned. His language often was befitting a wise man who was speaking of very little children. "Assonleville has told me, as coming from Egmont," he wrote, "that many of the nobles are dissatisfied with me; hearing from Spain that I am endeavouring to prejudice your Majesty against them." Certainly *the tone* of the Cardinal's daily letters would have justified such suspicion, could the nobles have seen them. Granvelle begged the King, however, to disabuse them upon this point. "Would to God," said he, piously, "that they all would decide to sustain the authority of your Majesty, and to procure such measures as tend to the service of God and the security of the states." May I cease to exist if I do not desire to render good service to the very least of these gentlemen. Your Majesty knows that, when they do anything for the benefit of your service, I am never silent. Nevertheless, thus they are constituted. I hope, however, that this flurry will blow over, and that when your Majesty comes, they will all be found to deserve rewards of merit."[2]

Of Egmont, especially, he often spoke in terms of vague, but somewhat condescending commendation. He never manifested resentment in his letters, although, as already stated, the Count had occasionally indulged, not only in words, but in deeds of extreme violence against him. But the Cardinal was too forgiving a Christian, or too keen a politician not to pass by such offences, so long as there was a chance of so great a noble's remaining or becoming his friend. He, accordingly, described him, in general, as a

[1] "No es Sino color para el vulgo à quien persuaden estar cosas para procurar alboroto, pero la verdadera causa de los que presumen entender mas es, que arriba digo y no querer que V. M. pueda nada sino con su participacion y por su mano."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 569, 570.

[2] *Ibid.*, 535.

man whose principles, in the main, were good, but who was easily led by his own vanity and the perverse counsels of others. He represented him as having been originally a warm supporter of the new bishoprics, and as having expressed satisfaction that two of them, those of Bruges and Ypres, should have been within his own stadholderate.[1] He regretted, however, to inform the King, that the Count was latterly growing lukewarm, perhaps from fear of finding himself separated from the other nobles.[2] On the whole, he was tractable enough, said the Cardinal, if he were not easily persuaded by the vile; but one day, perhaps, he might open his eyes again.[3] Notwithstanding these vague expressions of approbation, which Granvelle permitted himself in his letters to Philip, he never failed to transmit to the monarch every fact, every rumour, every innuendo which might prejudice the royal mind against that nobleman or against any of the noblemen, whose characters he at the same time protested he was most unwilling to injure. It is true that he dealt mainly by insinuation, while he was apt to conclude his statements with disclaimers upon his own part, and with hopes of improvement in the conduct of the seigniors. At this particular point of time he furnished Philip with a long and most circumstantial account of a treasonable correspondence which was thought to be going on between the leading nobles and the future emperor, Maximilian.[4] The narrative was a good specimen of the masterly style of innuendo in which the Cardinal excelled, and by which he was often enabled to convince his master of the truth of certain statements while affecting to discredit them. He had heard a story, he said, which he felt bound to communicate to his Majesty, although he did not himself implicitly believe it. He felt himself the more bound to speak upon the subject *because it tallied exactly with* intelligence which he had received from another source. The story was,[5] that one of these seigniors (the Cardinal did *not know which*, for he had not yet thought proper to investigate the matter) had said that rather than consent that the King should act in this matter of the bishopries against the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 533.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, vii. 45, 46
[4] *Ibid.*, vi. 535-538.
[5] *Ibid.*

privileges of Brabant, the nobles would *elect for their sovereign some other prince of the blood.* This, said the Cardinal, was perhaps a fantasy rather than an actual determination. Count Egmont, to be sure, he said, was constantly exchanging letters with the King of Bohemia (Maximilian), and it was supposed, therefore, that he was the prince of the blood who was to be elected to govern the provinces. It was determined that he should be chosen King of the Romans, by fair means or by force, that he should assemble an army to attack the Netherlands, that a corresponding movement should be made within the states, and that the people should be made to rise, by giving *them the reins* in the matter of religion. The Cardinal, after recounting all the particulars of this fiction with great minuteness, added, with apparent frankness that the correspondence between Egmont and Maximilian did not astonish him, because there had been much intimacy between them in the time of the late Emperor. He did not feel convinced, therefore, from the frequency of the letters exchanged, that there was a scheme to raise an army to attack the provinces and to have him elected by force. On the contrary, Maximilian could never accomplish such a scheme without the assistance of his imperial father the Emperor, who Granvelle was convinced would rather die than be mixed up with such villainy against Philip.[1] Moreover, unless the people should become still more corrupted by the bad counsels constantly given them, the Cardinal did not believe that any of the great nobles had the power to dispose in this way of the provinces at their pleasure. Therefore, he concluded that the story was to be rejected as improbable, although it had come to him directly from the house of the said Count Egmont.[2] It is remarkable that, at the commencement of his narrative, the Cardinal had expressed his ignorance of the name of the seignior who was hatching all this treason, while at the end of it he gave a local habitation to the plot in the palace of Egmont. It is also quite characteristic that he should add that, after

[1] "Y antes eligeria S. M. C. el morir que intentar tanta vellaqueria contra V. M."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 535-538.

[2] "—— Aunque me dezian que salia de la casa propria del dicho conde."—*Ibid.*

all, he considered that nobleman one of the most honest of all, if *appearances did not deceive*.[1]

It may be supposed, however, that all these details of a plot which was quite imaginary, were likely to produce more effect upon a mind so narrow and so suspicious as that of Philip, than could the vague assertions of the Cardinal, that in spite of all, he would dare be sworn that he thought the Count honest, and that men should be what they seemed.

Notwithstanding the conspiracy, which according to Granvelle's letters had been formed against him, notwithstanding that his life was daily threatened, he did not advise the King at this period to avenge him by any public explosion of wrath. He remembered, he piously observed, that vengeance belonged to God, and that He would repay.[2] Therefore he passed over insults meekly, because that comported best with his Majesty's service. Therefore, too, he instructed Philip to make no demonstration at that time, in order not to damage his own affairs. He advised him to dissemble, and to pretend not to know what was going on in the provinces.[3] Knowing that his master looked to him daily for instructions, always obeyed them with entire docility, and, in fact, could not move a step in Netherland matters without them, he proceeded to dictate to him the terms in which he was to write to the nobles, and especially laid down rules for his guidance in his coming interviews with the Seigneur de Montigny.[4] Philip, whose only talent consisted in the capacity to learn such lessons with laborious effort, was at this juncture particularly in need of tuition. The Cardinal instructed him, accordingly, that he was to disabuse all men of the impression that the *Spanish* inquisition was to be introduced into the provinces. He was to write to the seigniors, promising to pay them their arrears of salary; he was to exhort them to do all in their power for the advancement of religion and maintenance of the royal authority; and he was to suggest to them that, by his answer to the Antwerp deputation, it was proved that there was no

[1] "Por una de las cosas [cartas] de que [que] V. M. me escribe [se] [illegible] [illegible]."—Papiers d'État, vi. 533, 534.

[2] *Ibid.*, 532-534.

[3] *Ibid.*, 532-534. Corr. pol. inédite de Philippe II., i. 268.

intention of establishing the inquisition of Spain, under pretext of the new bishoprics.[1] The King was, furthermore, to signify his desire that all the nobles should exert themselves to efface this false impression from the popular mind. He was also to express himself to the same effect concerning the Spanish inquisition, the bishoprics, and the religious question, in the *public* letters to Madame de Parma, which were to be read in full council.[2] The Cardinal also renewed his instructions to the King as to the manner in which the Antwerp deputies were to be answered, by giving them, namely, assurances that to transplant the Spanish inquisition into the provinces would be as hopeless as to attempt its establishment in Naples.[3] He renewed his desire that Philip should contradict the story about the half dozen heads,[4] and he especially directed him to inform Montigny that Berghen had known of the new bishoprics before the Cardinal. This, urged Granvelle, was particularly necessary, because the seigniors were irritated that so important a matter should have been decided upon without their advice, and because the Marquis Berghen was now the "cock of the opposition."[5]

At about the same time, it was decided by Granvelle and the Regent, in conjunction with the King, to sow distrust and jealousy among the nobles, by giving greater "mercedes" to some than to others, although large sums were really due to all. In particular, the attempt was made in this paltry manner, to humiliate William of Orange.[6] A considerable sum was paid to Egmont, and a trifling one to the Prince, in consideration of their large claims upon the treasury.[7] Moreover, the Duke of Aerschot was selected as envoy to the Frankfort diet, where the King of the Romans

[1] Papiers d'État, vi. 522-562. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 219.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 564.

[4] "—— Que yo haya escripto a V. M. que no cortando les las cabeças y à otros hasta media dozena no sera señor destos estados —— y V. M. pueda juzgar si jamas tel cosa me deve haver pasado por el pensamiento."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 568, 569.

[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 219.

[6] Strada, iii. 121. Dom l'Evesque, ii. 41-45.

[7] Dom l'Evesque. Strada, *ubi sup.* Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 225.

was to be elected, with the express intention, as Margaret wrote to Philip, of creating divisions among the nobles, as he had suggested. The Duchess at the same time informed her brother that, according to Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange was revolving some great design, prejudicial to his Majesty's service.[1]

Philip, who already began to suspect that a man who thought so much must be dangerous, was eager to find out the scheme over which William the Silent was supposed to be brooding, and wrote for fresh intelligence to the Duchess. Neither Margaret nor the Cardinal, however, could discover anything against the Prince—who, meantime, although disappointed of the mission to Frankfort, had gone to that city in his private capacity—saving that he had been heard to say, "One day we shall be the stronger."[2] Granvelle and Madame de Parma both communicated this report upon the same day, but this was all that they were able to discover of the latent plot.[3]

In the autumn of this year (1562) Montigny made his visit to Spain as confidential envoy from the Regent. The King being fully prepared as to the manner in which he was to deal with him, received the ambassador with great cordiality. He informed him in the course of their interviews, that Granvelle had never attempted to create prejudice against the nobles, that he was incapable of the malice attributed to him, and that even were it otherwise, his evil representations against other public servants would produce no effect.[4] The King furthermore protested that he had no intention of introducing the Spanish inquisition into the Netherlands, and that the new bishops were not intended as agents for such a design, but had been appointed solely with a view of smoothing religious difficulties in the provinces, and of leading his people back into the fold of the faithful. He added, that as long ago as his visit to England for the purpose of espousing Queen

[1] Dom l'Evêque. Strada, i. 115. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 225.

[2] "Que algun dia serian los mas fuertes."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vol. i. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 241, 242.

[3] *Ut. Ibid.*

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 230. Strada, i. 122, 123.

Mary, he had entertained the project of the new episcopates, as the Marquis Berghen, with whom he had conversed freely upon the subject, could bear witness.[1] With regard to the connection of Granvelle with the scheme, he assured Montigny that the Cardinal had not been previously consulted, but had first learned the plan after the mission of Sonnius.[2]

Such was the purport of the King's communications to the envoy, as appears from memoranda in the royal handwriting and from the correspondence of Margaret of Parma. Philip's exactness in conforming to his instructions is sufficiently apparent, on comparing his statements with the letters previously received from the omnipresent Cardinal. Beyond the limits of those directions the King hardly hazarded a syllable. He was merely the plenipotentiary of the Cardinal, as Montigny of the Regent. So long as Granvelle's power lasted he was absolute and infallible. Such, then, was the amount of satisfaction derived from the mission of Montigny. There was to be no diminution of the religious persecution, but the people were assured, upon royal authority, that the inquisition, by which they were daily burned and beheaded, could not be logically denominated the Spanish inquisition. In addition to the comfort, whatever it might be, which the nation could derive from this statement, they were also consoled with the information that Granvelle was not the inventor of the bishoprics. Although he had violently supported the measure as soon as published, secretly denouncing *as traitors* and demagogues, all those who lifted their voices against it, although he was the originator of the renewed edicts, although he took, daily, personal pains that this Netherland inquisition, "more pitiless than the Spanish," should be enforced in its rigour, and, although he, at the last, opposed the slightest mitigation of its horrors, he was to be represented to the nobles and the people, as a man of mild and unprejudiced character, incapable of injuring even his enemies. "I will deal with the seigniors most blandly," the Cardinal had written to Philip, "and will do them pleasure, even if they do not wish

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 230. Strada, ii. 122, 123.
[2] *Ibid.*

it, for the sake of God and your Majesty."[1] It was in this light, accordingly, that Philip drew the picture of his favourite minister to the envoy. Montigny, although somewhat influenced by the King's hypocritical assurances of the benignity with which he regarded the Netherlands, was, nevertheless, not to be deceived by this flattering portraiture of a man whom he knew so well and detested so cordially as he did Granvelle. Solicited by the King, at their parting interview, to express his candid opinion as to the causes of the dissatisfaction in the provinces, Montigny very frankly and most imprudently gave vent to his private animosity towards the Cardinal. He spoke of his licentiousness, greediness, ostentation, despotism, and assured the monarch that nearly all the inhabitants of the Netherlands entertained the same opinion concerning him. He then dilated upon the general horror inspired by the inquisition, and the great repugnance felt to the establishment of the new episcopates. These three evils, Granvelle, the inquisition, and the bishoprics, he maintained were the real and sufficient causes of the increasing popular discontent.[2] Time was to reveal whether the open-hearted envoy was to escape punishment for his frankness, and whether vengeance for these crimes against Granvelle and Philip were to be left wholly, as the Cardinal had lately suggested, in the hands of the Lord.

Montigny returned late in December.[3] His report concerning the results of his mission was made in the state council, and was received with great indignation.[4] The professions of benevolent intentions on the part of the sovereign made no impression on the mind of Orange, who was already in the habit of receiving secret information from Spain with regard to the intentions of the government. He knew very well that the plot revealed to him by Henry the Second in the wood of Vincennes was still the royal programme, so far as the Spanish monarch was concerned. Moreover, his anger was heightened by information received from Montigny that the names of Orange, Egmont, and their adherents,

[1] "Yo usaré con ellos toda blandura, y les haré placer en quanto pudiere aunque no quieran para servicio de Dios é de V. M."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 473.

[2] Strada, iii. 122, 123. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 234.

[3] Strada, iii. 123. [4] *Ibid.*

were cited to him as he passed through France as the avowed defenders of the Hugenots, in politics and religion. The Prince, who was still a sincere Catholic, while he hated the persecutions of the inquisition, was furious at the statement. A violent scene occurred in the council. Orange openly denounced the report as a new slander of Granvelle, while Margaret defended the Cardinal and denied the accusation, but at the same time endeavoured with the utmost earnestness to reconcile the conflicting parties.[1]

It had now become certain, however, that the government could no longer be continued on its present footing. Either Granvelle or the seigniors must succumb. The Prince of Orange was resolved that the Cardinal should fall, or that he would himself withdraw from all participation in the affairs of government. In this decision he was sustained by Egmont, Horn, Montigny, Berghen, and the other leading nobles.

[1] Strada, iii. 123. [2] *Ibid.*

CHAPTER IV.

A MORTAL COMBAT AND FATAL TRIUMPH.

Joint letter to Philip, from Orange, Egmont, and Horn—Egmont's quarrel with Aerschot and with Aremberg—Philip's answer to the three nobles—His instructions to the Duchess—Egmont declines the King's invitation to visit Spain—Second letter of the three seigniors—Mission of Armenteros—Letter of Alva—Secret letters of Granvelle to Philip—The Cardinal's insinuations and instructions—His complaints as to the lukewarmness of Berghen and Montigny in the cause of the inquisition—Anecdotes to their discredit privately chronicled by Granvelle—Supposed necessity for the King's presence in the provinces—Correspondence of Lazarus Schwendi—Approaching crisis—Anxiety of Granvelle to retire—Banquet of Caspar Schetz—Invention of the fool's-cap livery—Correspondence of the Duchess and of the Cardinal with Philip upon the subject—Entire withdrawal of the three seigniors from the state council—The King advises with Alva concerning the recall of Granvelle—Elaborate duplicity of Philip's arrangements—His secret note to the Cardinal—His dissembling letters to others—Departure of Granvelle from the Netherlands—Various opinions as to its cause—Ludicrous conduct of Brederode and Hoogstraaten—Fabulous statements in Granvelle's correspondence concerning his recall—Universal mystification—The Cardinal deceived by the King—Granvelle in retirement—His epicureanism—Fears in the provinces as to his return—Universal joy at his departure—Representations to his discredit made by the Duchess to Philip—Her hypocritical letters to the Cardinal—Masquerade at Count Mansfeld's—Chantonnay's advice to his brother—Review of Granvelle's administration and estimate of his character.

ON the 11th of March, 1563, Orange, Horn, and Egmont united in a remarkable letter to the King.[1] They said that as their longer "taciturnity" might cause the ruin of his Majesty's affairs, they were at last compelled to break silence. They hoped that the King would receive with benignity a communication which was pure, frank, and free from all passion. The leading personages of the provinces, they continued, having thoroughly examined the nature and extent of Cardinal Granvelle's authority, had arrived at the conclusion that everything was in his hands. This power was

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Taciturne, ii. 353.

they said, was rooted in the hearts of all his Majesty's subjects, and particularly in their own, so deeply, that it could not be eradicated as long as the Cardinal remained. The King was therefore implored to consider the necessity of remedying the evil. The royal affairs, it was affirmed, would never be successfully conducted so long as they were entrusted to Granvelle, because he was so odious to so many people. If the danger were not imminent, they should not feel obliged to write to his Majesty with so much vehemence. It was, however, an affair which allowed neither delay nor dissimulation. They therefore prayed the King, if they had ever deserved credence in things of weight, to believe them now. By so doing, his Majesty would avoid great mischief. Many grand seigniors, governors, and others, had thought it necessary to give this notice, in order that the King might prevent the ruin of the country. If, however, his Majesty were willing, as they hoped, to avoid discontenting all for the sake of satisfying one, it was possible that affairs might yet prosper. That they might not be thought influenced by ambition or by hope of private profit, the writers asked leave to retire from the state council. Neither their reputation, they said, nor the interests of the royal service would permit them to act with the Cardinal. They professed themselves dutiful subjects and Catholic vassals. Had it not been for the zeal of the leading seigniors, the nobility, and other well-disposed persons, affairs would not at that moment be so tranquil; the common people having been so much injured, and the manner of life pursued by the Cardinal not being calculated to give more satisfaction than was afforded by his unlimited authority. In conclusion, the writers begged his Majesty not to throw the blame upon them, if mischance should follow the neglect of this warning.

This memorable letter was signed by Guillaume de Nassau, Lamoral d'Egmont, and Philippes de Montmorency (Count Horn). It was despatched under cover to Charles de Tisnacq,[1] a Belgian, and procurator for the affairs of the Netherlands at Madrid, a man whose relations with Count Egmont were of a friendly character. It was impossible, however, to keep the matter a secret from the person most

[1] Strada, iii. 126.

interested. The Cardinal wrote to the King the day before the letter was written, and many weeks before it was sent, to apprize him that it was coming, and to instruct him as to the answer he was to make.[1] Nearly all the leading nobles and governors had adhered to the substance of the letter, save the Duke of Aerschot, Count Aremberg, and Baron Berlaymont. The Duke and Count had refused to join the league; violent scenes having occurred upon the subject between them and the leaders of the opposition party. Egmont, being with a large shooting party at Aerschot's country place, Beaumont had taken occasion to urge the Duke to join in the general demonstration against the Cardinal, arguing the matter in the rough, off-hand, reckless manner which was habitual with him. His arguments offended the nobleman thus addressed, who was vain and irascible. He replied by affirming that he was a friend to Egmont, but would not have him for his master. He would have nothing to do, he said, with their league against the Cardinal, who had never given him cause of enmity. He had no disposition to dictate to the King as to his choice of ministers, and his Majesty was quite right to select his servants at his own pleasure. The Duke added, that if the seigniors did not wish him for a friend, it was a matter of indifference to him. Not one of them was his superior; he had as large a band of noble followers and friends as the best of them, and he had no disposition to accept the supremacy of any nobleman in the land. The conversation carried on in this key soon became a quarrel, and from words the two gentlemen would soon have come to blows, but for the interposition of Aremberg and Robles, who were present at the scene. The Duchess of Parma, narrating the occurrence to the King, added that a duel had been the expected result of the affair, but that the two nobles had eventually been reconciled.[2] It was characteristic of Aerschot that he continued afterward to associate with the nobles upon friendly terms, while maintaining an increased intimacy with the Cardinal.[3]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11-21.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 5, 11-21. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 241, 242. Strada, iii. 124.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11-21.—"Conversa con ellos, y es [illegible] con muy buena cara, y no hay nadie que [illegible]"

The gentlemen who sent the letter were annoyed at the premature publicity which it seemed to have attained. Orange had in vain solicited Count Aremberg to join the league, and had quarrelled with him in consequence.[1] Egmont, in the presence of Madame de Parma, openly charged Aremberg with having divulged the secret which had been confided to him. The Count fiercely denied that he had uttered a syllable on the subject to a human being; but added that any communication on his part would have been quite superfluous, while Egmont and his friends were daily boasting of what they were to accomplish. Egmont reiterated the charge of a breach of faith by Aremberg. That nobleman replied by laying his hand upon his sword, denouncing as liars all persons who should dare to charge him again with such an offence, and offering to fight out the quarrel upon the instant. Here, again, personal combat was, with much difficulty, averted.[2]

Egmont, rude, reckless, and indiscreet, was already making manifest that he was more at home on a battle-field than in a political controversy where prudence and knowledge of human nature were as requisite as courage. He was at this period more liberal in his sentiments than at any moment of his life. Inflamed by his hatred of Granvelle, and determined to compass the overthrow of that minister, he conversed freely with all kinds of people, sought popularity among the burghers, and descanted to every one with much imprudence upon the necessity of union for the sake of liberty and the national good.[3] The Regent, while faithfully recording in her despatches everything of this nature which reached her ears, expressed her astonishment at Egmont's course, because, as she had often taken occasion to inform the King, she had always considered the Count most sincerely attached to his Majesty's service.[4]

Berlaymont, the only other noble of prominence who did not approve the 11th of March letter, was at this period attempting to "swim in two waters," and, as usual in such cases found it very difficult to keep himself afloat. He had refused to join the league. But he stood aloof from Gran-

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 18, 19.
[2] Strada, iii. 126. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 248.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 248. [4] *Ibid.*

velle. On a hope held out by the seigniors that his son should be made Bishop of Liege, he had ceased during a whole year from visiting the Cardinal, and had never spoken to him at the council-board.[1] Granvelle, in narrating these circumstances to the King, expressed the opinion that Berlaymont, by thus attempting to please both parties, had thoroughly discredited himself with both.[2]

The famous epistle, although a most reasonable and manly statement of an incontrovertible fact, was nevertheless a document which it required much boldness to sign. The minister at that moment seemed omnipotent, and it was obvious that the King was determined upon a course of political and religious absolutism. It is, therefore, not surprising that, although many sustained its principles, few were willing to affix their names to a paper which might prove a death-warrant to the signers. Even Montigny and Berghen, although they had been active in conducting the whole cabal, if cabal it could be called, refused to subscribe the letter.[3] Egmont and Horn were men of reckless daring, but they were not keen-sighted enough to perceive fully the consequences of their acts. Orange was often accused by his enemies of timidity, but none ever doubted his capacity to look quite through the deeds of men. His political foresight enabled him to measure the dangerous precipice which they were deliberately approaching, while the abyss might perhaps be shrouded to the vision of his companions. He was too tranquil of nature to be hurried, by passion, into a grave political step, which in cooler moments he might regret. He resolutely, therefore, and with his eyes open, placed himself in open and recorded enmity with the most powerful and dangerous man in the whole Spanish realm, and incurred the resentment of a King who never forgave.

Philip answered the letter of the three nobles on the 6th June following. In this reply,[4] which was brief, he acknowledged the zeal and affection by which the writers had been actuated. He suggested, nevertheless, that as they had mentioned no particular cause for adopting the advice contained in their letter, it would be better that one of them

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11-21. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 2.
[4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 41, 42.

should come to Madrid to confer with him. Such matters, he said, could be better treated by word of mouth. He might thus receive sufficient information to enable him to form a decision, for, said he in conclusion, it was not his custom to aggrieve any of his ministers without cause.[1]

This was a fine phrase, but under the circumstances of its application, quite ridiculous. There was no question of aggrieving the minister. The letter of the three nobles was very simple. It consisted of a fact and a deduction. The fact stated was, that the Cardinal was odious to all classes of the nation. The deduction drawn was, that the government could no longer be carried on by him without imminent danger of ruinous convulsions. The fact was indisputable. The person most interested confirmed it in his private letters. "'Tis said," wrote Granvelle to Philip, "that grandees, nobles, and people, all abhor me, nor am I surprised to find that grandees, nobles, and people *are* all openly against me, since each and all have been invited to join in the league.[2] The Cardinal's reasons for the existence of the unpopularity, which he admitted to the full, have no bearing upon the point in the letter. The fact was relied upon to sustain a simple, although a momentous inference. It was for Philip to decide upon the propriety of the deduction, and to abide by the consequences of his resolution when taken. As usual, however, the monarch was not capable of making up his mind. He knew very well that the Cardinal was odious and infamous, because he was the willing impersonation of the royal policy. Philip was, therefore, logically called upon to abandon the policy or to sustain the minister. He could make up his mind to do neither the one nor the other. In the meantime a well-turned period of mock magnanimity had been furnished him. This he accordingly transmitted as his first answer to a most important communication upon a subject which, in the words of the writers, "admitted neither of dissimulation nor delay." To deprive Philip of dissimulation and delay, however, was to take away his all.

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 41, 42.—"Car ce n'est pas ma coustume de grever aucuns de mes ministres sans cause."

[2] "Que agora grandes y nobles y pueblo me abhorrecian," etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 11-21.

At the same time that he sent his answer to the nobles, he wrote an explanatory letter to the Regent. He informed her that he had received the communication of the three seigniors, but instructed her that she was to appear to know nothing of the matter until Egmont should speak to her upon the subject. He added that, although he had signified his wish to the three nobles, that one of them, without specifying which, should come to Madrid, he in reality desired that Egmont, who seemed the most tractable of the three, should be the one deputed. The King added, that his object was to divide the nobles, *and to gain time*.[1]

It was certainly superfluous upon Philip's part to inform his sister that his object was to gain time. It was, however, sufficiently puerile to recommend to his sister an affectation of ignorance on a subject concerning which nobles had wrangled, and almost drawn their swords in her presence. This, however, was the King's statesmanship when left to his unaided exertions. In order more fully to divide the nobles, the King also transmitted to Egmont a private note, in his own handwriting, expressing his desire that he should visit Spain in person, that they might confer together upon the whole subject.[2]

These letters, as might be supposed, produced anything but a satisfactory effect. The discontent and rage of the gentlemen who had written or sustained the 11th of March communication was much increased. The answer was, in truth, no answer at all. "'Tis a cold and bad reply," wrote Louis of Nassau, "to send after so long a delay. 'Tis easy to see that the letter came from the Cardinal's smithy. *In summâ*, it is a vile business, if the gentlemen are all to be governed by one person. I hope to God his power will come soon to an end. Nevertheless," added Louis, "the gentlemen are all wide awake, for they trust the red fellow not a bit more than he deserves."[3]

The reader has already seen that the letter was indeed "from the Cardinal's smithy," Granvelle having instructed his master how to reply to the seignior before the communication had been despatched.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 251.
[2] Strada, iii. 127. Hopper Rer. et Mem., 33. Hist. ii. 42-43.
[3] Groen v. Prin. t., Archives, etc., iv. 164, 165.

The Duchess wrote immediately to inform her brother that Egmont had expressed himself willing enough to go to Spain, but had added that he must first consult Orange and Horn.[1] As soon as that step had been taken, she had been informed that it was necessary for them to advise with all the gentlemen who had sanctioned their letter. The Duchess had then tried in vain to prevent such an assembly, but finding that, even if forbidden, it would still take place, she had permitted the meeting in Brussels, as she could better penetrate into their proceedings there, than if it should be held at a distance. She added that she should soon send her secretary Armenteros to Spain, that the King might be thoroughly acquainted with what was occurring.[2]

Egmont soon afterwards wrote to Philip, declining to visit Spain expressly on account of the Cardinal. He added, that he was ready to undertake the journey, should the King command his presence for any other object.[3] The same decision was formally communicated to the Regent by those Chevaliers of the Fleece who had approved the 11th of March letter—Montigny, Berghen, Meghem, Mansfield, Ligne, Hoogstraaten, Orange, Egmont, and Horn. The Prince of Orange, speaking in the name of all, informed her that they did not consider it consistent with their reputation, nor with the interest of his Majesty, that any one of them should make so long and troublesome a journey, in order to accuse the Cardinal. For any other purpose, they all held themselves ready to go to Spain at once. The Duchess expressed her regret at this resolution. The Prince replied by affirming that in all their proceedings they had been governed, not by hatred of Granvelle, but by a sense of duty to his Majesty. It was now, he added, for the King to pursue what course it pleased him.[4]

Four days after this interview with the Regent, Orange, Egmont, and Horn addressed a second letter to the King.[5] In this communication they stated that they had consulted with all the gentlemen with whose approbation their first letter had been written. As to the journey of one of them to Spain, as suggested, they pronounced it very dangerous

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 255-259.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*, i. 259.
[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 42-47.

for any seignior to absent himself, in the condition of affairs which then existed. It was not a sufficient cause to go thither on account of Granvelle. They disclaimed any intention of making themselves parties to a process against the Cardinal. They had thought that their simple, brief announcement would have sufficed to induce his Majesty to employ that personage in other places, where his talents would be more fruitful. As to "aggrieving the Cardinal without cause," there was no question of aggrieving him at all, but of relieving him of an office which could not remain in his hands without disaster. As to "no particular cause having been mentioned," they said the omission was from no lack of many such. They had charged none, however, because, from their past services and their fidelity to his Majesty, they expected to be believed on their honour, without further witnesses or evidence. They had no intention of making themselves accusers. They had purposely abstained from specifications. If his Majesty should proceed to ampler information, causes enough would be found. It was better, however, that they should be furnished by others than by themselves. His Majesty would then find that the public and general complaint was not without adequate motives. They renewed their prayer to be excused from serving in the council of state, in order that they might not be afterwards inculpated for the faults of others. Feeling that the controversy between themselves and the Cardinal de Granvelle in the state-council produced no fruit for his Majesty's affairs, they preferred to yield to him. In conclusion, they begged the King to excuse the simplicity of their letters, the rather that they were not by nature great orators, but more accustomed to do well than to speak well, which was also more becoming to persons of their quality.[1]

On the 4th of August, Count Horn also addressed a private letter to the King, written in the same spirit as that which characterized the joint letter just cited. He assured his Majesty that the Cardinal could render no valuable service to the crown on account of the hatred which the whole

[1] "D'autant que ne sommes point de nature grans orateurs et harangueurs, et plus accoustumez à bien faire que à bien dire, aussy il est mieulx séant à gens de nostre qualité." — *Correspondance de Guillaume le Taciturne*, ii. 42-47.

nation bore him, but that, as far as regarded the maintenance of the ancient religion, all the nobles were willing to do their duty.[1]

The Regent now despatched, according to promise, her private secretary, Thomas de Armenteros, to Spain. His instructions,[2] which were very elaborate, showed that Granvelle was not mistaken when he charged her with being entirely changed in regard to him, and when he addressed her a reproachful letter, protesting his astonishment that his conduct had become suspicious, and his inability to divine the cause of the weariness and dissatisfaction which she manifested in regard to him.[3]

Armenteros, a man of low, mercenary, and deceitful character, but a favourite of the Regent, and already beginning to acquire that influence over her mind which was soon to become so predominant, was no friend of the Cardinal. It was not probable that he would diminish the effect of that vague censure mingled with faint commendation which characterized Margaret's instructions by any laudatory suggestions of his own. He was directed to speak in general terms of the advance of heresy, and the increasing penury of the exchequer. He was to request two hundred thousand crowns toward the lottery, which the Regent proposed to set up as a financial scheme. He was to represent that the Duchess had tried, unsuccessfully, every conceivable means of accommodating the quarrel between the Cardinal and the seigniors. She recognized Granvelle's great capacity, experience, zeal, and devotion—for all which qualities she made much of him—while on the other hand she felt that it would be a great inconvenience, and might cause a revolt of the country, were she to retain him in the Netherlands against the will of the seigniors. These motives had compelled her, the messenger was to add, to place both views of the subject before the eyes of the King. Armenteros was, furthermore, to narrate the circumstances of the interviews which had recently taken place between herself and the leaders of the opposition party.[4]

From the tenor of these instructions, it was sufficiently

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 261, 262.
[2] *Ibid.*, 265-267.
[3] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 41-45.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., *ubi sup.*

obvious that Margaret of Parma was not anxious to retain the Cardinal, but that, on the contrary, she was beginning already to feel alarm at the dangerous position in which she found herself. A few days after the three nobles had despatched their last letter to the King, they had handed her a formal remonstrance. In this document they stated their conviction that the country was on the high road to ruin, both as regarded his Majesty's service and the common weal. The exchequer was bare, the popular discontent daily increasing, the fortresses on the frontier in a dilapidated condition. It was to be apprehended daily that merchants and other inhabitants of the provinces would be arrested in foreign countries, to satisfy the debts owed by his Majesty. To provide against all these evils, but one course, it was suggested, remained to the government—to summon the states-general, and to rely upon their counsel and support. The nobles, however, forbore to press this point, by reason of the prohibition which the Regent had received from the King. They suggested, however, that such an interdiction could have been dictated only by a distrust created between his Majesty and the estates by persons having no love for either, and who were determined to leave no resource by which the distress of the country could be prevented. The nobles, therefore, begged her highness not to take it amiss if, so long as the King were indisposed to make other arrangements for the administration of the provinces, they should abstain from appearing at the state-council. They preferred to cause the shadow at last to disappear, which they had so long personated. In conclusion, however, they expressed their determination to do their duty in their several governments, and to serve the Regent to the best of their abilities.[1]

After this remonstrance had been delivered, the Prince of Orange, Count Horn, and Count Egmont absented entirely from the sessions of the state-council. She was left alone with the Cardinal, whom she already hated, and with his two shadows, Viglius and Berlaymont.

Armenteros, after a month spent on his journey, arrived in Spain, and was soon admitted to an audience by Philip

[1] Hoofd. ii. 43.—Compare Correspondence de Guillaume le Taciturne, ii. 50 (note by M. Gachard).

was so resolutely carrying it out, if his removal could be effected in no other way. He spoke of the state of religion as becoming more and more unsatisfactory, and bewailed the difficulty with which he could procure the burning of heretics; difficulties originating in the reluctance of men from whose elevated rank better things might have been expected.

As Granvelle is an important personage, as his character has been alternately the subject of much censure and of more applause, and as the epoch now described was the one in which the causes of the great convulsion were rapidly germinating, it is absolutely necessary that the reader should be placed in a position to study the main character, as painted by his own hand; the hand in which were placed, at that moment, the destinies of a mighty empire. It is the historian's duty, therefore, to hang the picture of his administration fully in the light. At the moment when the 11th of March letter was despatched, the Cardinal represented Orange and Egmont as endeavouring by every method of menace or blandishment to induce all the grand seigniors and petty nobles to join in the league against himself. They had quarrelled with Aerschot and Aremberg, they had more than half seduced Berlaymont, and they stigmatized all who refused to enter into their league as cardinalists and familiars of the inquisition.[1] He protested that he should regard their ill-will with indifference, were he not convinced that he was himself only a pretext, and that their designs were really much deeper.[2] Since the return of Montigny, the seigniors had established a league which that gentleman and his brother, Count Horn, had both joined. He would say nothing concerning the defamatory letters and pamphlets of which he was the constant object, for he wished no heed taken of matters which concerned exclusively himself. Notwithstanding this disclaimer, however, he rarely omitted to note the appearance of all such productions for his Majesty's especial information. "It was better to calm men's spirits," he said, "than to excite them." As to fostering quarrels among the seigniors, as the King had recommended, that was hardly necessary, for discord was fast sowing its own

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 5, 11-21; 18, 19, *sqq.* [2] *Ibid.*

seeds. "It gave him much pain," he said, with a Christian sigh, "to observe that such dissensions had already arisen, and unfortunately on his account."[1] He then proceeded circumstantially to describe the quarrel between Aerschot and Egmont, already narrated by the Regent, omitting in his statement no particular which could make Egmont reprehensible in the royal eyes. He likewise painted the quarrel between the same noble and Aremberg, to which he had already alluded in previous letters to the King, adding that many gentlemen, and even the more prudent part of the people, were dissatisfied with the course of the grandees, and that he was taking underhand but dexterous means to confirm them in such sentiments.[2] He instructed Philip how to reply to the letter addressed to him, but begged his Majesty not to hesitate to sacrifice him if the interests of his crown should seem to require it.[3]

With regard to religious matters, he repeatedly deplored that, notwithstanding his own exertions and those of Madame de Parma, things were not going on as he desired, but, on the contrary, very badly—"For the love of God and the service of the holy religion," he cried out fervently, "put your royal hand valiantly to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, Help, Lord, for we perish!"[4] Having uttered this pious exhortation in the ear of a man who needed no stimulant in the path of persecution, he proceeded to express his regrets that the judges and other officers were not taking in hand the chastisement of heresy with becoming vigour.[5]

Yet, at that very moment Peter Titelmann was raging through Flanders, tearing whole families out of bed and burning them to ashes, with such utter disregard to all laws or forms as to provoke in the very next year a solemn protest from the four estates of Flanders; and Titelmann was but one of a dozen inquisitors.

Granvelle, however, could find little satisfaction in the exertions of subordinates so long as men in high station were remiss in their duties. The Marquis Berghen, he in-

[1] "Pero pèsa me que la primera causa tome fundamento sobre lo que me toca."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 5, 11-21; 18. 19, *sqq.*

[2] "Y yo procuro diestramente y so mano de informarlos como conviene," etc.—*Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* [4] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 83. [5] *Ibid.*, vii. 33.

formed Philip, showed but little disposition to put down heresy in Valenciennes, while Montigny was equally remiss at Tournay.[1] They were often heard to say, to any who chose to listen, that it was not right to inflict the punishment of death for matters of religion.[2] This sentiment, uttered in that age of cruelty, and crowning the memory of those unfortunate nobles with eternal honour, was denounced by the churchman as criminal, and deserving of castigation. He intimated, moreover, that these pretences of clemency were mere hypocrisy, and that self-interest was at the bottom of their compassion. "'Tis very black," said he,[3] "when interest governs: but these men are all in debt, so deeply that they owe their very souls. They are seeking every means of escaping from their obligations, and are most desirous of creating general confusion." As to the Prince of Orange, the Cardinal asserted that he owed nine hundred thousand florins, and had hardly twenty-five thousand a-year clear income, while he spenty ninety thousand, having counts, barons, and gentlemen in great numbers, in his household.[4] At this point, he suggested that it might be well to find employment for some of these grandees in Spain and other dominions of his Majesty, adding that perhaps Orange might accept the viceroyalty of Sicily.[5]

Resuming the religious matter, a few weeks later, he expressed himself a little more cheerfully. "We have made so much outcry," said he "that at last Marquis Berghen has been forced to burn a couple of heretics at Valenciennes. Thus, it is obvious," moralized the Cardinal, "that if he were really willing to apply the remedy in that place, much progress might be made; but that we can do but little so long as he remains in the government of the provinces and refuses to assist us."[6] In a subsequent letter, he again

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 45-51. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] "Y es la negraquando domina el interesse y no me espanto que deven todos el alma y cada dia gastan mas," etc., etc.—*Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.*, vii. 51.

[6] "——Y se ha gridado tanto que al cabo el Marques de Berghes ha hecho quemar dos hereges en Valencianes sin ruydo——que si de veras se quiriesse atender el remedio de aquella tierra mucho se podria aprovechar; pero no lo podremos hazer mientras està en quel govierno si el no quiere ny de otra manera que por su meno."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 69.

uttered complaints against the Marquis and Montigny, who were evermore his scapegoats and bugbears. Berghen will give us no aid, he wrote, despite of all the letters we send him. He absents himself for private and political reasons. Montigny has eaten meat in Lent, as the Bishop of Tournay informs me.[1] Both he and the Marquis say openly that it is not right to shed blood for matters of faith, so that the King can judge how much can be effected with such coadjutors.[2] Berghen avoids the persecution of heretics, wrote the Cardinal again, a month later, to Secretary Perez. He has gone to Spa for his health, although those who saw him last say he is fat and hearty.[3] Granvelle added, however, that they had at last "burned one more preacher alive." The heretic, he stated, had feigned repentance to save his life, but finding that, at any rate, his head would be cut off as a dogmatizer, he retracted his recantation. "So," concluded the Cardinal, complacently, "they burned him."[4]

He chronicled the sayings and doings of the principal personages in the Netherlands, for the instruction of the King; with great regularity, insinuating suspicions when unable to furnish evidence, and adding charitable apologies, which he knew would have but small effect upon the mind of his correspondent. Thus he sent an account of a "very secret meeting" held by Orange, Egmont, Horn, Montigny, and Berghen, at the Abbey of La Forest,[5] near Brussels, adding, that he did not know what they had been doing there, and was at loss what to suspect. He would be most happy, he said, to put the best interpretation upon their actions, but he could not help remembering with great sorrow the observation so recently made by Orange to Montigny, that one day they should be stronger. Later in the year, the Cardinal informed the King that the same nobles were holding a conference at Weerdt, that he had not learned what had been transacted there, but thought the affair very suspicious.[6] Philip immediately communicated the intelligence to Alva, together with an expression of Granvelle's fears and of his own, that a popular outbreak

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 75.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] "Bueno y gordo."—*Ibid.*, vii. 105.
[4] "Y assi le quemaron."—*Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*, vii. 69.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 266. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 275.

would be the consequence of the continued presence of the minister in the Netherlands.[1]

The Cardinal omitted nothing in the way of anecdote or innuendo, which could injure the character of the leading nobles, with the exception perhaps, of Count Egmont. With this important personage, whose character he well understood, he seemed determined, if possible, to maintain friendly relations. There was a deep policy in this desire, to which we shall advert hereafter. The other seigniors were described in general terms as disposed to overthrow the royal authority. They were bent upon Granvelle's downfall as the first step, because, that being accomplished, the rest would follow as a matter of course.[2] "They intend," said he, "to reduce the state into the form of a republic, in which the King shall have no power except to do their bidding."[3] He added, that he saw with regret so many German troops gathering on the borders; for he believed them to be in the control of the disaffected nobles of the Netherlands.[4] Having made this grave insinuation, he proceeded in the same breath to express his anger at a statement said to have been made by Orange and Egmont, to the effect that he had charged them with intending to excite a civil commotion, an idea, he added, which had never entered his head.[5] In the same paragraph, he poured into the most suspicious ear that ever listened to a tale of treason, his conviction that the nobles were planning a republic by the aid of foreign troops, and uttered a complaint that these nobles had accused him of suspecting them. As for the Prince of Orange, he was described as eternally boasting of his influence in Germany, and the great things which he could effect by means of his connections there, "so that," added the Cardinal, "we hear no other song."

He had much to say concerning the projects of these

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 277.

[2] "Quieren dar en mi primero porque hecho esto va lo demas su passo."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 167.

[3] "Y querrian reduzir esto en forma de republica, en la qual no pudiesse el Rey sino que ellos quisiessen."—*Ibid.*, vii. 165.

[4] *Ibid.*—Compare G. v. Prinst., Archives, etc.; supplement, 14-16.

[5] *Ibid.*, vii. 167.—"Procuravan de levantar estos pueblos —— lo quele jamas me passo por consamiento."

grandees to abolish all the councils, but that of state, of which body they intended to obtain the entire control. Marquis Berghen was represented as being at the bottom of all these intrigues. The general and evident intention was to make a thorough change in the form of government.[1] The Marquis meant to command in everything, and the Duchess would soon have nothing to do in the provinces as regent for the King. In fact, Philip himself would be equally powerless, "for," said the Cardinal, "they will have succeeded in putting your Majesty completely under guardianship."[2] He added, moreover, that the seigniors, in order to gain favour with the people and with the estates, had allowed them to acquire so much power, that they would respond to any request for subsidies by a general popular revolt. "This is the simple truth," said Granvelle, "and moreover, by the same process, in a very few days there will likewise be no religion left in the land."[3] When the deputies of some of the states, a few weeks later, had been irregularly convened in Brussels, for financial purposes, the Cardinal informed the monarch, that the nobles were endeavouring to conciliate their good-will, by offering them a splendid series of festivities and banquets.

He related various anecdotes which came to his ears from time to time, all tending to excite suspicions as to the loyalty and orthodoxy of the principal nobles. A gentleman coming from Burgundy had lately, as he informed the King, been dining with the Prince of Orange, with whom Horn and Montigny were then lodging. At table, Montigny called out in a very loud voice to the strange cavalier, who was seated at a great distance from him, to ask if there were many Huguenots in Burgundy. No, replied the gentleman, nor would they be permitted to exist there. Then there can be very few people of intelligence in that province, returned Montigny, for those who have any wit are mostly all Huguenots.[4] The Prince of Orange here endeavoured to put a stop to the conversation, saying that the Burgundians were very right to remain as they were; upon which

[1] "En fin el punto es que querrian mudar esta forma de govierno."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 186, 187.

[2] "—— Pues havrian acabado de poner la en tutela."—*Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 187, 188.

Montigny affirmed that he had heard masses enough lately to last him for three months.[1] These things may be jests, commented Granvelle, but they are very bad ones;[2] and 'tis evident that such a man is an improper instrument to remedy the state of religious affairs in Tournay.

At another large party, the King was faithfully informed by the same chronicler,[3] that Marquis Berghen had been teasing the Duke of Aerschot very maliciously, because he would not join the league. The Duke had responded as he had formerly done to Egmont, that his Majesty was not to receive laws from his vassals; adding, that, for himself, he meant to follow in the loyal track of his ancestors, fearing God and honouring the King. In short, said Granvelle, he answered them with so much wisdom, that although they had never a high opinion of his capacity, they were silenced. This conversation had been going on before all the servants, the Marquis being especially vociferous, although the room was quite full of them. As soon as the cloth was removed, and while some of the lackies still remained, Berghen had resumed the conversation. He said he was of the same mind as his ancestor, John of Berghen, had been, who had once told the King's grandfather, Philip the Fair, that if his Majesty was bent on his own perdition, *he* had no disposition to ruin *himself*. If the present monarch means to lose these provinces by governing them as he did govern them, the Marquis affirmed that he had no wish to lose the little property that he himself possessed in the country. "But if," argued the Duke of Aerschot, "the King absolutely refuse to do what you demand of him; what then?" "*Par la cor dieu!*" responded Berghen, in a rage, "we will let him see!" whereupon all became silent.[4]

Granvelle implored the King to keep these things entirely to himself; adding that it was quite necessary for his Majesty to learn in this manner what were the real dispositions of the gentlemen of the provinces. It was also stated in the same letter, that a ruffian Genoese, who had been ordered

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 187, 188.

[2] "Devian de ser burlas pero malas me parecen."—*Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*, vii. 190-194.

[4] "'Que seria?' respondiò el Marques con colerà 'par la cordieu, nous luy ferons voir!' Sobre que callaron todos."—*Ibid.*

out of the Netherlands by the Regent, because of a homicide he had committed, was kept at Weerdt, by Count Horn, for the purpose of murdering the Cardinal.[1]

He affirmed that he was not allowed to request the expulsion of the assassin from the Count's house; but that he would take care, nevertheless, that neither this ruffian nor any other, should accomplish his purpose. A few weeks afterwards, expressing his joy at the contradiction of a report that Philip had himself been assassinated, Granvelle added; "I too, who am but a worm in comparison, am threatened on so many sides, that many must consider me already dead. Nevertheless, I will endeavour, with God's help, to live as long as I can, and if they kill me, I hope they will not gain everything."[2] Yet, with characteristic Jesuitism, the Cardinal could not refrain, even in the very letter in which he detailed the rebellious demonstrations of Berghen, and the murderous schemes of Horn, to protest that he did not say these things "*to prejudice his Majesty against any one,* but only that it might be known to what a height the impudence was rising."[3] Certainly the King and the ecclesiastic, like the Roman soothsayers, would have laughed in each other's face, could they have met, over the hollowness of such demonstrations. Granvelle's letters were filled, for the greater part, with pictures of treason, stratagem, and bloody intentions, fabricated mostly out of reports, table-talk, disjointed chat in the careless freedom of domestic intercourse, while at the same time a margin was always left to express his own wounded sense of the injurious suspicions uttered against him by the various subjects of his letters. "God knows," said he to Perez, "that I always speak of them with respect, which is more than they do of me. But God forgive them all. In times like these, one must hold one's tongue. One must keep still, in order not to stir up a hornet's nest."[4]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 190-194.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 284.

[3] "No digo esto parer alterar à V. M. contra nadie, mas solo paraque conosca que crece la desverguença," &c.—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 190 194.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 291.—"Por no irritar era brones."

In short, the Cardinal, little by little, during the last year of his residence in the Netherlands, was enabled to spread a canvas before his sovereign's eye, in which certain prominent figures, highly coloured by patiently accumulated touches, were represented as driving a whole nation, against its own will into manifest revolt. The estates and the people, he said, were already tired of the proceedings of the nobles, and those personages would find themselves very much mistaken in thinking that men who had anything to lose would follow them, when they began a rebellion against his Majesty.[1] On the whole, he was not desirous of prolonging his own residence, although, to do him justice, he was not influenced by fear. He thought, or affected to think, that the situation was one of a factitious popular discontent, procured by the intrigues of a few ambitious and impoverished Catilines and Cethegi, not a rising rebellion such as the world had never seen, born of the slowly-awakened wrath of a whole people, after the martyrdom of many years. The remedy that he recommended was that his Majesty should come in person to the provinces. The monarch would cure the whole disorder as soon as he appeared, said the Cardinal, by merely making the sign of the cross.[2] Whether, indeed, the rapidly-increasing cancer of national discontent would prove a mere king's evil, to be healed by the royal touch, as many persons besides Granvelle believed, was a point not doomed to be tested. From that day forward Philip began to hold out hopes that he would come to administer the desired remedy, but even then it was the opinion of good judges that he would give millions rather than make his appearance in the Netherlands.[3] It was even the hope of William of Orange that the King would visit the provinces. He expressed his desire, in a letter to Lazarus Schwendi, that his sovereign should come in person, that he might see whether it had been right to sow so much distrust between himself and his loyal subjects.[4] The Prince asserted that it was impossible for any person not on the spot to imagine the falsehoods and calumnies circulated by Granvelle and his friends, accusing

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 264.
[2] "Y con su presencia se podrian remediar sanctiguando."—*Ibid*
[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 184.
[4] *Ibid.*

Orange and his associates of rebellion and heresy, in the most infamous manner in the world. He added, in conclusion, that he could write no more, for the mere thought of the manner in which the government of the Netherlands was carried on filled him with disgust and rage.[1] This letter, together with one in a similar strain from Egmont, was transmitted by the valiant and highly intellectual soldier to whom they were addressed, to the King of Spain, with an entreaty that he would take warning from the bitter truths which they contained. The colonel, who was a most trusty friend of Orange, wrote afterwards to Margaret of Parma in the same spirit, warmly urging her to moderation in religious matters. This application highly enraged Morillon, the Cardinal's most confidential dependent, who accordingly conveyed the intelligence to his already departed chief, exclaiming in his letter, "what does the ungrateful baboon mean by meddling with our affairs? A pretty state of things, truly, if kings are to choose or retain their ministers at the will of the people; little does he know of the disasters which would be caused by a relaxation of the edicts."[2] In the same sense, the Cardinal, just before his departure, which was now imminent, wrote to warn his sovereign of the seditious character of the men who were then placing their breasts between the people and their butchers.

It is sufficiently obvious, from the picture which we have now presented of the respective attitudes of Granvelle, of the seigniors and of the nation, during the whole of the year 1563, and the beginning of the following year, that a crisis was fast approaching. Granvelle was, for the moment, triumphant, Orange, Egmont, and Horn had abandoned the state council, Philip could not yet make up his mind to yield to the storm, and Alva howled defiance at the nobles and the whole people of the Netherlands. Nevertheless, Margaret of Parma was utterly weary of the minister, the Cardinal himself was most anxious to be gone, and the nation—for there was a nation, however "vile the animal" might be—was becoming daily more enraged at the presence of a man

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 290.

[2] "De quoi se mesle cet ingrat baboin," etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, viii. 427.

in whom, whether justly or falsely, it beheld the incarnation of the religious oppression under which they groaned. Meantime, at the close of the year, a new incident came to add to the gravity of the situation. Caspar Schetz, Baron of Grobbendonck, gave a great dinner-party, in the month of December, 1563.[1] This personage, whose name was prominent for many years in the public affairs of the nation, was one of the four brothers who formed a very opulent and influential mercantile establishment. He was the King's principal factor and financial agent. He was one of the great pillars of the Bourse at Antwerp. He was likewise a tolerable scholar, a detestable poet, an intriguing politician, and a corrupt financier. He was regularly in the pay of Sir Thomas Gresham, to whom he furnished secret information, for whom he procured differential favours, and by whose government he was rewarded by gold chains and presents of hard cash, bestowed as secretly as the equivalent was conveyed adroitly.[2] Nevertheless, although his venality was already more than suspected, and although his peculations during his long career became so extensive that he was eventually prosecuted by government, and died before the process was terminated, the lord of Grobbendonck was often employed in most delicate negotiations, and, at the present epoch, was a man of much importance in the Netherlands.

The treasurer-general accordingly gave his memorable banquet to a distinguished party of noblemen. The conversation, during dinner, turned, as was inevitable, upon the Cardinal. His ostentation, greediness, insolence, were fully canvassed. The wine flowed freely as it always did in those Flemish festivities—the brains of the proud and reckless cavaliers became hot with excitement, while still the odious ecclesiastic was the topic of their conversation, the object alternately of fierce invective or of scornful mirth. The pompous display which he affected in his equipages, liveries, and all the appurtenances of his household, had frequently excited their derision, and now afforded fresh matter for their ridicule. The customs of Germany, the simple habiliments in which the retainers of the greatest houses were arrayed in that country, were contrasted with the tinsel and glitter in

[1] Hoofd, i. 39. [2] Burgon, 365, 366, 367.

which the prelate pranked himself. It was proposed, by way of showing contempt for Granvelle, that a livery should be forthwith invented, as different as possible from his in general effect, and that all the gentlemen present should indiscriminately adopt it for their own menials. Thus would the people whom the Cardinal wished to dazzle with his finery learn to estimate such gauds at their true value. It was determined that something extremely plain, and in the German fashion, should be selected. At the same time, the company, now thoroughly inflamed with wine, and possessed by the spirit of mockery, determined that a symbol should be added to the livery, by which the universal contempt for Granvelle should be expressed. The proposition was hailed with acclamation, but who should invent the hieroglyphical costume? All were reckless and ready enough, but ingenuity of device was required. At last it was determined to decide the question by hazard. Amid shouts of hilarity, the dice were thrown. Those men were staking their lives, perhaps, upon the issue, but the reflection gave only a keener zest to the game. Egmont won.[1] It was the most fatal victory which he had ever achieved, a more deadly prize even than the trophies of St. Quentin and Gravelingen.

In a few days afterwards, the retainers of the house of Egmont surprised Brussels by making their appearance in a new livery. Doublet and hose of the coarsest grey, and long hanging sleeves, without gold or silver lace, and having but a single ornament, comprised the whole costume. An emblem which seemed to resemble a monk's cowl, or a fool's cap and bells, was embroidered upon each sleeve. The device pointed at the Cardinal, as did, by contrast, the affected coarseness of the dress. There was no doubt as to the meaning of the hood, but they who saw in the symbol more resemblance to the jester's cap, recalled certain biting expressions which Granvelle had been accustomed to use. He had been wont, in the days of his greatest insolence, to speak of the most eminent nobles as zanies, lunatics, and buffoons. The embroidered fool's cap was supposed to typify the gibe, and to remind the arrogant priest that a Brutus, as in the olden time, might be found lurking in the

[1] Hooft, i. 39, 40. Strada, iv. 132, 133. Bentivoglio, i. 17.

costume of the fool.[1] However witty or appropriate the invention, the livery had an immense success. According to agreement, the nobles who had dined with the treasurer ordered it for all their servants. Never did a new dress become so soon the fashion. The unpopularity of the minister assisted the quaintness of the device. The fool's-cap livery became the rage. Never was such a run upon the haberdashers, mercers, and tailors, since Brussels had been a city. All the frieze-cloth in Brabant was exhausted. All the serge in Flanders was clipped into monastic cowls. The Duchess at first laughed with the rest, but the Cardinal took care that the King should be at once informed upon the subject. The Regent was, perhaps, not extremely sorry to see the man ridiculed whom she so cordially disliked, and she accepted the careless excuses made on the subject by Egmont and by Orange without severe criticism. She wrote to her brother that, although the gentlemen had been influenced by no evil intention, she had thought it best to exhort them not to push the jest too far.[2] Already, however, she found that two thousand pairs of sleeves[3] had been made, and the most she could obtain was that the fools' caps, or monks' hoods, should in future be omitted from the livery.[4] A change was accordingly made in the costume, at about the time of the Cardinal's departure. A bundle of arrows, or in some instances a wheat-sheaf, was substituted for the cowls.[5] Various interpretations were placed upon this new emblem. According to the nobles themselves, it denoted the union of all their hearts in the King's service, while their enemies insinuated that it was obviously a symbol of conspiracy.[6] The costume thus amended was worn by the gentlemen themselves, as well as by their servants. Egmont dined at the Regent's table, after the Cardinal's departure, in a camlet doublet, with hanging sleeves, and buttons stamped with the bundle of arrows.[7]

For the present, the Cardinal affected to disapprove of the

[1] Strada. [2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294-297.
[3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.* [5] Papiers d'État, vii. 455.
[6] Strada. Hoofd. Bentivoglio, *ubi sup.*
[7] "Portant une cabotte à leur mode de camelot sans unde, garnie de boutons d'argent, avec flesches, et le bonnet de mesmes boutons d'argent."—*G. v. Prinst., Archives, etc.*, i. 263.

fashion only from its rebellious tendency. The fools' caps and cowls, he meekly observed to Philip, were the least part of the offence, for an injury to himself could be easily forgiven. The wheat-sheaf and the arrow-bundles, however, were very vile things, for they betokened and confirmed the existence of a conspiracy, such as never could be tolerated by a prince who had any regard for his own authority.[1]

This incident of the livery occupied the public attention, and inflamed the universal hatred during the later months of the minister's residence in the country. Meantime the three seigniors had become very impatient at receiving no answer to their letter. Margaret of Parma was urging her brother to give them satisfaction, repeating to him their bitter complaints that their characters and conduct were the subject of constant misrepresentation to their sovereign, and picturing her own isolated condition. She represented herself as entirely deprived of the support of those great personages, who, despite her positive assurances to the contrary, persisted in believing that they were held up to the King as conspirators, and were in danger of being punished as traitors.[2] Philip, on his part, was conning Granvelle's despatches, filled with hints of conspiracy, and holding council with Alva, who had already recommended the taking off several heads for treason. The Prince of Orange, who already had secret agents in the King's household, and was supplied with copies of the most private papers in the palace, knew better than to be deceived by the smooth representations of the Regent. Philip had, however, at last begun secretly to yield. He asked Alva's advice:[3] whether on the whole it would not be better to let the Cardinal leave the Netherlands, at least for a time, on pretence of visiting his mother in Burgundy, and to invite Count Egmont to Madrid, by way of striking one link from the chain, as Granvelle had suggested. The Duke had replied that he had no doubt of the increasing insolence of the three seigniors, as depicted in the letters of

[1] "Muy ruin punto es el de la librea que han sacado aquellos señores y sus adherentes no por la invencion de las cabeças de locos y capirotes que es lo menos, sino porque parece dar confirmacion de liga cosa no çufridera debaxo de un principe que tenga cuenta con su authoridad en sus estados."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 503.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 275, 276, 283.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 273, 291, 316.

the Duchess Margaret, nor of their intention to make the Cardinal their first victim; it being the regular principle in all revolts against the sovereign, to attack the chief minister in the first place. He could not, however, persuade himself that the King should yield and Granvelle be recalled. Nevertheless, if it were to be done at all, he preferred that the Cardinal should go to Burgundy without leave asked either of the Duchess or of Philip, and that he should then write, declining to return, on the ground that his life was not safe in the Netherlands.[1]

After much hesitation, the monarch at last settled upon a plan, which recommended itself through the extreme duplicity by which it was marked, and the complicated system of small deceptions, which it consequently required. The King, who was never so thoroughly happy or at home as when elaborating the ingredients of a composite falsehood, now busily employed himself in his cabinet. He measured off, in various letters to the Regent, to the three nobles, to Egmont alone, and to Granvelle, certain proportionate parts of his whole plan, which, taken separately, were intended to deceive, and did deceive nearly every person in the world, not only in his own generation, but for three centuries afterwards, but which, arranged synthetically, as can now be done, in consequence of modern revelations, formed one complete and considerable lie, the observation of which furnishes the student with a lesson in the political chemistry of those days, which was called Macchiavellian statesmanship. The termination of the Granvelle regency is, moreover, most important, not only for the grave and almost interminable results to which it led, but for the illustration which it affords of the inmost characters of the Cardinal and "his master."

The courier who was to take Philip's letters to the three nobles was detained three weeks, in order to allow Armenteros, who was charged with the more important and secret despatches for the Duchess and Granvelle, to reach Brussels first. All the letters, however, were ready at the same time. The letter of instructions for Armenteros enjoined upon that envoy to tell the Regent that the heretics were to be chastised with renewed vigour, that she was to refuse to convoke the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 289-291.

states-general under any pretext, and that if hard pressed, she was to refer directly to the King. With regard to Granvelle, the secretary was to state *that his Majesty was still deliberating*, and that the Duchess would be informed as to the decision when it should be made. He was to express the royal astonishment that the seigniors should absent themselves from the state-council, with a peremptory intimation that they should immediately return to their posts. As they had specified no particularities against the Cardinal, the King *would still reflect upon the subject*.[1]

He also wrote a private note to the Duchess, stating that he had not yet sent the letters for the three nobles, because he wished that Armenteros should arrive before their courier.[2] He, however, enclosed two notes for Egmont,[3] of which Margaret was to deliver that one which, in her opinion, was, under the circumstances, the best. In one of these missives the King cordially accepted, and in the other he politely declined, Egmont's recent offer to visit Spain. He also forwarded a private letter in his own hand-writing to the Cardinal. Armenteros, who travelled but slowly on account of the state of his health, arrived in Brussels towards the end of February. Five or six days afterwards, on the 1st March, namely,[4] the courier arrived bringing the despatches for the seigniors. In his letter to Orange, Egmont, and Horn, the King expressed his astonishment at their resolution to abstain from the state-council. Nevertheless, said he, imperatively, fail not to return thither, and to show how much more highly you regard my service and the good of the country than any other particularity whatever.[5] As to Granvelle, continued Philip, since you will not make any specifications, my intention is to think over the matter longer, in order to arrange it as may seem most fitting.[6]

This letter was dated February 19 (1564),[7] nearly a month

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 285, 286.
[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 67, 68.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 284, 285.
[4] "Sur la chute du Cardinal de Granvelle." Par M. Gachard (Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles, xvi., No. 6), p. 22.
[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 67, 68.
[6] "Puisque vous ne voulez dire les particularités, mon intention est d'y penser encoires pour y pourveoir comme il conviendra."—*Ibid.*
[7] *Ibid.*

later therefore than the secret letter to Granvelle, brought by Armenteros, although all the despatches had been drawn up at the same time, and formed parts of the same plan. In this brief note to Granvelle, however, lay the heart of the whole mystery.

"I have reflected much," wrote the King, "on all that you have written me during these last few months, concerning the ill-will borne you by certain personages. I notice also your suspicions that if a revolt breaks out, they will commence with your person, thus taking occasion to proceed from that point to the accomplishment of their ulterior designs. I have particularly taken into consideration the notice received by you from the curate of Saint Gudule, as well as that which you have learned *concerning the Genoese who is* kept at Weerdt; all which has given me much anxiety, as well from my desire for the preservation of your life, in which my service is so deeply interested, as for the possible results if anything should happen to you, which God forbid. I have thought, therefore, that *it would be well*, in order to give time and breathing space to the hatred and rancour which those persons entertain towards you, and in order to see what course they will take in preparing the necessary remedy for the provinces, *for you to leave the country* for some days, in order to visit your mother, and this with the knowledge of the Duchess, my sister, and with her permission, which you will request, and which I have written to her that she must give, without allowing it to appear that you have received orders to that effect from me. You will also beg her to write to me requesting my approbation of what she is to do. By taking this course neither my authority nor yours will suffer prejudice; and according to the turn which things may take, measures may be taken for your return when expedient, and for whatever else there may be to arrange.[1]

[1] The text of this famous note is given in a paper extracted from the "Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles," tom. xii. pp. 9, 10, by M. Gachard. That acute historical investigator, to whom the discovery of this secret billet is due, well remarks: "L'Académie comprendra la joie que me fit éprouver cette découverte; ce sont là des jouissances qui dédommagent de bien des fatigues, de bien des ennuis." —P. 9.

Thus, in two words, Philip removed the unpopular minister for ever. The limitation of his absence had no meaning, and was intended to have none. If there was not strength enough to keep the Cardinal in his place, it was not probable that the more difficult task of reinstating him after his fall would be very soon attempted. It seemed, however, to be dealing more tenderly with Granvelle's self-respect thus to leave a vague opening for a possible return, than to send him an unconditional dismissal.

Thus, while the King refused to give any weight to the representations of the nobles, and affected to be still deliberating whether or not he should recall the Cardinal, he had in reality already recalled him. All the minute directions according to which permission was to be asked of the Duchess to take a step which had already been prescribed by the monarch, and Philip's indulgence craved for obeying his own explicit injunctions, were fulfilled to the letter.

As soon as the Cardinal received the royal order, he privately made preparations for his departure. The Regent, on the other hand, delivered to Count Egmont the one of Philip's two letters in which that gentleman's visit was declined,[1] the Duchess believing that, in the present position of affairs, she should derive more assistance from him than from the rest of the seigniors. As Granvelle, however, still delayed his departure, even after the arrival of the second courier, she was again placed in a situation of much perplexity. The three nobles considered Philip's letter to them extremely "dry and laconic,"[2] and Orange absolutely refused to comply with the order to re-enter the state-council. At a session of that body on the 3rd of March, where only Granvelle, Viglius, and Berlaymont were present, Margaret narrated her fruitless attempts to persuade the seigniors into obedience to the royal orders lately transmitted, and asked their opinions. The extraordinary advice was then given, that "she should let them champ the bit a little while longer, and afterwards see what was to be done."[3] Even at the last

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 291-293.

[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 69, 70.

[3] "Sur quoy sembla qu'elle devroit les laisser encoires quelque peu ronger le frain sur cecy et après regarder."—*Correspondance de Philippe II.*, i. 294-297.

moment, the Cardinal, reluctant to acknowledge himself beaten, although secretly desirous to retire, was inclined for a parting struggle. The Duchess, however, being now armed with the King's expressed commands, and having had enough of holding the reins while such powerful and restive personages were "champing the bit," insisted privately that the Cardinal should make his immediate departure known.[1] Pasquinades and pamphlets were already appearing daily, each more bitter than the other; the livery was spreading rapidly through all classes of people, and the seigniors most distinctly refused to recede from their determination of absenting themselves from the council so long as Granvelle remained.[2] There was no help for it, and on the 13th of March[3] the Cardinal took his departure. Notwithstanding the mystery of the whole proceeding, however, William of Orange was not deceived. He felt certain that the minister had been recalled, and thought it highly improbable that he would ever be permitted to return. "Although the Cardinal talks of coming back again soon," wrote the Prince to Schwartzburg, "we nevertheless hope that, as he lied about his departure, so he will also spare the truth in his present assertions."[4] This was the general conviction so far as the question of the minister's compulsory retreat was concerned, of all those who were in the habit of receiving their information and their opinions from the Prince of Orange. Many even thought that Granvelle had been recalled with indignity, and much against his will. "When the Cardinal," wrote Secretary Lorich to Count Louis, "received the King's order to go, he growled like a bear, and kept himself alone in his chamber for a time, making his preparations for departure. He says he shall come back in two months, but some of us think they will be two long months, which will eat themselves up like money borrowed of the Jews."[5] A wag, moreover, posted a large placard upon the door of Granvelle's palace in Brussels as soon as the minister's departure was known, with the inscription, in large letters, "For sale, immedi-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294-297.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 219.
[4] *Ibid.* i., 277.
[5] *Ibid.*, 228, 229.—"Hatt er gebrombt wie ein bär, etc., etc.——es werden zwei lange monat sein und, gleich der Juden wucher ufflaufen und sich selber versichern."

ately."[1] In spite of the royal ingenuity, therefore, many shrewdly suspected the real state of the case, although but very few actually knew the truth.

The Cardinal left Brussels with a numerous suite, stately equipages and much parade. The Duchess provided him with her own mules and with a sufficient escort, for the King had expressly enjoined that every care should be taken against any murderous attack. There was no fear of such assault, however, for all were sufficiently satisfied to see the minister depart. Brederode and Count Hoogstraaten were standing together, looking from the window of a house near the gate of Caudenberg, to feast their eyes with the spectacle of their enemy's retreat. As soon as the Cardinal had passed through that gate, on his way to Namur, the first stage of his journey, they rushed into the street, got both upon one horse, Hoogstraaten, who alone had boots on his legs, taking the saddle and Brederode the croup, and galloped after the Cardinal, with the exultation of school-boys.[2] Thus mounted, they continued to escort the Cardinal on his journey. At one time, they were so near his carriage while it was passing through a ravine, that they might have spoken to him from the heights above, where they had paused to observe him; but they pulled the capes of their cloaks over their faces and suffered him to pass unchallenged. "But they are young folk," said the Cardinal, benignantly, after relating all these particulars to the Duchess, "and one should pay little regard to their actions." He added, that one of Egmont's gentlemen dogged the party on the journey, lodging in the same inns with them, apparently in the hope of learning something from their conversation or proceedings. If that were the man's object, however, Granvelle expressed the conviction that he was disappointed, as nothing could have been more merry than the whole company, or more discreet than their conversation.[3]

The Cardinal began at once to put into operation the system of deception, as to his departure, which had been planned by Philip. The man who had been ordered to leave the Netherlands by the King, and pushed into immediate compliance with the royal commands by the Duchess, pro-

[1] Pontus Payen MS. [2] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 426.
[3] *Ibid.*, vii. 409, 410.

ceeded to address letters both to Philip and Margaret. He wrote from Namur to beg the Regent that she would not fail to implore his Majesty graciously to excuse his having absented himself for private reasons at that particular moment.[1] He wrote to Philip from Besançon, stating that his desire to visit his mother, whom he had not seen for nineteen years, and his natal soil, to which he had been a stranger during the same period, had induced him to take advantage of his brother's journey to accompany him for a few days into Burgundy.[2] He had, therefore, he said, obtained the necessary permission from the Duchess, who had kindly promised to write very particularly by the first courier, to beg his Majesty's approval of the liberty which they had both taken.[3] He wrote from the same place to the Regent again, saying that some of the nobles pretended to have learned from Armenteros that the King had ordered the Cardinal to leave the country and not to return; all which, he added, was a very false Renardesque invention, at which he did nothing but laugh.[4]

As a matter of course, his brother, in whose company he was about to visit the mother whom he had not seen for the past nineteen years, was as much mystified as the rest of the world.[5] Chantonnay was not aware that anything but the alleged motives had occasioned the journey, nor did he know that his brother would perhaps have omitted to visit their common parent for nineteen years longer had he not received the royal order to leave the Netherlands.

Philip, on the other side, had sustained his part in the farce with much ability. Viglius, Berlaymont, Morillon, and all the lesser cardinalists were entirely taken in by the letters which were formally despatched to the Duchess in reply to her own and the Cardinal's notification. "I cannot take it amiss," wrote the King, "that you have given leave of absence to Cardinal de Granvelle, for two or three months, according to the advices just received from you, that he may attend to some private affairs of his own."[6] As soon as these letters had been read in the council, Viglius faithfully transmitted them to Granvelle, for that personage's enlightenment; adding his own innocent reflection, that "this was

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 409, 410. [2] *Ibid.*, vii. 483, 484. [3]
[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 591. [5] *Ibid.*, ix. 565. [6] *Ibid.*, vii. 600-638.

very different language from that held by some people, that your most illustrious lordship had retired by order of his Majesty."[1] Morillon also sent the Cardinal a copy of the same passage in the royal despatch, saying, very wisely, "I wonder what they will all say now, since these letters have been read in council."[2] The Duchess, as in duty bound, denied flatly, on all occasions, that Armenteros had brought any letters recommending or ordering the minister's retreat.[3] She conscientiously displayed the letters of his Majesty, proving the contrary, and yet, said Viglius, it was very hard to prevent people talking as they liked.[4] Granvelle omitted no occasion to mystify every one of his correspondents on the subject, referring, of course, to the same royal letters which had been written for public reading, expressly to corroborate these statements. "You see by his Majesty's letters to Madame de Parma," said he to Morillon, "how false is the report that the King had ordered me to leave Flanders, and in what confusion those persons find themselves who fabricated the story."[5] It followed of necessity that he should carry out his part in the royal programme, but he accomplished his task so adroitly, and with such redundancy of zeal, as to show his thorough sympathy with the King's policy. He dissembled with better grace, even if the King did it more naturally. Nobody was too insignificant to be deceived, nobody too august. Emperor Ferdinand fared no better than "Esquire" Bordey. "Some of those who hate me," he wrote to the potentate, "have circulated the report that I had been turned out of the country, and was never to return. This story has ended in smoke, since the letters written by his Majesty to the Duchess of Parma on the subject of the leave of absence which she had given me."[6] Philip himself addressed a private letter to Granvelle, of course that others might see it, in which he affected to have just learned that the Cardinal had obtained permission from the Regent, "to make a visit to his mother, in order to

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 600-638.—Letter of Viglius to Granvelle, 9th May, 1564.

[2] *Ibid.*, 638.

[3] "La duchesse renia fort et ferme qûe Armenteros avait apporté aucunes lettres de vostre restraicte, et monstroit bien par les dernières lettres de S. Maj. le contraire," etc.—*Ibid.*, vii. 653.

[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 653. [5] *Ibid.*, viii. 108. [6] *Ibid.*, 113.

arrange certainly family matters," and gravely gave his approbation to the step.[1] At the same time it was not possible for the King to resist the temptation of adding one other stroke of dissimulation to his own share in the comedy. Granvelle and Philip had deceived all the world, but Philip also deceived Granvelle. The Cardinal made a mystery of his departure to Pollwiller, Viglius, Morillon, to the Emperor, to his own brother, and also to the King's secretary, Gonzalo Perez; but he was not aware that Perez, whom he thought himself deceiving as ingeniously as he had done all the others, had himself drawn up the letter of recall, which the King had afterwards copied out in his own hand and marked "secret and confidential."[2] Yet Granvelle might have guessed that in such an emergency Philip would hardly depend upon his own literary abilities.

Granvelle remained month after month in seclusion, doing his best to philosophize. Already, during the latter period of his residence in the Netherlands, he had lived in a comparative and forced solitude. His house had been avoided by those power-worshippers whose faces are rarely turned to the setting sun. He had, in consequence, already, before his departure, begun to discourse on the beauties of retirement, the fatigues of greatness, and the necessity of repose for men broken with the storms of state.[3] A great man was like a lake, he said, to which a thirsty multitude habitually resorted till the waters were troubled, sullied, and finally exhausted.[4] Power looked more attractive in front than in the retrospect. That which men possessed was ever of less value than that which they hoped.[5] In this fine strain of eloquent commonplace the falling minister had already begun to moralize upon the vanity of human wishes. When he was established at his charming retreat in Burgundy, he had full leisure to pursue the theme. He remained in retirement till his beard grew to his waist,[6] having vowed, according to report, that he would not shave till recalled to the Netherlands. If the report were true,

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 218, 219.
[2] M. Gachard.—Bull. de l'Acad. Roy. de Bruxelles, xii. 11.
[3] "Optandum homini laboribus fracto requietem," etc. etc.—*Strada*, iv. 135.
[4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.* [6] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 218, 219.

said some of the gentlemen in the provinces, it would be likely to grow to his feet.[1] He professed to wish himself blind and deaf,[2] that he might have no knowledge of the world's events, described himself as buried in literature, and fit for no business save to remain in his chamber, fastened to his books, or occupied with private affairs and religious exercises.[3] He possessed a most charming residence at Orchamps, where he spent a great portion of his time. In one of his letters to Vice-Chancellor Seld, he described the beauties of this retreat with much delicacy and vigour—"I am really not as badly off here," said he, "as I should be in the Indies. I am in sweet places where I have wished for you a thousand times, for I am certain that you would think them appropriate for philosophy and worthy the habitation of the Muses. Here are beautiful mountains, high as heaven, fertile on all their sides, wreathed with vineyards, and rich with every fruit; here are rivers flowing through charming valleys, the waters clear as crystal, filled with trout, breaking into numberless cascades. Here are umbrageous groves, fertile fields, lovely meadows; on the one side great warmth, on the other side delectable coolness, despite the summer's heat. Nor is there any lack of good company, friends, and relations, with, as you well know, the very best wines in the world."[4]

Thus it is obvious that the Cardinal was no ascetic. His hermitage contained other appliances save those for study and devotion. His retired life was, in fact, that of a voluptuary. His brother, Chantonnay, reproached him with the sumptuousness and disorder of his establishment.[5] He lived in "good and joyous cheer." He professed to be thoroughly satisfied with the course things had taken, knowing that God was above all, and would take care of all. He avowed his determination to extract pleasure and profit even from the ill-will of his adversaries. "Behold my philosophy," he cried, "to live joyously as possible, laughing at the world, at passionate people, and at all their calumnies."[6]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 218, 219.
[2] *Ibid.*, viii. 91.
[3] *Ibid.*, viii. 91, 102. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 428.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 115.
[5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 428 (note).
[6] *Ibid.*, 240.

It is evident that his philosophy, if it had any real existence, was sufficiently Epicurean. It was, however, mainly compounded of pretence, like his whole nature and his whole life. Notwithstanding the mountains high as heaven, the cool grottos, the trout, and the Burgundy, concerning which he descanted so eloquently, he soon became most impatient of his compulsory seclusion. His pretence of "composing himself as much as possible to tranquillity and repose"[1] could deceive none of the intimate associates to whom he addressed himself in that edifying vein. While he affected to be blind and deaf to politics, he had eyes and ears for nothing else. Worldly affairs were his element, and he was shipwrecked upon the charming solitude which he affected to admire. He was most anxious to return to the world again, but he had difficult cards to play. His master was even more dubious than usual about everything. Granvelle was ready to remain in Burgundy as long as Philip chose that he should remain there. He was also ready to go to "India, Peru, or into the fire," whenever his King should require any such excursion, or to return to the Netherlands, confronting any danger which might lie in his path.[2] It is probable that he nourished for a long time a hope that the storm would blow over in the provinces, and his resumption of power become possible.

William of Orange, although more than half convinced that no attempt would be made to replace the minister, felt it necessary to keep strict watch on his movements. "We must be on our guard," said he, "and not be deceived. Perhaps they mean to put us asleep, in order the better to execute their designs. For the present things are peaceable, and all the world is rejoiced at the departure of that good Cardinal."[3] The Prince never committed the error of undervaluing the talents of his great adversary, and he felt the necessity of being on the alert in the present emergency. "'Tis a sly and cunning bird that we are dealing with," said he, "one that sleeps neither day nor night if a blow is to be dealt to us."[4] Honest Brederode, after solacing himself with the spectacle of his enemy's departure, soon began

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 91.
[2] *Ibid.*, viii. 103. Groen v. Prinst., i. 311.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 226, 227. [4] *Ibid.*, 259.

to suspect his return, and to express himself on the subject, as usual, with ludicrous vehemence. "They say the red fellow is back again," he wrote to Count Louis, "and that Berlaymont has gone to meet him at Namur. The devil after the two would be a good chase."[1] Nevertheless, the chances of that return became daily fainter. Margaret of Parma hated the Cardinal with great cordiality. She fell out of her servitude to him into far more contemptible hands, but for a brief interval she seemed to take a delight in the recovery of her freedom. According to Viglius, the court, after Granvelle's departure, was like a school of boys and girls when the pedagogue's back is turned.[2] He was very bitter against the Duchess for her manifest joy at emancipation.[3] The poor President was treated with the most marked disdain by Margaret, who also took pains to show her dislike to all the cardinalists. Secretary Armenteros forbade Bordey, who was Granvelle's cousin and dependent, from even speaking to him in public.[4] The Regent soon became more intimate with Orange and Egmont than she had ever been with the Cardinal. She was made to see—and, seeing, she became indignant—the cipher which she had really been during his administration. "One can tell what's o'clock,"[5] wrote Morillon to the fallen minister, "since she never writes to you nor mentions your name." As to Armenteros, with whom Granvelle was still on friendly relations, he was restless in his endeavours to keep the once powerful priest from rising again. Having already wormed himself into the confidence of the Regent, he made a point of showing to the principal seigniors various letters, in which she had been warned by the Cardinal to put no trust in them. "That devil," said Armenteros, "thought he had got into Paradise here; but he is gone, and we shall take care that he never returns."[6] It was soon thought highly probable that the King was but temporizing, and that the voluntary departure of the minister had been a deception. Of course nothing was accurately known upon the subject.

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 305.
[2] Vit. Viglii, 38.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593.
[5] "L'on peult facillement voir quelle heure il est," etc., etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, viii. 92-94.
[6] *Ibid.*

Philip had taken good care of that, but meantime the bets were very high that there would be no restoration. Men thought if there had been any royal favour remaining for the great man, that the Duchess would not be so decided in her demeanour on the subject. They saw that she was scarlet with indignation whenever the Cardinal's name was mentioned.[1] They heard her thank Heaven that she had but one son, because if she had had a second, he must have been an ecclesiastic, and as vile as priests always were.[2] They witnessed the daily contumely which she heaped upon poor Viglius, both because he was a friend of Granvelle and was preparing in his old age to take orders. The days were gone, indeed, when Margaret was so filled with respectful affection for the prelate, that she could secretly correspond with the Holy Father at Rome, and solicit the red hat for the object of her veneration. She now wrote to Philip, stating that she was better informed as to affairs in the Netherlands than she had ever formerly been. She told her brother that all the views of Granvelle and of his followers, Viglius with the rest, had tended to produce a revolution which they hoped that Philip would find in full operation when he should come to the Netherlands. It was their object, she said, to fish in troubled waters, and, to attain that aim, they had ever pursued the plan of gaining the exclusive control of all affairs. That was the reason why they had ever opposed the convocation of the states-general. They *feared that their books would be read*, and their frauds, injustice, simony, and rapine discovered.[3] This would be the result, if tranquillity were restored to the country, and therefore they had done their best to foment and maintain discord. The Duchess soon afterwards entertained her royal brother with very detailed accounts of various acts of simony, peculation, and embezzlement committed by Viglius, which the Cardinal had aided and abetted, and by which he had profited.[4] These revelations are inestimable in a historical point of view. They do not raise our estimate of Margaret's

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 132—"Que son Alteze devient rouge comme escarlet quand l'on parle de V. S.," etc.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 132.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 311-314.
[4] *Ibid.*, i. 318-320.

character, but they certainly give us a clear insight into the nature of the Granvelle administration. At the same time it was characteristic of the Duchess, that while she was thus painting the portrait of the Cardinal for the private eye of his sovereign, she should address the banished minister himself in a secret strain of condolence, and even of penitence. She wrote to assure Granvelle that she repented extremely having adopted the views of Orange. She promised that she would state publicly everywhere that the Cardinal was an upright man, intact in his morals and his administration, a most zealous and faithful servant of the King.[1] She added that she recognized the obligations she was under to him, and that she loved him like a brother.[2] She affirmed that if the Flemish seigniors had induced her to cause the Cardinal to be deprived of the government, she was already penitent, and that her fault deserved that the King, her brother, should cut off her head, for having occasioned so great a calamity.[3]

There was certainly discrepancy between the language thus used simultaneously by the Duchess to Granvelle and to Philip, but Margaret had been trained in the school of Macchiavelli, and had sat at the feet of Loyola.

The Cardinal replied with equal suavity, protesting that such a letter from the Duchess left him nothing more to desire, as it furnished him with an "entire and perfect justification" of his conduct.[4] He was aware of her real sentiments, no doubt, but he was too politic to quarrel with so important a personage as Philip's sister.

An incident which occurred a few months after the minister's departure served to show the general estimation in which he was held by all ranks of Netherlanders. Count Mansfeld celebrated the baptism of his son, Philip Octavian, by a splendid series of festivities at Luxemburg, the capital of his government. Besides the tournaments and similar sports, with which the upper classes of European society were accustomed at that day to divert themselves,

[1] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 71. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] Dom l'Evesque, *ubi sup.* He cites the MS. collection entitled Mémoires de Granvelle, tom. xxxiii., p. 67.

[4] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 71, 72. Mémoires de Granvelle, tom. xxxiii., p. 95.

there was a grand masquerade, to which the public were admitted as spectators. In this "mummery" the most successful spectacle was that presented by a group arranged in obvious ridicule of Granvelle. A figure dressed in Cardinal's costume, with the red hat upon his head, came pacing through the arena upon horseback. Before him marched a man attired like a hermit, with long white beard, telling his beads upon a rosary, which he held ostentatiously in his hands. Behind the mounted Cardinal came the Devil, attired in the usual guise considered appropriate to the Prince of Darkness, who scourged both horse and rider with a whip of fox-tails, causing them to scamper about the lists in great trepidation, to the immense delight of the spectators. The practical pun upon Simon Renard's name embodied in the fox-tail, with the allusion to the effect of the manifold squibs perpetrated by that most bitter and lively enemy upon Granvelle, were understood and relished by the multitude. Nothing could be more hearty than the blows bestowed upon the minister's representative, except the applause with which this satire, composed of actual fustigation, was received. The humorous spectacle absorbed all the interest of the masquerade, and was frequently repeated. It seemed difficult to satisfy the general desire to witness a thorough chastisement of the culprit.[1]

The incident made a great noise in the country. The cardinalists felt naturally very much enraged, but they were in a minority. No censure came from the government at Brussels, and Mansfeld was then and for a long time afterwards the main pillar of royal authority in the Netherlands. It was sufficiently obvious that Granvelle, for the time at least, was supported by no party of any influence.

Meantime he remained in his seclusion. His unpopularity did not, however, decrease in his absence. More than a year after his departure, Berlaymont said the nobles detested the Cardinal more than ever, and would eat him alive if they caught him.[2] The chance of his returning was dying gradually out. At about the same period Chantonnay advised his brother to show his teeth.[3] He assured Gran-

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 76, 77 ; 92-94.
[2] *Ibid.*, ix. 235.
[3] "—— Monstrer le visage et les dents," etc.—*Ibid.*, ix. 186, 187.

velle that he was too quiet in his disgrace, reminded him that princes had warm affections when they wished to make use of people, but that when they could have them too cheaply, they esteemed them but little; making no account of men whom they were accustomed to see under their feet. He urged the Cardinal, in repeated letters, to take heart again, to make himself formidable, and to rise from his crouching attitude. All the world say, he remarked, that the game is up between the King and yourself, and before long every one will be laughing at you, and holding you for a dupe.[1]

Stung or emboldened by these remonstrances, and weary of his retirement, Granvelle at last abandoned all intention of returning to the Netherlands, and towards the end of 1565, departed to Rome, where he participated in the election of Pope Pius V. Five years afterwards he was employed by Philip to negotiate the treaty between Spain, Rome, and Venice against the Turk. He was afterwards Viceroy of Naples, and in 1575 he removed to Madrid, to take an active part in the management of the public business, "the disorder of which," says the Abbé Boisot, "could be no longer arrested by men of mediocre capacity."[2] He died in that city on the 21st September, 1586, at the age of seventy, and was buried at Besançon.[3]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 184-187.
[2] Papiers d'Etat. Notice Préliminaire de M. Ch. Weisz.
[3] *Ibid.*

CHAPTER V.

THE HARVEST RIPENING.

Return of the three seigniors to the state-council—Policy of Orange—Corrupt character of the government—Efforts of the Prince in favour of reform—Influence of Armentieres—Painful situation of Viglius—His anxiety to return—Secret charges against him transmitted by the Duchess to Philip—Ominous signs of the times—Attention of Philip to the details of persecution—Execution of Fabricius, and tumult at Antwerp—Horrible cruelty towards the Protestants—Remonstrance of the Magistracy of Bruges and of the four Flemish estates against Titelmann—Ordinance of Philip—Council of Trent—Quarrel for precedence between the French and Spanish envoys—Order for the publication of the Trent decrees in the Netherlands—Opposition to the measure—Reluctance of the Duchess—Egmont accepts a mission to Spain—Violent debate in the council concerning his instructions—Remarkable speech of Orange—Apoplexy of Viglius—Temporary appointment of Hopper—Departure of Egmont—Disgraceful scene at Cambray—Character of the Archbishop—Egmont in Spain—Flattery and bribery—Council of Doctors—Vehement declarations of Philip—His instructions to Egmont at his departure—Proceedings of Orange in regard to his principality—Egmont's report to the state-council concerning his mission—His vainglory—Renewed orders from Philip to continue the persecution—Indignation of Egmont—Habitual dissimulation of the King—Reproof of Egmont by Orange—Assembly of Doctors in Brussels—Result of their deliberations transmitted to Philip—Universal excitement in the Netherlands—New punishment for heretics—Interview at Bayonne between Catharine de Medici and her daughter, the Queen of Spain—Mistaken views upon this subject—Diplomacy of Alva—Artful conduct of Catharine—Stringent letters from Philip to the Duchess with regard to the inquisition—Consternation of Margaret and of Viglius—New proclamation of the Edicts, the Inquisition, and the Council of Trent—Fury of the people—Resistance of the leading seigniors and of the Brabant council—Brabant declared free of the inquisition—Prince Alexander of Parma betrothed to Donna Maria of Portugal—Her portrait—Expensive preparations for the nuptials—Assembly of the Golden Fleece—Oration of Viglius—Wedding of Prince Alexander.

THE remainder of the year, in the spring of which the Cardinal had left the Netherlands, was one of anarchy, confusion, and corruption. At first there had been a sensation of relief. Philip had exchanged letters of exceeding amity

with Orange, Egmont and Horn.[1] These three seigniors had written, immediately upon Granvelle's retreat, to assure the King of their willingness to obey the royal commands, and to resume their duties at the state-council.[1] They had, however, assured the Duchess that the re-appearance of the Cardinal in the country would be the signal for their instantaneous withdrawal.[2] They appeared at the council daily, working with the utmost assiduity often till late into the night. Orange had three great objects in view,[3] by attaining which the country, in his opinion, might yet be saved, and the threatened convulsions averted. These were to convoke the states-general, to moderate or abolish the edicts, and to suppress the council of finance and the privy council, leaving only the council of state. The two first of these points, if gained, would, of course, subvert the whole absolute policy which Philip and Granvelle had enforced; it was, therefore, hardly probable that any impression would be made upon the secret determination of the government in these respects. As to the council of state, the limited powers of that body, under the administration of the Cardinal, had formed one of the principal complaints against that minister. The justice and finance councils were sinks of iniquity. The most barefaced depravity reigned supreme. A gangrene had spread through the whole government. The public functionaries were notoriously and outrageously venal. The administration of justice had been poisoned at the fountain, and the people were unable to slake their daily thirst at the polluted stream. There was no law but the law of the longest purse. The highest dignitaries of Philip's appointment had become the most mercenary hucksters that ever converted the temple of justice into a den of thieves. Law was an article of merchandise, sold by judges to the highest bidder. A poor customer could obtain nothing but stripes and imprisonment, or if tainted with suspicion of heresy, the fagot or the sword, but for the rich everything was attainable. Pardons for the most atrocious crimes, passports, safe-conducts, offices of trust and honour, were

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 71, 72.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294-297.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 222, 223.

disposed of at auction to the highest bidder.[1] Against all this sea of corruption did the brave William of Orange set his breast, undaunted and unflinching. His honour was ever untarnished by even a breath of suspicion. The Cardinal could accuse him of pecuniary embarrassment, by which a large proportion of his revenues were necessarily diverted to the liquidation of his debts, but he could not suggest that the Prince had ever freed himself from difficulties by plunging his hands into the public treasury, when it might easily have been opened to him.

It was soon, however, sufficiently obvious that as desperate a struggle was to be made with the many-headed monster of corruption as with the Cardinal by whom it had been so long fed and governed. The Prince was accused of ambition and intrigue. It was said that he was determined to concentrate all the powers of government in the state-council, which was thus to become an omnipotent and irresponsible senate, while the King would be reduced to the condition of a Venetian Doge.[2] It was, of course, suggested that it was the aim of Orange to govern the new Tribunal of Ten. No doubt the Prince was ambitious. Birth, wealth, genius, and virtue could not have been bestowed in such eminent degree upon any man without carrying with them the determination to assert their value. But he practised no arts to arrive at the supremacy which he felt must always belong to him, whatever might be his nominal position in the political hierarchy. He was already, although but just turned of thirty years, vastly changed from the brilliant and careless grandee, as he stood at the hour of the imperial abdication. He was becoming careworn in face, thin of figure, sleepless of habit. The wrongs of which he was the daily witness, the absolutism, the cruelty, the rottenness of the government, had marked his face with premature furrows. "They say that the Prince is very sad," wrote Morillon to Granvelle; "and 'tis easy to read as much in his face. They say *he cannot sleep*." Truly might

[1] Hoofd, ii. 48, 49. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 40. Vit. Viglii, 38, 39.

[2] "Comme par un coup d'essay pensa d'abolir le conseil privé—— pour abolir la puissance du Roy et le rendre semblable à un ducq de Venise," etc.—*Pontus Payen MS.*

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 434.

the monarch have taken warning that here was a man who was dangerous, and who thought too much. "Sleek-headed men, and such as slept o' nights," would have been more eligible functionaries, no doubt, in the royal estimation, but, for a brief period, the King was content to use, to watch, and to suspect the man who was one day to be his great and invincible antagonist. He continued assiduous at the council, and he did his best, by entertaining nobles and citizens at his hospitable mansion, to cultivate good relations with large numbers of his countrymen. He soon, however, had become disgusted with the court. Egmont was more lenient to the foul practices which prevailed there, and took almost a childish pleasure in dining at the table of the Duchess, dressed, as were many of the younger nobles, in short camlet doublet with the wheatsheaf buttons.

The Prince felt more unwilling to compromise his personal dignity by countenancing the flagitious proceedings and the contemptible supremacy of Armenteros, and it was soon very obvious, therefore, that Egmont was a greater favourite at court than Orange. At the same time the Count was also diligently cultivating the good graces of the middle and lower classes in Brussels, shooting with the burghers at the popinjay, calling every man by his name, and assisting at jovial banquets in town-house or guild-hall. The Prince, although at times a necessary partaker also in these popular amusements, could find small cause for rejoicing in the aspect of affairs. When his business led him to the palace, he was sometimes forced to wait in the ante-chamber for an hour, while Secretary Armenteros was engaged in private consultation with Margaret upon the most important matters of administration.[1] It could not be otherwise than galling to the pride and offensive to the patriotism of the Prince to find great public transactions entrusted to such hands. Thomas de Armenteros was a mere private secretary—a simple clerk. He had no right to have cognizance of important affairs, which could only come before his Majesty's sworn advisers. He was moreover an infamous peculator. He was rolling up a fortune with great rapidity by his shameless traffic in benefices, charges, offices, whether of church or state. His

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593.

name of Armenteros was popularly converted into Argenteros,[1] in order to symbolize the man who was made of public money. His confidential intimacy with the Duchess procured for him also the name of "Madame's barber,"[2] in allusion to the famous ornaments of Margaret's upper lip, and to the celebrated influence enjoyed by the barbers of the Duke of Savoy and of Louis the Eleventh. This man sold dignities and places of high responsibility at public auction.[3] The Regent not only connived at these proceedings, which would have been base enough, but she was full partner in the disgraceful commerce. Through the agency of the Secretary, she, too, was amassing a large private fortune.[4] "The Duchess has gone into the business of vending places to the highest bidders," said Morillon, "with the bit between her teeth."[5] The spectacle presented at the council-board was often sufficiently repulsive not only to the cardinalists, who were treated with elaborate insolence, but to all men who loved honour and justice, or who felt an interest in the prosperity of government. There was nothing majestic in the appearance of the Duchess, as she sat conversing apart with Armenteros, whispering, pinching, giggling, or disputing, while important affairs of state were debated, concerning which the Secretary had no right to be informed.[6] It was inevitable that Orange should be offended to the utmost by such proceedings, although he was himself treated with comparative respect. As for the ancient adherents of Granvelle, the Bordeys, Baves, and Morillons, they were forbidden by the favourite even to salute him in the streets. Berlaymont

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 650; ix. 339. [2] *Ibid.*, viii. 650.

[3] *Ibid.*, vii. 635-678. Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, i. 405, 406.

[4] "Mesmes aucuns, pour la rendre odieuse au peuple semoyent un bruit qu'elle amassoit un grand thresor de derniers du Roy, oultre une infinité d'or et d'argent qu'elle tiroit subtilement des offices, benefices, et remissions qu'elle faisoit vendre soubs main en beaux deniers comptant par le dit Armenteros."—*Pontus Payen MS.*

The correspondence of the time proves that the story was no calumny, but an indisputable fact.

[5] "Son Alteze y vat bride avallée."—*Papiers d'Etat*, vii. 635.

[6] "L'aultre jour, Van der Aa me dict avec larmes qu'il ne scavoit plus comporter les termes que l'on y tint: parlant à l'oreille, riant, picquant, débatant et donnant souvent des lourdes attaches, et quand *Hostilio* y est aussi present pour escoulter."—*Papiers d'Etat*, viii. 57, 58.

was treated by the Duchess with studied insult. "What is the man talking about?" she would ask with languid superciliousness, if he attempted to express his opinion in the state-council.[1] Viglius, whom Berlaymont accused of doing his best, without success, to make his peace with the seigniors, was in even still greater disgrace than his fellow-cardinalists. He longed, he said, to be in Burgundy, drinking Granvelle's good wine.[2] His patience under the daily insults which he received from the government made him despicable in the eyes of his own party. He was described by his friends as pusillanimous to an incredible extent, timid from excess of riches, afraid of his own shadow.[3] He was becoming exceedingly pathetic, expressing frequently a desire to depart and end his days in peace. His faithful Hopper sustained and consoled him, but even Joachim could not soothe his sorrows when he reflected that after all the work performed by himself and colleagues, "they had only been beating the bush for others,"[4] while their own share in the spoils had been withheld. Nothing could well be more contumelious than Margaret's treatment of the learned Frisian. When other councillors were summoned to a session at three o'clock, the President was invited at four. It was quite impossible for him to have an audience of the Duchess except in the presence of the inevitable Armenteros. He was not allowed to open his mouth, even when he occasionally plucked up heart enough to attempt the utterance of his opinions. His authority was completely dead. Even if he essayed to combat the convocation of the states-general by the arguments which the Duchess, at his suggestion, had often used for the purpose, he was treated with the same indifference. "The poor President," wrote Granvelle to the King's chief secretary, Gonzalo Perez, "is afraid, as I hear, to speak a word, and is made to write exactly what they tell him." At the same time, the poor President, thus maltreated and mortified, had the vanity occasionally to imagine himself a bold and formidable personage. The man whom his most intimate friends

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 238.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 223.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 267, 311.
[4] "Qu'on aurat battu le buisson pour la noblesse."—*Ibid.*, viii. 57, 58.

described as afraid of his own shadow, described himself to Granvelle as one who went his own gait, speaking his mind frankly upon every opportunity, and compelling people to fear him a little, even if they did not love him. But the Cardinal knew better than to believe in this magnanimous picture of the doctor's fancy.[1]

Viglius was anxious to retire, but unwilling to have the appearance of being disgraced. He felt instinctively, although deceived as to the actual facts, that his great patron had been defeated and banished. He did not wish to be placed in the same position. He was desirous, as he piously expressed himself, of withdrawing from the world, "that he might balance his accounts with the Lord, before leaving the lodgings of life." He was, however, disposed to please "the master" as well as the Lord. He wished to have the royal permission to depart in peace. In his own lofty language, he wished to be sprinkled on taking his leave "with the holy water of the court." Moreover, he was fond of his salary, although he disliked the sarcasms of the Duchess. Egmont and others had advised him to abandon the office of President to Hopper, in order, as he was getting feeble, to reserve his whole strength for the state-council. Viglius did not at all relish the proposition. He said that by giving up the seals, and with them the rank and salary which they conferred, he should become a deposed saint. He had no inclination, as long as he remained on the ground at all, to part with those emoluments and honours, and to be converted merely into the "ass of the state-council."[2] He had, however, with the sagacity of an old navigator, already thrown out his anchor into the best holding-ground during the storms which he foresaw were soon to sweep the state. Before the close of the year which now occupies us, the learned doctor of laws had become a doctor of divinity also; and had already secured, by so doing, the wealthy prebend of Saint Bavon of Ghent.[3] This would be a consolation in the loss of secular dignities, and a recompense for the cold looks of

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 77-91, 190, 266, 372, 377, 409, 410, 425, 426, 619.

[2] "Et de me laisser contenter d'estre l'asne du conseil-d'etat."—*Ibid.*, viii. 192.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 318-320.

the Duchess. He did not scruple to ascribe the pointed dislike which Margaret manifested towards him to the awe in which she stood of his stern integrity of character. The true reason why Armenteros and the Duchess disliked him was because, in his own words, "he was not of their mind with regard to lotteries, the sale of offices, advancement to abbeys, and many other things of the kind, by which they were in such a hurry to make their fortune." Upon another occasion he observed, in a letter to Granvelle, that, "all offices were sold to the highest bidder, and that the cause of Margaret's resentment against both the Cardinal and himself was, that they had so long prevented her from making the profit which she was now doing from the sale of benefices, offices, and other favours."[1]

The Duchess, on her part, characterized the proceedings and policy, both past and present, of the cardinalists as factious, corrupt, and selfish in the last degree. She assured her brother, that the simony, rapine, and dishonesty of Granvelle, Viglius, and all their followers, had brought affairs into the ruinous condition which was then but too apparent. They were doing their best, she said, since the Cardinal's departure, to show, by their sloth and opposition, that they were determined to allow nothing to prosper in his absence. To quote her own vigorous expression to Philip—"Viglius made her suffer the pains of hell."[2] She described him as perpetually resisting the course of the administration, and she threw out dark suspicions, not only as to his honesty but his orthodoxy. Philip lent a greedy ear to these scandalous hints concerning the late omnipotent minister and his friends. It is an instructive lesson in human history to look through the cloud of dissimulation in which the actors of this remarkable epoch were ever enveloped, and to watch them all stabbing fiercely at each other in the dark, with no regard to previous friendship, or even present professions. It is edifying to see the Cardinal, with all his genius and all his grimace, corresponding on familiar terms with Armenteros, who was holding him up to obloquy upon all occasions; to see Philip inclining his ear in pleased astonishment to Margaret's disclosures concerning the Cardinal, whom he was at the very

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 265; 405, 406.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 314.

instant assuring of his undiminished confidence;[1] and to see Viglius, the author of the edict of 1550, and the uniform opponent of any mitigation in its horrors, silently becoming involved without the least suspicion of the fact in the meshes of inquisitor Titelmann.

Upon Philip's eager solicitations for further disclosures, Margaret accordingly informed her brother of additional facts communicated to her, after oaths of secrecy had been exchanged, by Titelmann and his colleague del Canto. They had assured her, she said, that there were grave doubts touching the orthodoxy of Viglius. He had consorted with heretics during a large portion of his life, and had put many suspicious persons into office. As to his nepotism, simony, and fraud, there was no doubt at all. He had richly provided all his friends and relations in Friesland with benefices. He had become in his old age a priest and churchman, in order to snatch the provostship of Saint Bavon, although his infirmities did not allow him to say mass, or even to stand erect at the altar. The inquisitors had further accused him of having stolen rings, jewels, plate, linen, beds, tapestry, and other furniture, from the establishment, all which property he had sent to Friesland, and of having seized one hundred thousand florins in ready money which had belonged to the last abbé—an act consequently of pure embezzlement. The Duchess afterwards transmitted to Philip an inventory of the plundered property, including the furniture of nine houses, and begged him to command Viglius to make instant restitution.[2] If there be truth in the homely proverb, that in case of certain quarrels honest men recover their rights, it is perhaps equally certain that when distinguished public personages attack each other, historians may arrive at the truth. Here certainly are edifying pictures of the corruption of the Spanish regency in the Netherlands, painted by the President of the state-council, and of the dishonesty of the President painted by the Regent.

A remarkable tumult occurred in October of this year, at Antwerp. A Carmelite monk, Christopher Smith, commonly called Fabricius, had left a monastery in Bruges, adopted the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593; viii. 91-94. Cor. de Philippe II., i. 309-317.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, i. 314-320; 350, 351.

principles of the Reformation, and taken to himself a wife. He had resided for a time in England; but, invited by his friends, he had afterwards undertaken the dangerous charge of gospel-teacher in the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands. He was, however, soon betrayed to the authorities by a certain bonnet-dealer, popularly called Long Margaret, who had pretended, for the sake of securing the informer's fee, to be a convert to his doctrines. He was seized, and immediately put to the torture. He manfully refused to betray any members of his congregation, as manfully avowed and maintained his religious creed. He was condemned to the flames, and during the interval which preceded his execution, he comforted his friends by letters of advice, religious consolation and encouragement, which he wrote from his dungeon. He sent a message to the woman who had betrayed him, assuring her of his forgiveness, and exhorting her to repentance. His calmness, wisdom, and gentleness excited the admiration of all. When, therefore, this humble imitator of Christ was led through the streets of Antwerp to the stake, the popular emotion was at once visible. To the multitude who thronged about the executioners with threatening aspect, he addressed an urgent remonstrance that they would not compromise their own safety by a tumult in his cause. He invited all, however, to remain steadfast to the great truth for which he was about to lay down his life. The crowd, as they followed the procession of hangmen, halberdsmen, and magistrates, sang the hundred and thirtieth psalm in full chorus. As the victim arrived upon the market-place, he knelt upon the ground, to pray for the last time. He was, however, rudely forced to rise by the executioner, who immediately chained him to the stake, and fastened a leathern strap around his throat. At this moment the popular indignation became uncontrollable; and stones were showered upon the magistrates and soldiers, who, after a slight resistance, fled for their lives. The foremost of the insurgents dashed into the enclosed arena, to rescue the prisoner. It was too late. The executioner, even as he fled, had crushed the victim's head with a sledge-hammer, and pierced him through and through with a poniard. Some of the bystanders maintained afterwards that his fingers and lips were seen to move, as if in feeble prayer, for a little time longer, until, as

be compelled to make use of preparatory examinations with the co-operation of the senators of the city, to suffer that witnesses should make their depositions without being intimidated by menace, and to conduct all his subsequent proceedings according to legal forms, which he had uniformly violated; publicly declaring that he would govern himself according to his own pleasure.[1]

The four estates of Flanders having, in a solemn address to the King, represented the same facts, concluded their brief but vigorous description of Titelmann's enormities by calling upon Philip to suppress these horrible practices, so manifestly in violation of the ancient charters which he had sworn to support.[2] It may be supposed that the appeal to Philip would be more likely to call down a royal benediction than the reproof solicited upon the inquisitor's head. In the privy council, the petitions and remonstrances were read, and, in the words of the President, "found to be in extremely bad taste."[3] In the debate which followed, Viglius and his friends recalled to the Duchess, in earnest language, the decided will of the King, which had been so often expressed. A faint representation was made, on the other hand, of the dangerous consequences, in case the people were driven to a still deeper despair. The result of the movement was but meagre. The Duchess announced that she could do nothing in the matter of the request until further information, but that meantime she had charged Titelmann to conduct himself in his office "with discretion and modesty."[4] The discretion and modesty, however, never appeared in any modification of the inquisitor's proceedings, and he continued unchecked in his infamous career until his death, which did not occur till several years afterwards. In truth, Margaret was herself in mortal fear of this horrible personage. He besieged her chamber-door almost daily, before she had risen, insisting upon audiences which, notwithstanding her repugnance to the man, she did not dare to refuse. "May I perish," said Morillon, "if she does not stand in exceeding

[1] Brandt, i. 278, 279. Papiers d'Etat, viii. 434-438. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 329-331.

[2] Brandt, *ubi sup.*

[3] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 434.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 439.—"De se conduyre en l'exercice de son office avec toute discretion, modestie et respect."

by the Church, the reformation of ecclesiastical morals, and the education of the people. General police regulations were issued at the same time, by which heretics were to be excluded from all share in the usual conveniences of society, and were in fact to be strictly excommunicated. Inns were to receive no guests, schools no children, alms-houses no paupers, grave-yards no dead bodies, unless guests, children, paupers, and dead bodies were furnished with the most satisfactory proofs of orthodoxy. Midwives of unsuspected Romanism were alone to exercise their functions, and were bound to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred; the parish clerks were as regularly to record every such addition to the population, and the authorities to see that Catholic baptism was administered in each case with the least possible delay. Births, deaths, and marriages could only occur with validity under the shadow of the Church. No human being could consider himself born or defunct unless provided with a priest's certificate. The heretic was excluded so far as ecclesiastical dogma could exclude him, from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation.

The decrees contained many provisions which not only conflicted with the privileges of the provinces, but with the prerogatives of the sovereign. For this reason many of the lords in council thought that at least the proper exceptions should be made upon their promulgation. This was also the opinion of the Duchess, but the King, by his letters of October and November (1564), expressly prohibited any alteration in the ordinances, and transmitted a copy of the form according to which the canons had been published in Spain, together with the expression of his desire that a similar course should be followed in the Netherlands.[1] Margaret of Parma was in great embarrassment. It was evident that the publication could no longer be deferred. Philip had issued his commands, but grave senators and learned doctors of the university had advised strongly in favour of the necessary exceptions. The extreme party, headed by Viglius, were in favour of carrying out the royal decisions. They were overruled, and the Duchess was in-

[1] Strada, iv. 148.

ced to attempt a modification, if her brother's permission
1564 uld be obtained. The President expressed the opinion
at the decrees, even with the restrictions proposed, would
du give no contentment to the people, who, moreover, had no
co ght to meddle with theology.[1] The excellent Viglius for-
the t, however, that theology had been meddling altogether
"g o much with the people to make it possible that the public
rig tention should be entirely averted from the subject. Men
go d women who might be daily summoned to rack, stake,
to d scaffold in the course of these ecclesiastical arrangements,
at d whose births, deaths, marriages, and position in the
an ext world, were now to be formally decided upon, could
ar rdly be taxed with extreme indiscretion, if they did meddle
ar ith the subject.
m In the dilemma to which the Duchess was reduced, she
h gain bethought herself of a special mission to Spain. At
w he end of the year (1564), it was determined that Egmont
hould be the envoy. Montigny excused himself on account
a f private affairs; Marquis Berghen "because of his indispo-
th ition and corpulence."[2] There was a stormy debate in
s ouncil after Egmont had accepted the mission and imme-
c iately before his departure. Viglius had been ordered to
s repare the Count's instructions. Having finished the rough
d raught, he laid it before the board.[3] The paper was con-
c eived in general terms, and might mean anything or nothing.
No criticism upon its language was, however, offered until it
came to the turn of Orange to vote upon the document.
Then, however, William the Silent opened his lips, and
poured forth a long and vehement discourse, such as he
rarely pronounced, but such as few except himself could
utter. There was no shuffling, no disguise, no timidity in
his language. He took the ground boldly that the time had
arrived for speaking out. The object of sending an envoy
of high rank and European reputation like the Count of
Egmont, was to tell the King the truth. Let Philip know it
now. Let him be unequivocally informed that this whole
machinery of placards and scaffolds, of new bishops and old
hangmen, of decrees, inquisitors, and informers, must once
and for ever be abolished. Their day was over. The Nether-

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 321.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 615. [3] Vit. Viglii, 41.

lands were free provinces, they were surrounded by free countries, they were determined to vindicate their ancient privileges. Moreover, his Majesty was to be plainly informed of the frightful corruption which made the whole judicial and administrative system loathsome. The venality which notoriously existed everywhere, on the bench, in the council-chamber, in all public offices, where purity was most essential, was denounced by the Prince in scathing terms. He tore the mask from individual faces, and openly charged the Chancellor of Brabant, Engelbert Maas, with knavery and corruption. He insisted that the King should be informed of the necessity of abolishing the two inferior councils, and of enlarging the council of state by the admission of ten or twelve new members selected for their patriotism, purity and capacity. Above all, it was necessary plainly to inform his Majesty that the canons of Trent, spurned by the whole world, even by the Catholic princes of Germany, could never be enforced in the Netherlands, and that it would be ruinous to make the attempt. He proposed and insisted that the Count of Egmont should be instructed accordingly. He avowed in conclusion that he was a Catholic himself and intended to remain in the Faith, but that he could not look on with pleasure when princes strove to govern the souls of men, and to take away their liberty in matters of conscience and religion.[1]

Here certainly was no daintiness of phraseology, and upon these leading points, thus slightly indicated, William of Orange poured out his eloquence, bearing conviction upon the tide of his rapid invective. His speech lasted till seven in the evening, when the Duchess adjourned the meeting. The council broke up, the Regent went to supper, but the effect of the discourse upon nearly all the members was not to be mistaken. Viglius was in a state of consternation, perplexity, and despair. He felt satisfied that, with perhaps the exception of Berlaymont, all who had listened or should afterwards listen to the powerful arguments of Orange would be inevitably seduced or bewildered. The President lay awake, tossing and tumbling in his bed, recalling the Prince's oration, point by point, and endeavouring to answer it in

[1] Vit. Viglii, 41, 42.

order. It was important, he felt, to obliterate the impression produced. Moreover, as we have often seen, the learned Doctor valued himself upon his logic. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, that in his reply next day his eloquence should outshine that of his antagonist. The President thus passed a feverish and uncomfortable night, pronouncing and listening to imaginary harangues. With the dawn of day he arose and proceeded to dress himself. The excitement of the previous evening, and the subsequent sleeplessness of his night had, however, been too much for his feeble and slightly superannuated frame. Before he had finished his toilet, a stroke of apoplexy stretched him senseless upon the floor. His servants when they soon afterwards entered the apartment, found him rigid, and to all appearance dead.[1] After a few days, however, he recovered his physical senses in part, but his reason remained for a longer time shattered, and was never perhaps fully restored to its original vigour.

This event made it necessary that his place in the council should be supplied. Viglius had frequently expressed intentions of retiring, a measure to which he could yet never fully make up his mind. His place was now temporarily supplied by his friend and countryman Joachim Hopper, like himself a Frisian doctor of ancient blood and extensive acquirements, well versed in philosophy and jurisprudence, a professor of Louvain and a member of the Mechlin council. He was likewise the original founder and projector of Douay University, an institution which at Philip's desire he had successfully organised in 1556, in order that a French University might be furnished for Walloon youths, as a substitute for the seductive and poisonous Paris. For the rest, Hopper was a mere man of routine. He was often employed in private affairs by Philip without being entrusted with the secret at the bottom of them. His mind was a confused one, and his style inexpressibly involved and tedious. "Poor Master Hopper," said Granvelle, "did not write the best French in the world; may the Lord forgive him! He was learned in letters, but knew very little of great affairs." His manners were as cringing as his intellect was narrow. He never opposed the Duchess, so that his colleagues always

[1] Vit. Viglii, 42

called him Councillor "Yes, Madam," and he did his best to be friends with all the world.[1]

In deference to the arguments of Orange, the instructions for Egmont were accordingly considerably modified from the original draughts of Viglius. As drawn up by the new President, they contained at least a few hints to his Majesty as to the propriety of mitigating the edicts and extending some mercy to his suffering people.[2] The document was, however, not very satisfactory to the Prince, nor did he perhaps rely very implicitly upon the character of the envoy.

Egmont set forth upon his journey early in January (1565). He travelled in great state. He was escorted as far as Cambray by several nobles of his acquaintance, who improved the occasion by a series of tremendous banquets during the Count's sojourn, which was protracted till the end of January. The most noted of these gentlemen were Hoogstraaten, Brederode, the younger Mansfeld, Culemberg, and Noircarmes. Before they parted with the envoy, they drew up a paper, which they signed with their blood, and afterwards placed in the hands of his Countess. In this document they promised, on account of their "inexpressible and very singular affection" for Egmont, that if, during his mission to Spain, any evil should befall him, they would, on their faith as gentlemen and cavaliers of honour, take vengeance therefor, upon the Cardinal Granvelle, or upon all who should be the instigators thereof.[3]

Wherever Brederode was, there it was probable, would be much severe carousing. Before the conclusion, accordingly, of the visit to Cambray, that ancient city rang with the

[1] Vit. Viglii, 42. Levensb. Nederl. Man. en Vrouwen, iv. 105-111. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 373. Dom l'Evesque, i. 91.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Groen v. P., Archives, etc., i. 345, from Arnoldi, Hist. Denkwürd, page 282. It is remarkable that after the return of the Count from Spain, Hoogstraaten received this singular bond from the Countess, and gave it to Mansfeld to be burned in his presence. Mansfeld, however, advised keeping it, on account of Noircarmes, whose signature was attached to the document, and whom he knew to be so false and deceitful a man that it might be well to have it within their power at some future day to reproach him therewith.—*Ibid.* It will be seen in the sequel that Noircarmes more than justified the opinion of Mansfeld, but that the subsequent career of Mansfeld himself did not entitle him to reproach any of Philip's noble hangmen.

scandal created by a most uproarious scene. A banquet was given to Egmont and his friends in the citadel. Brederode, his cousin Lumey, and the other nobles from Brussels, were all present. The Archbishop of Cambray, a man very odious to the liberal party in the provinces, was also bidden to the feast. During the dinner, this prelate, although treated with marked respect by Egmont, was the object of much banter and coarse pleasantry by the ruder portion of the guests. Especially these convivial gentlemen took infinite pains to overload him with challenges to huge bumpers of wine; it being thought desirable, if possible, to place the Archbishop under the table. This pleasantry was alternated with much rude sarcasm concerning the new bishoprics. The conversation then fell upon other topics; among others, naturally upon the mission of Count Egmont. Brederode observed that it was a very hazardous matter to allow so eminent a personage to leave the land at such a critical period. Should anything happen to the Count, the Netherlands would sustain an immense loss. The Archbishop, irritated by the previous conversation, ironically requested the speaker to be comforted, "because," said he, "it will always be easy to find a new Egmont." Upon this, Brederode, beside himself with rage, cried out vehemently, "Are we to tolerate such language from this priest?" Culemberg, too, turning upon the offender, observed, "Your observation would be much more applicable to your own case. If you were to die, 't would be easy to find five hundred of your merit, to replace you in the see of Cambray." The conversation was, to say the least, becoming personal. The Bishop, desirous of terminating this keen encounter of wits, lifted a goblet full of wine and challenged Brederode to drink. That gentleman declined the invitation. After the cloth had been removed the cup circulated more freely than ever. The revelry became fast and furious. One of the younger gentlemen who was seated near the Bishop snatched the bonnet of that dignitary from his head, and placed it upon his own. He then drained a bumper to his health, and passed the goblet and the cap to his next neighbour. Both circulated till they reached the Viscount of Ghent, who arose from his seat and respectfully restored the cap to its owner. Brederode then took a large "cup of silver and gold," filled it to

the brim, and drained it to the confusion of Cardinal Granvelle, stigmatizing that departed minister, as he finished, by an epithet of more vigour than decency. He then called upon all the company to pledge him to the same toast, and denounced as cardinalists all those who should refuse.

The Archbishop, not having digested the affronts which had been put upon him already, imprudently ventured himself once more into the confusion, and tried to appeal to the reason of the company. He might as well have addressed the crew of Comus. He gained nothing but additional insult. Brederode advanced upon him with threatening gestures. Egmont implored the prelate to retire, or at least not to take notice of a nobleman so obviously beyond the control of his reason. The Bishop, however, insisted—mingling reproof, menace, and somewhat imperious demands that the indecent Saturnalia should cease. It would have been wiser for him to retire. Count Hoogstraaten, a young man and small of stature, seized the gilt laver, in which the company had dipped their fingers before seating themselves at table; "Be quiet, be quiet, little man," said Egmont, soothingly, doing his best to restrain the tumult. "Little man, indeed," responded the Count, wrathfully; "I would have you to know that never did little man spring from my race." With these words he hurled the basin, water and all, at the head of the Archbishop. Hoogstraaten had no doubt manifested his bravery before that day; he was to display, on future occasions, a very remarkable degree of heroism; but it must be confessed that the chivalry of the noble house of Lalaing was not illustrated by this attack upon a priest. The Bishop was sprinkled by the water, but not struck by the vessel. Young Mansfeld, ashamed of the outrage, stepped forward to apologize for the conduct of his companions and to soothe the insulted prelate. That personage, however, exasperated, very naturally, to the highest point, pushed him rudely away, crying, "Begone, begone! who is this boy that is preaching to me?" Whereupon, Mansfeld, much irritated, lifted his hand towards the ecclesiastic, and snapped his fingers contemptuously in his face. Some even said that he pulled the archiepiscopal nose, others that he threatened his life with a drawn dagger. Nothing could well have been more indecent or more cowardly than the conduct of these

nobles upon this occasion. Their intoxication, together with the character of the victim, explained, but certainly could not palliate the vulgarity of the exhibition. It was natural enough that men like Brederode should find sport in this remarkable badgering of a bishop, but we see with regret the part played by Hoogstraaten in the disgraceful scene.

The prelate, at last, exclaiming that it appeared that he had been invited only to be insulted, left the apartment, accompanied by Noircarmes and the Viscount of Ghent, and threatening that all his friends and relations should be charged with his vengeance. The next day a reconciliation was effected, as well as such an arrangement was possible, by the efforts of Egmont, who dined alone with the prelate. In the evening, Hoogstraaten, Culemberg, and Brederode, called upon the Bishop, with whom they were closeted for an hour, and the party separated on nominal terms of friendship.[1]

This scandalous scene, which had been enacted not only before many guests, but in presence of a host of servants, made necessarily a great sensation throughout the country. There could hardly be much difference of opinion among respectable people as to the conduct of the noblemen who had thus disgraced themselves. Even Brederode himself, who retained, as was natural, but a confused impression of the transaction, seemed in the days which succeeded the banquet, to be in doubt whether he and his friends had merited any great amount of applause. He was, however, somewhat self-contradictory, although always vehement in his assertions on the subject. At one time he maintained—after dinner, of course—that he would have killed the Archbishop if they had not been forcibly separated; at other moments he denounced as liars all persons who should insinuate that he had committed or contemplated any injury to that prelate; offering freely to fight any man who disputed either of his two positions.[2]

The whole scene was dramatized and represented in masquerade at a wedding festival given by Councillor d'Assonleville, on the marriage of Councillor Hopper's daughter, one

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Papiers d'Etat, viii. 681-688; ix. 16, 17. Vander Haer, 279-283.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 16, 17.

of the principal parts being enacted by a son of the President-judge of Artois.[1] It may be supposed that if such eminent personages, in close connection with the government took part in such proceedings, the riot must have been considered of a very pardonable nature. The truth was, that the Bishop was a cardinalist, and therefore entirely out of favour with the administration. He was also a man of treacherous, sanguinary character, and detested by the people. He had done his best to destroy heresy in Valenciennes by fire and sword. "I will say one thing," said he in a letter to Granvelle, which had been intercepted, "since the pot is uncovered, and the whole cookery known, we had best push forward and make an end of all the principal heretics, whether rich or poor, *without regarding whether the city will be entirely ruined* by such a course. Such an opinion I should declare openly were it not that we of the ecclesiastical profession are accused of always crying out for blood."[2] Such was the prelate's theory. His practice may be inferred from a specimen of his proceedings which occurred at a little later day. A citizen of Cambray, having been converted to the Lutheran Confession, went to the Archbishop, and requested permission to move out of the country, taking his property with him. The petitioner having made his appearance in the forenoon, was requested to call again after dinner, to receive his answer. The burgher did so, and was received, not by the prelate, but by the executioner, who immediately carried the Lutheran to the market-place, and cut off his head.[3] It is sufficiently evident that a minister of Christ, with such propensities, could not excite any great sympathy, however deeply affronted he might have been at a drinking party, so long as any Christians remained in the land.

Egmont departed from Cambray upon the 30th January, his friends taking a most affectionate farewell of him, and Brederode assuring him, with a thousand oaths, that he would forsake God for his service.[4] His reception at Madrid

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 17.—Pierre Arset, President of Artois, was afterwards a member of that infamous tribunal called the Council of Troubles, and popularly "of Blood."

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 180, 181.

[3] *Ibid.*, ii. 458, 459.—Letter from William of Orange to Landgrave William of Hesse.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 16, 17.

was most brilliant. When he made his first appearance at the palace, Philip rushed from his cabinet into the grand hall of reception, and fell upon his neck, embracing him heartily, before the Count had time to drop upon his knee and kiss the royal hand.[1] During the whole period of his visit he dined frequently at the King's private table, an honour rarely accorded by Philip, and was feasted and flattered by all the great dignitaries of the court as never a subject of the Spanish crown had been before. All vied with each other in heaping honours upon the man whom the King was determined to honour.[2] Philip took him out to drive daily in his own coach, sent him to see the wonders of the new Escorial, which he was building to commemorate the battle of St. Quentin, and, although it was still winter, insisted upon showing him the beauties of his retreat in the Segovian forest.[3] Granvelle's counsels as to the method by which the "friend of smoke" was so easily to be gained, had not fallen unheeded in his royal pupil's ears. The Count was lodged in the house of Ruy Gomez, who soon felt himself able, according to previous assurances to that effect, contained in a private letter of Armenteros, to persuade the envoy to any course which Philip might command.[4] Flattery without stint was administered. More solid arguments to convince the Count that Philip was the most generous and clement of princes were also employed with great effect. The royal dues upon the estate of Gaasbecque, lately purchased by Egmont, were remitted.[5] A mortgage upon his Seigneurie of Ninove[6] was discharged, and a considerable sum of money presented to him in addition. Altogether, the gifts which the ambassador received from the royal bounty amounted to one hundred thousand crowns.[7]

Thus feasted, flattered, and laden with presents, it must be admitted that the Count more than justified the opinions expressed in the letter of Armenteros, that he was a man easily governed by those who had credit with him. Egmont hardly broached the public matters which had brought him to

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 349.
[4] *Ibid.*, i. 343, 344.
[5] Pontus Payen MS.
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 347, 348.
[7] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 385.

Madrid. Upon the subject of the edicts, Philip certainly did not dissemble, however loudly the envoy may have afterwards complained at Brussels. In truth, Egmont, intoxicated by the incense offered to him at the Spanish court, was a different man from Egmont in the Netherlands, subject to the calm but piercing glance and the irresistible control of Orange. Philip gave him no reason to suppose that he intended any change in the religious system of the provinces, at least in any sense contemplated by the liberal party. On the contrary, a council of doctors and ecclesiastics was summoned,[1] at whose deliberations the Count was invited to assist; on which occasion the King excited general admiration by the fervour of his piety and the vehemence of his ejaculations. Falling upon his knees before a crucifix, in the midst of the assembly, he prayed that God would keep him perpetually in the same mind, and protested that he would never call himself master of those who denied the Lord God.[2] Such an exhibition could leave but little doubt in the minds of those who witnessed it as to the royal sentiments, nor did Egmont make any effort to obtain any relaxation of those religious edicts which he had himself declared worthy of approbation, and fit to be maintained.[3] As to the question of enlarging the state-council, Philip dismissed the subject with a few vague observations, which Egmont, not very zealous on the subject at the moment, perhaps misunderstood. The punishment of heretics by some new method, so as to secure the pains but to take away the glories of martyrdom, was also slightly discussed, and here again Egmont was so unfortunate as to misconceive the royal meaning, and to interpret an additional refinement of cruelty into an expression of clemency. On the whole, however, there was not much negotiation between the monarch and the ambassador. When the Count spoke of business, the King would speak to him of his daughters, and of his desire to see them provided with brilliant marriages.[4] As Egmont had eight girls, besides two sons, it was natural that he should be pleased to find Philip taking so much interest in looking out husbands for them. The King spoke to him, as hardly could be avoided, of the famous fool's-cap livery.

[1] Strada, iv. 152.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 217.
[4] Bentivoglio, ii. 24.

The Count laughed the matter off as a jest, protesting that it was a mere foolish freak, originating at the wine-table, and asseverating, with warmth, that nothing disrespectful or disloyal to his Majesty had been contemplated upon that or upon any other occasion. Had a single gentleman uttered an undutiful word against the King, Egmont vowed he would have stabbed him through and through upon the spot, had he been his own brother.[1] These warm protestations were answered by a gentle reprimand as to the past by Philip, and with a firm caution as to the future. "Let it be discontinued entirely, Count," said the King, as the two were driving together in the royal carriage.[2] Egmont expressed himself in handsome terms concerning the Cardinal,[3] in return for the wholesale approbation quoted to him in regard to his own character, from the private letters of that sagacious personage to his Majesty. Certainly, after all this, the Count might suppose the affair of the livery forgiven.

Thus amicably passed the hours of that mission, the preliminaries for which had called forth so much eloquence from the Prince of Orange and so nearly carried off with apoplexy the President Viglius. On his departure Egmont received a letter of instructions from Philip as to the report which he was to make upon his arrival in Brussels, to the Duchess. After many things personally flattering to himself, the envoy was directed to represent the King as overwhelmed with incredible grief at hearing the progress made by the heretics, but as immutably determined to permit no change of religion within his dominions, even were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. The King, he was to state, requested the Duchess forthwith to assemble an extraordinary session of the council, at which certain bishops, theological doctors, and very orthodox lawyers, were to assist, in which, under pretence of discussing the Council of Trent matter, it was to be considered whether there could not be some "new way devised for executing heretics; *not indeed one by which any deduction should be made from their sufferings* (which certainly was not the royal wish, nor likely to be grateful to God or salutary to religion), but by which

[1] Strada, iv. 153.
[2] "Conde, no se haga mas."—*Papiers d'Etat*, ix. 277.
[3] *Ibid.*, ix. 565.

all hopes of glory—that powerful incentive to their impiety—might be precluded."[1] With regard to any suggested alterations in the council of state, or in the other two councils, the King was to be represented as unwilling to form any decision until he should hear, at length, from the Duchess Regent upon the subject.

Certainly here was a sufficient amount of plain speaking upon one great subject, and very little encouragement with regard to the other. Yet Egmont, who immediately after receiving these instructions set forth upon his return to the Netherlands, manifested nothing but satisfaction. Philip presented to him, as his travelling companion, the young Prince Alexander of Parma, then about to make a visit to his mother in Brussels, and recommended the youth, afterwards destined to play so prominent a part in Flemish history, to his peculiar care.[2] Egmont addressed a letter to the King from Valladolid, in which he indulged in ecstasies concerning the Escorial and the wood of Segovia, and declared that he was returning to the Netherlands "the most contented man in the world."[3]

He reached Brussels at the end of April. Upon the fifth of May he appeared before the council, and proceeded to give an account of his interview with the King, together with a statement of the royal intentions and opinions. These were already sufficiently well known. Letters, written after the envoy's departure, had arrived before him, in which, while in the main presenting the same views as those contained in the instructions to Egmont, Philip had expressed his decided prohibition of the project to enlarge the state-council and to suppress the authority of the other two."[4] Nevertheless, the Count made his report according to the brief received at Madrid, and assured his hearers that the King was all benignity, having nothing so much at heart as the temporal and eternal welfare of the provinces. The siege of Malta, he stated, would prevent the royal visit to the Netherlands for the moment, but it was deferred only for a brief period. To remedy the deficiency in the provincial

[1] Strada, iv. 153, *sqq.* Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 347. Hopper Rec. et Mem., 46.

[2] Strada, iv. 155.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 349.

[4] Strada, iv. 154.

exchequer, large remittances would be made immediately from Spain. To provide for the increasing difficulties of the religious question, a convocation of nine learned and saintly personages was recommended, who should devise some new scheme by which the objections to the present system of chastising heretics might be obviated.[1]

It is hardly necessary to state that so meagre a result to the mission of Egmont was not likely to inspire the hearts of Orange and his adherents with much confidence. No immediate explosion of resentment, however, occurred. The general aspect for a few days was peaceful. Egmont manifested much contentment with the reception which he met with in Spain, and described the King's friendly dispositions towards the leading nobles in lively colours. He went to his government immediately after his return, assembled the states of Artois, in the city of Arras, and delivered the letters sent to that body by the King. He made a speech on this occasion,[2] informing the estates that his Majesty had given orders that the edicts of the Emperor were to be enforced to the letter; adding that he had told the King, freely, his own opinion upon the subject, in order to dissuade him from that which others were warmly urging. He described Philip as the most liberal and debonair of princes; his council in Spain as cruel and sanguinary. Time was to show whether the epithets thus applied to the advisers were not more applicable to the monarch than the eulogies thus lavished by the blind and predestined victim. It will also be perceived that this language, used before the estates of Artois, varied materially from his observation to the Dowager Duchess of Aerschot, denouncing as enemies the men who accused him of having requested a moderation of the edicts. In truth, this most vacillating, confused, and unfortunate of men scarcely comprehended the purport of his recent negotiations in Spain, nor perceived the drift of his daily remarks at home. He was, however, somewhat vainglorious immediately after his return, and excessively attentive to business. "He talks like a King," said Morillon, spitefully, "negotiates night and day, and makes all bow before him."[3] His house was more thronged with petitioners, courtiers, and men of

[1] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 44-47. Hoofd, ii. 50-52.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 316.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.

affairs, than even the palace of the Duchess. He avowed frequently that he would devote his life and his fortune to the accomplishment of the King's commands, and declared his uncompromising hostility to all who should venture to oppose that loyal determination.

It was but a very short time, however, before a total change was distinctly perceptible in his demeanour. These halcyon days were soon fled. The arrival of fresh letters from Spain gave unequivocal evidence of the royal determination, if, indeed, any doubt could be rationally entertained before. The most stringent instructions to keep the whole machinery of persecution constantly at work were transmitted to the Duchess, and aroused the indignation of Orange and his followers. They avowed that they could no longer trust the royal word, since, so soon after Egmont's departure, the King had written despatches so much at variance with his language, as reported by the envoy. There was nothing, they said, clement and debonair in these injunctions upon gentlemen of their position and sentiments to devote their time to the encouragement of hangmen and inquisitors. The Duchess was unable to pacify the nobles. Egmont was beside himself with rage. With his usual recklessness and wrath he expressed himself at more than one session of the state-council in most unmeasured terms. His anger had been more inflamed by information which he had received from the second son of Berlaymont, a young and indiscreet lad, who had most unfortunately communicated many secrets which he had learned from his father, but which were never intended for Egmont's ear.[1]

Philip's habitual dissimulation had thus produced much unnecessary perplexity. It was his custom to carry on correspondence through the aid of various secretaries, and it was his invariable practice to deceive them all. Those who were upon the most confidential terms with the monarch, were most sure to be duped upon all important occasions. It has been seen that even the astute Granvelle could not escape this common lot of all who believed their breasts the depositories of the royal secrets. Upon this occasion, Gonzalo Perez and Ruy Gomez complained bitterly that they

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 355, 356.

had known nothing of the letters which had recently been despatched from Valladolid, while Tisnacq and Courterville had been ignorant of the communications forwarded by the hands of Egmont. They avowed that the King created infinite trouble by thus treating his affairs in one way with one set of councillors and in an opposite sense with the others, thus dissembling with all, and added that Philip was now much astonished at the dissatisfaction created in the provinces by the discrepancy between the French letters brought by Egmont, and the Spanish letters since despatched to the Duchess. As this was his regular manner of transacting business, not only for the Netherlands, but for all his dominions, they were of opinion that such confusion and dissatisfaction might well be expected.[1]

After all, however, notwithstanding the indignation of Egmont, it must be confessed that he had been an easy dupe. He had been dazzled by royal smiles, intoxicated by court incense, contaminated by yet baser bribes. He had been turned from the path of honour and the companionship of the wise and noble to do the work of those who were to compass his destruction. The Prince of Orange reproached him to his face with having forgotten, when in Spain, to represent the views of his associates and the best interests of the country, while he had well remembered his own private objects, and accepted the lavish bounty of the King.[2] Egmont, stung to the heart by the reproof, from one whom he honoured and who wished him well, became sad and sombre for a long time, abstained from the court and from society, and expressed frequently the intention of retiring to his estates.[3] He was, however, much governed by his secre-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 358.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 345.—"Il y a esté parole picquante du Prince d'Orange contre le Comte d'Egmont comme s'il n'auroit rien oublié de son particulier; mais bien de ce qui concernoit des seigneurs, dont d'Egmont at esté aggravié et ne fust jeudi en court ny en la procession." —*Letter of Morillon to Granvelle*, of date 22nd June, 1595.

"Le Prince d'Orange ne se pouvoit abstenir —— d'user des mots picquants contre le Comte d'Egmont qu'il n'avoit fait aultre chose en Espagñe que remplir sa bourse, et que les 50,000 pistolets que luy avoit donné le Roy luy avoyent faict oublier les causses de son voyage et charges de sa legation."—*Pontus Payen MS.* Compare Bentivoglio, ii. 24, 25.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 386.

tary, the Seigneur de Bakkerzeel,[1] a man of restless, intriguing, and deceitful character, who at this period exercised as great influence over the Count as Armenteros continued to maintain over the Duchess, whose unpopularity from that and other circumstances was daily increasing.[2]

In obedience to the commands of the King, the canons of Trent had been published. They were nominally enforced at Cambray, but a fierce opposition was made by the clergy themselves to the innovation in Mechlin, Utrecht, and many other places. This matter, together with other more vitally important questions, came before the assembly of bishops and doctors, which, according to Philip's instructions, had been convoked by the Duchess. The opinion of the learned theologians was, on the whole, that the views of the Trent Council, with regard to reformation of ecclesiastical morals and popular education was sound. There was some discordancy between the clerical and lay doctors upon other points. The seigniors, lawyers, and deputies from the estates *were all in favour of repealing the penalty of death for heretical* offences of any kind. President Viglius, with all the bishops and doctors of divinity, including the prelates of St. Qmer, Namur and Ypres, and four theological professors from Louvain, *stoutly maintained the contrary opinion.*[3] The President especially, declared himself vehemently in favour of the death punishment, and expressed much anger against those who were in favour of its abolition.[4] The Duchess, upon the second day of the assembly, propounded formally the question, whether any change was to be made in the chastisement of heretics. The Prince of Orange, with Counts Horn and Egmont, had, however, declined to take part in the discussions, on the ground that it was not his Majesty's intention that state councillors should deliver their opinions before strangers, but that persons from outside had been summoned to communicate their advice to the council.[5] The seigniors having thus washed their hands of the matter, the doctors come to a conclusion with great

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 459. Letter of Bave to Granvelle. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 365, 366. Armenteros to G. Perez.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 425. [3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 408.
[4] *Ibid.*—"Y respondio con mucho animo contra un tal opinion."
[5] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 47.

alacrity. It was their unanimous opinion that it comported neither with the service of God nor the common weal, to make any change in the punishment, except, perhaps, in the case of extreme youth; but that, on the contrary, heretics were only to be dealt with by retaining the edicts in their rigour, and by courageously chastising the criminals.[1] After sitting for the greater part of six days, the bishops and doctors of divinity reduced their sentiments to writing, and affixed their signatures to the document. Upon the great point of the change suggested in the penalties of heresy, it was declared that no alteration was advisable in the edicts, which had been working so well for thirty-five years.[2] At the same time it was suggested that "some persons, in respect to their age and quality, might be executed or punished more or less rigorously than others; some by death, some by galley slavery, some by perpetual banishment and entire confiscation of property." The possibility was also admitted, of mitigating the punishment of those who, *without being heretics or sectaries*, might bring themselves within the provisions of the edicts, "through curiosity, nonchalance or otherwise." Such offenders, it was hinted, might be "whipped with rods, fined, banished, or subjected to similar penalties of a lighter nature."[3] It will be perceived by this slight sketch of the advice thus offered to the Duchess—that these theologians were disposed very carefully to strain the mercy, which they imagined possible in some cases, but which was to drop only upon the heads of the just. Heretics were still to be dealt with, so far as the bishops and presidents could affect their doom, with unmitigated rigour.

When the assembly was over, the Duchess, thus put in possession of the recorded wisdom of these special councillors, asked her constitutional advisers what she was to do with it. Orange, Egmont, Horn, Mansfeld replied, however, that it was not their affair, and that their opinion had not been demanded by his Majesty in the premises.[4] The Duchess accordingly transmitted to Philip the conclusions of the assembly, together with the reasons of the seigniors for refusing to take part in its deliberations. The sentiments of Orange could hardly be doubtful, however, nor his silence

[1] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 48.
[2] *Ibid.*, 48, 49.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid*

fail to give offence to the higher powers. He contented himself for the time with keeping his eyes and ears open to the course of events, but he watched well. He had "little leisure for amusing himself," as Brederode suggested. That free-spoken individual looked upon the proceedings of the theological assembly with profound disgust. "Your letter," he wrote to Count Louis, "is full of those blackguards of bishops and presidents. I would the race were extinct, like that of green dogs. They will always combat with the arms which they have ever used, remaining to the end avaricious, brutal, obstinate, ambitious, et cetera. I leave you to supply the rest."[1]

Thus, then, it was settled beyond peradventure that there was to be no compromise with heresy. The King had willed it. The theologians had advised it. The Duchess had proclaimed it. It was supposed that without the axe, the fire, and the rack, the Catholic religion would be extinguished, and that the whole population of the Netherlands would embrace the Reformed Faith. This was the distinct declaration of Viglius, in a private letter to Granvelle. "Many seek to abolish the chastisement of heresy," said he; "if they gain this point, *actum est de religione Catholicâ;* for as most of the people are ignorant fools, the heretics will soon be the great majority, if by fear of punishment they are not kept in the true path."[2]

The uneasiness, the terror, the wrath of the people seemed rapidly culminating to a crisis. Nothing was talked of but the edicts and the inquisition. Nothing else entered into the minds of men. In the streets, in the shops, in the taverns, in the fields; at market, at church, at funerals, at weddings; in the noble's castle, at the farmer's fireside, in the mechanic's garret, upon the merchants' exchange, there was but one perpetual subject of shuddering conversation. It was better, men began to whisper to each other, to die at once than to live in perpetual slavery. It was better to fall with arms in hand than to be tortured and butchered by the inquisition. Who could expect to contend with such a foe in the the dark?

They reproached the municipal authorities with lending themselves as instruments to the institution. They asked magistrates and sheriffs how far they would go in

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 382. [2] *Ibid.*, 370, 371.

their defence before God's tribunal for the slaughter of his creatures, if they could only answer the divine arraignment by appealing to the edict of 1550.[1] On the other hand, the inquisitors were clamorous in abuse of the languor and the cowardice of the secular authorities. They wearied the ear of the Duchess with complaints of the difficulties which they encountered in the execution of their functions—of the slight alacrity on the part of the various officials to assist them in the discharge of their duties. Notwithstanding the express command of his Majesty to that effect, they experience, they said, a constant deficiency of that cheerful co-operation which they had the right to claim, and there was perpetual discord in consequence. They had been empowered by papal and by royal decree to make use of the gaols, the constables, the whole penal machinery of each province; yet the officers often refused to act, and had even dared to close the prisons. Nevertheless, it had been intended, as fully appeared by the imperial and royal instructions to the inquisitors, that their action through the medium of the provincial authorities should be unrestrained. Not satisfied with these representations to the Regent, the inquisitors had also made a direct appeal to the King. Judocus Tiletanus and Michael de Bay addressed to Philip a letter from Louvain. They represented to him that they were the only two left of the five inquisitors-general appointed by the Pope for all the Netherlands, the other three having *been recently converted into bishops.* Daily complaints, they said, were reaching them of the prodigious advance of heresy, but their own office was becoming so odious, so calumniated, and exposed to so much resistance, that they could not perform its duties without personal danger. They urgently demanded from his Majesty, therefore, additional support and assistance.[2] Thus the Duchess, exposed at once to the rising wrath of a whole people and to the shrill blasts of inquisitorial anger, was tossed to and fro, as upon a stormy sea. The commands of the King, too explicit to be tampered with, were obeyed. The theological assembly had met and given advice. The Council of Trent was here and there

[1] Hoofd, ii. 65. [2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 353.

enforced. The edicts were republished and the inquisitors encouraged. Moreover, in accordance with Philip's suggestion, orders were now given that the heretics should be executed at midnight in their dungeons, by binding their heads between their knees, and then slowly suffocating them in tubs of water.[1] Secret drowning was substituted for public burning, in order that the heretic's crown of vain-glory, which was thought to console him in his agony, might never be placed upon his head.

In the course of the summer, Margaret wrote to her brother that the popular frenzy was becoming more and more intense. The people were crying aloud, she said, that the Spanish inquisition, or a worse than Spanish inquisition, had been established among them by means of bishops and ecclesiastics.[2] She urged Philip to cause the instructions for the inquisitors to be revised. Egmont, she said, was vehement in expressing his dissatisfaction at the discrepancy between Philip's language to him by word of mouth, and that of the royal despatches on the religious question. The other seigniors were even more indignant.

While the popular commotion in the Netherlands was thus fearfully increasing, another circumstance came to add to the prevailing discontent. The celebrated interview between Catharine de Medici and her daughter, the Queen of Spain, occurred in the middle of the month of June, at Bayonne. The darkest suspicions as to the results to humanity of the plots to be engendered in this famous conference between the representatives of France and Spain were universally entertained. These suspicions were most reasonable, but they were nevertheless mistaken. The plan for a concerted action to exterminate the heretics in both kingdoms had, as it was perfectly well known, been formed long before this epoch. It was also no secret that the Queen Regent of France had been desirous of meeting her son-in-law in order to confer with him upon important matters, face to face. Philip, however, had latterly been disinclined for the personal interview with Catharine.[3] As his wife was most

[1] Meteren, ii. 301. Brandt, Reformatie, i. v. 278.—Compare de Thou, v. xl. 206; Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 56, 57.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 360-364.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 380, 381.

anxious to meet her mother, it was nevertheless finally arranged that Queen Isabella should make the journey; but he excused himself, on account of the multiplicity of his affairs, from accompanying her in the expedition. The Duke of Alva was, accordingly, appointed to attend the Queen to Bayonne. Both were secretly instructed by Philip to leave nothing undone in the approaching interview toward obtaining the hearty co-operation of Catharine de Medici in a general and formally-arranged scheme for the simultaneous extermination of all heretics in the French and Spanish dominions.

Alva's conduct in this diplomatic commission was stealthy in the extreme. His letters[1] reveal a subtlety of contrivance and delicacy of handling, such as the world has not generally reckoned among his characteristics. All his adroitness, as well as the tact of Queen Isabella, by whose ability Alva declared himself to have been astounded, proved, however, quite powerless before the steady fencing of the wily Catharine. The Queen Regent, whose skill the Duke, even while defeated, acknowledged to his master, continued firm in her design to maintain her own power by holding the balance between Guise and Montmorency, between Leaguer and Huguenot. So long as her enemies could be employed in exterminating each other, she was willing to defer the extermination of the Huguenots. The great massacre of St. Bartholomew was to sleep for seven years longer. Alva was, to be sure, much encouraged at first by the language of the French princes and nobles who were present at Bayonne. Monluc protested that "they might saw the Queen Dowager in two before she would become Huguenot."[2] Montpensier exclaimed that "he would be cut in pieces for Philip's service—that the Spanish monarch was the only hope for France," and embracing Alva with fervour, he affirmed that if his body were to be opened at that moment, the name of Philip would be found imprinted upon his heart."[3] The

[1] These remarkable letters are published in the Papiers d'Etat, du Card. Granvelle, ix. 281-330, and reveal the whole truth concerning the famous conference of Bayonne.

[2] "Se dexaria asserrar que hazerse ugonota."—*Papiers d'Etat, ubi sup.*

[3] "Que por V. M. se dexaria hacer pedazos —— y que si le abriasen el coraçon le hallarian escripto el nombre de V. M."—*Ibid.*

Duke, having no power to proceed to an autopsy, physical or moral, of Montpensier's interior, was left somewhat in the dark, notwithstanding these ejaculations. His first conversation with the youthful King, however, soon dispelled his hopes. He found immediately, in his own words, that Charles the Ninth had been "doctored."[1] To take up arms, for religious reasons, against his own subjects, the monarch declared to be ruinous and improper. It was obvious to Alva that the royal pupil had learned his lesson for that occasion. It was a pity for humanity that the wisdom thus hypocritically taught him could not have sunk into his heart. The Duke did his best to bring forward the plans and wishes of his royal master, but without success. The Queen Regent proposed a league of the two Kings and the Emperor against the Turk, and wished to arrange various matrimonial alliances between the sons and daughters of the three houses. Alva expressed the opinion that the alliances were already close enough, while, on the contrary, a secret league against the Protestants would make all three families the safer. Catharine, however, was not to be turned from her position. She refused even to admit that the Chancellor de l'Hospital was a Huguenot, to which the Duke replied that she was the only person in her kingdom who held that opinion. She expressed an intention of convoking an assembly of doctors, and Alva ridiculed in his letters to Philip the affectation of such a proceeding. In short, she made it sufficiently evident, that the hour for the united action of the French and Spanish sovereigns against their subjects had not struck, so that the famous Bayonne conference terminated without a result. It seemed not the less certain, however, in the general opinion of mankind, that all the particulars of a regular plot had been definitely arranged upon this occasion for the extermination of the Protestants, and the error has been propagated by historians of great celebrity of all parties, down to our own days. The secret letters of Alva, however, leave no doubt as to the facts.

In the course of November, fresh letters from Philip arrived in the Netherlands, confirming everything which he had previously written. He wrote personally to the inquisitors-

[1] "Como es, descubri lo que le tenian predicado."—*Papiers d'Etat, ubi sup.*

general, Tiletanus and De Bay, encouraging them, commending them, promising them his support, and urging them not to be deterred by any consideration from thoroughly fulfilling their duties. He wrote Peter Titelmann a letter in which he applauded the pains taken by that functionary to remedy the ills which religion was suffering, assured him of his gratitude, exhorted him to continue in his virtuous course, and avowed his determination to spare neither pains, expense, nor even his own life, to sustain the Catholic Faith. To the Duchess he wrote at great length, and in most unequivocal language. He denied that what he had written from Valladolid was of different meaning from the sense of the despatches by Egmont. With regard to certain Anabaptist prisoners, concerning whose fate Margaret had requested his opinion, he commanded their execution, adding that such was his will in the case of all, whatever their quality, who could be caught. That which the people said in the Netherlands touching the inquisition, he pronounced extremely distasteful to him. That institution, which had existed under his predecessors, he declared more necessary than ever; nor would he suffer it to be discredited. He desired his sister to put no faith in idle talk, as to the inconveniences likely to flow from the rigour of the inquisition. Much greater inconveniences would be the result if the inquisitors did not proceed with their labours, and the Duchess was commanded to write to the secular judges, enjoining upon them to place no obstacles in the path, but to afford all the assistance which might be required.[1]

To Egmont, the King wrote with his own hand, applauding much that was contained in the recent decisions of the assembly of bishops and doctors of divinity, and commanding the Count to assist in the execution of the royal determination. In affairs of religion, Philip expressed the opinion that dissimulation and weakness were entirely out of place.[2]

When these decisive letters came before the state-council, the consternation was extreme. The Duchess had counted, in spite of her inmost convictions, upon less peremptory instructions. The Prince of Orange, the Count of Egmont,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 369-373. [2] *Ibid.*, i. 375.

and the Admiral, were loud in their denunciations of the royal policy. There was a violent and protracted debate. The excitement spread at once to the people. Inflammatory handbills were circulated. Placards were posted every night upon the doors of Orange, Egmont, and Horn, calling upon them to come forth boldly as champions of the people and of liberty in religious matters.[1] Banquets were held daily at the houses of the nobility, in which the more ardent and youthful of their order, with brains excited by wine and anger, indulged in flaming invectives against the government, and interchanged vows to protect each other and the cause of the oppressed provinces. Meanwhile the privy council, to which body the Duchess had referred the recent despatches from Madrid, made a report upon the whole subject to the state-council, during the month of November, sustaining the royal views, and insisting upon the necessity of carrying them into effect. The edicts and inquisition having been so vigorously insisted upon by the King, nothing was to be done but to issue new proclamations throughout the country, together with orders to bishops, councils, governors, and judges, that every care should be taken to enforce them to the full.[2]

This report came before the state-council, and was sustained by some of its members. The Prince of Orange expressed the same uncompromising hostility to the inquisition which he had always manifested, but observed that the commands of the King were so precise and absolute, as to leave no possibility of discussing that point. There was nothing to be done, he said, but to obey, but he washed his hands of the fatal consequences which he foresaw.[3] There was no longer any middle course between obedience and rebellion. This opinion, the soundness of which could scarcely be disputed, was also sustained by Egmont and Horn.

Viglius, on the contrary, nervous, agitated, appalled, was now disposed to temporize. He observed that if the seigniors feared such evil results, it would be better to prevent, rather than to accelerate the danger which would follow the proposed notification to the governors and municipal authorities throughout the country, on the subject of the inquisition. To make haste, was neither to fulfil the intentions, nor to

[1] Hoofd, ii. 66. [2] Hopper, 58, 59. [3] *Ibid.*, 59.

serve the interests of the King, and it was desirable "to avoid emotion and scandal." Upon these heads the President made a very long speech, avowing, in conclusion, that if his Majesty should not find the course proposed agreeable, he was ready to receive all the indignation upon his own head.[1]

Certainly this position of the President was somewhat inconsistent with his previous course. He had been most violent in his denunciations of all who should interfere with the execution of the great edict of which he had been the original draughtsman. He had recently been ferocious in combating the opinion of those civilians in the assembly of doctors who had advocated the abolition of the death penalty against heresy. He had expressed with great energy his private opinion that the ancient religion would perish if the machinery of persecution were taken away; yet he now for the first time seemed to hear or to heed the outcry of a whole nation, and to tremble at the sound. Now that the die had been cast, in accordance with the counsels of his whole life,—now that the royal commands, often enigmatical and hesitating, were at last too distinct to be misconstrued, and too peremptory to be tampered with—the President imagined the possibility of delay. The health of the ancient Frisian had but recently permitted him to resume his seat at the council-board. His presence there was but temporary, for he had received from Madrid the acceptance of his resignation, accompanied with orders to discharge the duties of President[2] until the arrival of his successor, Charles de Tisnacq. Thus, in his own language, the Duchess was still obliged to rely for a season "upon her ancient Palinurus,"[3] a necessity far from agreeable to her, for she had lost confidence in the pilot. It may be supposed that he was anxious to smooth the troubled waters during the brief period in which he was still to be exposed to their fury; but he poured out the oil of his eloquence in vain. Nobody sustained his propositions. The Duchess, although terrified at the probable consequences, felt the impossibility of disobeying the deliberate decree of her brother. A proclamation was accordingly prepared, by which it was ordered that the Council of Trent, the edicts and the inquisition,

[1] Hopper, 59, 60.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 442. Vit. Viglii, 45.
[3] Vit. Viglii, 45.

should be published in every town and village in the provinces, immediately, and once in six months for ever afterwards.[1] The deed was done, and the Prince of Orange, stooping to the ear of his next neighbour, as they sat at the council-board, whispered that they were now about to witness the commencement of the most extraordinary tragedy which had ever been enacted.[2] The prophecy was indeed a proof that the Prince could read the future, but the sarcasm of the President, that the remark had been made in a tone of exultation,[3] was belied by every action of the prophet's life.

The fiat went forth. In the market-place of every town and village of the Netherlands, the inquisition was again formally proclaimed. Every doubt which had hitherto existed as to the intention of the government was swept away.

No argument was thenceforward to be permissible as to the constitutionality of the edicts—as to the compatibility of their provisions with the privileges of the land. The cry of a people in its agony ascended to Heaven. The decree was answered with a howl of execration. The flames of popular frenzy[4] arose lurid and threatening above the house-tops of every town and village. The impending conflict could no longer be mistaken. The awful tragedy which the great watchman in the land had so long predicted, was seen sweeping solemnly and steadily onward. The superstitious eyes of the age saw ominous indications in the sky. Contending armies trampled the clouds; blood dropped from heaven; the exterminating angel rode upon the wind.

There was almost a cessation of the ordinary business of mankind. Commerce was paralyzed. Antwerp shook as with an earthquake. A chasm seemed to open, in which her prosperity and her very existence were to be for ever engulphed. The foreign merchants, manufacturers, and artisans fled from her gates as if the plague were raging within them.

[1] Bor, i. 32, 33. Meteren, ii. 37.

[2] "Visuros nos brevi egregiæ tragœdiæ initium."—*Vit. Viglii*, 45.

[3] "Quasi lætus, gloriabundusque."—*Ibid.*

[4] "Depuis icelles publiées par lettres de S. A. aux evesques, consaulx et bonnes villes, c'est chose incroyable quelles flammes jecta le feu, d'auparavan caché soulz les cendres," etc., etc.—*Hopper, Rec. et Mem.*, 62.

Thriving cities were likely soon to be depopulated. The metropolitan heart of the whole country was almost motionless.[1]

Men high in authority sympathized with the general indignation. The Marquis Berghen, the younger Mansfeld, the Baron Montigny, openly refused to enforce the edicts within their governments. Men of eminence inveighed boldly and bitterly against the tyranny of the government, and counselled disobedience. The Netherlanders, it was stoutly maintained, were not such senseless brutes as to be ignorant of the mutual relation of prince and people. They knew that the obligation of a king to his vassals was as sacred as the duties of the subjects to the sovereign.[2]

The four principal cities of Brabant first came forward in formal denunciation of the outrage. An elaborate and conclusive document was drawn up in their name, and presented to the Regent.[3] It set forth that the recent proclamation violated many articles in the "joyous entry." That ancient constitution had circumscribed the power of the clergy, and the jealousy had been felt in old times as much by the sovereign as the people. No ecclesiastical tribunal had therefore been allowed, excepting that of the Bishop of Cambray, whose jurisdiction was expressly confined to three classes of cases—those growing out of marriages, testaments and mortmains.

It would be superfluous to discuss the point at the present day, whether the directions to the inquisitors and the publication of the edicts conflicted with the "joyous entrance." To take a man from his house and burn him, after a brief preliminary examination, was clearly not to follow the letter and spirit of the Brabantine *habeas corpus*, by which inviolability of domicile and regular trials were secured and sworn to by the monarch; yet such had been the uniform practice of inquisitors throughout the country. The petition of the four cities was referred by the Regent to the council of Brabant. The chancellor, or president judge of that tribunal, was notoriously corrupt—a creature of the Spanish govern-

[1] Hoofd, ii. 68. Bor, i. 34, 35. [2] Hopper, 62.

[3] Hopper, 63, *sqq.* Bor, i. 35. Meteren, ii. 37. Hoofd, ii. 68. 69. Supplement à l'Hist. des Guerres Civiles du Père F. Strada, par Foppens (Amst., 1729), vol. ii. 291, 292. Letter of Margaret of Parma

ment. His efforts to sustain the policy of the administration were, however, vain. The Duchess ordered the archives of the province to be searched for precedents, and the council to report upon the petition.[1] The case was too plain for argument or dogmatism, but the attempt was made to take refuge in obscurity. The answer of the council was hesitating and equivocal.[2] The Duchess insisted upon a distinct and categorical answer to the four cities. Thus pressed, the council of Brabant declared roundly that no inquisition of any kind had ever existed in the provinces.[3] It was impossible that any other answer could be given, but Viglius, with his associates in the privy council, were extremely angry at the conclusion.[4] The concession was, however, made, notwithstanding the bad example which, according to some persons, the victory thus obtained by so important a province would afford to the people in the other parts of the country. Brabant was declared free of the inquisition.[5] Meanwhile the pamphlets, handbills, pasquils, and other popular productions were multiplied. To use a Flemish expression, they "snowed in the streets." They were nailed nightly on all the great houses in Brussels.[6] Patriots were called upon to strike, speak, redress. Pungent lampoons, impassioned invectives, and earnest remonstrances, were thrust into the hands of the Duchess. The publications, as they appeared, were greedily devoured by the people. "We are willing," it was said, in a remarkable letter to the King, "to die for the Gospel, but we read therein 'Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's.' We thank God that our enemies themselves are compelled to bear witness to our piety and patience; so that it is a common saying—'He swears not, he is a Protestant; he is neither a fornicator nor a drunkard; he is of the new sect.' Yet, notwithstanding these testimonials to our character, no manner of punishment has been forgotten by which we can possibly be chastised."[7] This statement of the morality of the Puritans of the Netherlands was the justification of martyrs—not the

[1] Strada, v. 168. Hoofd, ii. 69. Hopper, *ubi sup.*
[2] Bor, i. 39, 40. Hoofd. Hopper, *ubi sup.*
[3] Hopper, 64. Bor. Hoofd, *ubi sup.*
[4] Hopper, *ubi sup.*
[5] Hopper, 65.
[6] Bor, ii. 53. Hoofd, ii. 70, 71.
[7] Bor, i. 43-50

self-glorification of Pharisees. The fact was incontrovertible. Their tenets were rigid, but their lives were pure. They belonged generally to the middling and lower classes. They were industrious artisans, who desired to live in the fear of God and in honour of their King. They were protected by nobles and gentlemen of high position, very many of whom came afterwards warmly to espouse the creed which at first they had only generously defended. Their whole character and position resembled, in many features, those of the English Puritans, who, three-quarters of a century afterwards, fled for refuge to the Dutch Republic, and thence departed to establish the American Republic. The difference was that the Netherlanders were exposed to a longer persecution and a far more intense martyrdom.

Towards the end of the year (1565) which was closing in such universal gloom, the contemporary chronicles are enlivened with a fitful gleam of sunshine. The light enlivens only the more elevated regions of the Flemish world, but it is pathetic to catch a glimpse of those nobles, many of whose lives were to be so heroic, and whose destinies so tragic, as amid the shadows projected by coming evil they still found time for the chivalrous festivals of their land and epoch. A splendid tournament was held at the Chateau d'Antoing to celebrate the nuptials of Baron Montigny with the daughter of Prince d'Espinoy. Orange, Horn, and Hoogstraaten were the challengers, and maintained themselves victoriously against all comers, Egmont, and other distinguished knights being among the number.[1]

Thus brilliantly and gaily moved the first hours of that marriage which before six months had fled was to be so darkly terminated. The doom which awaited the chivalrous bridegroom in the dungeon of Simancas was ere long to be recorded in one of the foulest chapters of Philip's tyranny.

A still more elaborate marriage-festival, of which the hero was, at a later day, to exercise a most decisive influence over the fortunes of the land, was celebrated at Brussels before the close of the year. It will be remembered that Alexander, Prince of Parma, had accompanied Egmont on his return from Spain in the month of April. The Duchess had been

[1] Archives et Correspondance, i. 421. Pasq. de la Barre MS.

delighted with the appearance of her son, then twenty years of age, but already an accomplished cavalier. She had expressed her especial pleasure in finding him so thoroughly a Spaniard "in manner, costume, and conversation," that it could not be supposed he had ever visited any other land, or spoken any other tongue than that of Spain.[1]

The nobles of the Flemish court did not participate in the mother's enthusiasm. It could not be denied that he was a handsome and gallant young prince; but his arrogance was so intolerable as to disgust even those most disposed to pay homage to Margaret's son. He kept himself mainly in haughty retirement, dined habitually alone in his own apartments, and scarcely honoured any of the gentlemen of the Netherlands with his notice.[2] Even Egmont, to whose care he had been especially recommended by Philip, was slighted. If, occasionally, he honoured one or two of the seigniors with an invitation to his table, he sat alone in solemn state at the head of the board, while the guests, to whom he scarcely vouchsafed a syllable, were placed on stools without backs, below the salt.[3] Such insolence, it may be supposed, was sufficiently galling to men of the proud character, but somewhat reckless demeanour, which distinguished the Netherland aristocracy. After a short time they held themselves aloof, thinking it sufficient to endure such airs from Philip. The Duchess at first encouraged the young prince in his haughtiness, but soon became sad, as she witnessed its effects. It was the universal opinion that the young Prince was a mere compound of pride and emptiness. "There is nothing at all in the man,"[4] said Chantonnay. Certainly the expression was not a fortunate one. Time was to show that there was more in the man than in all the governors despatched successively by Philip to the Netherlands; but the proof was to be deferred to a later epoch. Meantime, his mother was occupied, and exceedingly perplexed with his approaching nuptials. He had been affianced early in the year to the Princess Donna Maria of

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 354.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 224.
[3] *Ibid.*—"Au bas boult de la table sur scabeaux."
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 394.—"Certes jusques à maintenant nihil est in homine je ne sçay que ce sera avec le temps."

Portugal. It was found necessary, therefore, to send a fleet of several vessels to Lisbon, to fetch the bride to the Netherlands,[1] the wedding being appointed to take place in Brussels. This expense alone was considerable, and the preparations for banquets, jousts, and other festivities, were likewise undertaken on so magnificent a scale that the Duke, her husband, was offended at Margaret's extravagance.[2] The people, by whom she was not beloved,[3] commented bitterly on the prodigalities which they were witnessing in a period of dearth and trouble.[4] Many of the nobles mocked at her perplexity. To crown the whole, the young Prince was so obliging as to express the hope, in his mother's hearing, that the bridal fleet, then on its way from Portugal, might sink with all it contained, to the bottom of the sea.[5]

The poor Duchess was infinitely chagrined by all these circumstances. The "insane and outrageous expenses"[6] in which the nuptials had involved her, the rebukes of her husband, the sneers of the seigniors, the undutiful epigrams of her son, the ridicule of the people, affected her spirits to such a degree, harassed as she was with grave matters of state, that she kept her rooms for days together, weeping, hour after hour, in the most piteous manner. Her distress was the town talk;[7] nevertheless, the fleet arrived in the autumn, and brought the youthful Maria to the provinces.

This young lady, if the faithful historiographer of the Farnese house is to be credited, was the paragon of princesses.[8] She was the daughter of Prince Edward, and granddaughter of John the Third. She was young and beautiful; she could talk both Latin and Greek, besides being well versed in philosophy, mathematics, and theology.[9] She had the scriptures at her tongue's end, both the old

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 218.
[2] *Ibid.*, ix. 385, 386, 601.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, i. 425.
[4] *Ibid.*, ix. 601.
[5] *Ibid.*, ix. 386.—"Le jeune homme sciente matre diet qu'il vouldroit que tout ce que vad et reviendra demeurast au fond de la mer."
[6] "La folle et oultrageuse depense des nopces," etc.—*Papiers d'Etat*, ix. 601.
[7] "Que l'on sçait à parler par toute la ville de ceste plorerie."—*Ibid.*
[8] Strada, iv. 157-162.
[9] *Ibid.*—"Prædicabaturque una ingenio omnia comprehendere: Latina lingua expedite ac perbene loqui: Græcas litteras proxime callere:

dispensation and the new, and could quote from the fathers with the promptness of a bishop. She was so strictly orthodox that, on being compelled by stress of weather to land in England, she declined all communication with Queen Elizabeth, on account of her heresy. She was so eminently chaste that she could neither read the sonnets of Petrarch, nor lean on the arm of a gentleman.[1] Her delicacy upon such points was, indeed, carried to such excess, that upon one occasion when the ship which was bringing her to the Netherlands was discovered to be burning, she rebuked a rude fellow who came forward to save her life, assuring him that there was less contamination in the touch of fire than in that of man.[2] Fortunately, the flames were extinguished, and the Phœnix of Portugal was permitted to descend, unburned, upon the bleak shores of Flanders.

The occasion, notwithstanding the recent tears of the Duchess, and the arrogance of the Prince, was the signal for much festivity among the courtiers of Brussels. It was also the epoch from which movements of a secret and important character were to be dated. The Chevaliers of the Fleece were assembled, and Viglius pronounced before them one of his most classical orations. He had a good deal to say concerning the private adventures of Saint Andrew, patron of the Order, and went into some details of a conversation which that venerated personage had once held with the proconsul Ægeas.[3] The moral which he deduced from his narrative was the necessity of union among the magnates for the maintenance of the Catholic faith;

philosophiam non ignorare: Mathematicorum disciplinas apprime nosse: divina utriusque Testamenti oracula in promptu habere."

This princess, in her teens, might already exclaim, with the venerable Faustus:

"Habe nun Philosophie
Juristerei und Medicin
Und leider ach: Theologie
Durch studirt mit heissem Bemühen," etc.

The panegyrists of royal houses in the sixteenth century were not accustomed to do their work by halves.

[1] Strada, iv. 127-162.

[2] "—— Tu vero, inquit, manum actutum abstine: quasi non minus ab hujus, quam à flammarum tactu timeret sibi," etc.—*Ibid.*

[3] Vit. Viglii, 44.

the nobility and the Church being the two columns upon which the whole social fabric reposed.[1] It is to be feared that the President became rather prosy upon the occasion. Perhaps his homily, like those of the fictitious Archbishop of Granada, began to smack of the apoplexy from which he had so recently escaped. Perhaps, the meeting being one of hilarity, the younger nobles became restive under the infliction of a very long and very solemn harangue. At any rate, as the meeting broke up, there was a good deal of jesting on the subject. De Hammes, commonly called "Toison d'Or," councillor and king-at-arms of the Order, said that the President had been seeing visions, and talking with Saint Andrew in a dream. Marquis Berghen asked for the source whence he had derived such intimate acquaintance with the ideas of the Saint. The President took these remarks rather testily, and, from trifling, the company became soon earnestly engaged in a warm discussion of the agitating topics of the day. It soon became evident to Viglius that De Hammes and others of his comrades had been dealing with dangerous things. He began shrewdly to suspect that the popular heresy was rapidly extending into higher regions: but it was not the President alone who discovered how widely the contamination was spreading. The meeting, the accidental small talk, which had passed so swiftly from gaiety to gravity, the rapid exchange of ideas, and the freemasonry by which intelligence upon forbidden topics had been mutually conveyed, became events of historical importance. Interviews between nobles, who, in the course of the festivities produced by the Montigny and Parma marriages, had discovered that they entertained a secret similarity of sentiment upon vital questions, became of frequent occurrence.[2] The result to which such conferences led will be narrated in the following chapter.

Meantime, upon the 11th November, 1565, the marriage of Prince Alexander and Donna Maria was celebrated with great solemnity by the Archbishop of Cambray, in the chapel of the Court at Brussels. On the following Sunday the wedding banquet was held in the great hall, where, ten years previously, the memorable abdication of the bridegroom's

[1] Vit. Viglii, 44. [2] Bor, ii. 53. Hoofd, ii. 70, 71.

imperial grandfather had taken place. The walls were again hung with the magnificent tapestry of Gideon, while the knights of the Fleece, with all the other grandees of the land, were assembled to grace the spectacle.[1] The King was represented by his envoy in England, Don Guzman De Silva, who came to Brussels for the occasion, and who had been selected for this duty because, according to Armenteros, "he was endowed, beside his prudence, with so much witty gracefulness with ladies in matters of pastime and entertainment."[2] Early in the month of December, a famous tournament was held in the great market-place of Brussels, the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Egmont being judges of the jousts. Count Mansfeld was the challenger, assisted by his son Charles, celebrated among the gentry of the land for his dexterity in such sports. To Count Charles was awarded upon this occasion the silver cup from the lady of the lists. Count Bossu received the prize for breaking best his lances; the Seigneur de Beauvoir for the most splendid entrance; Count Louis, of Nassau, for having borne himself most gallantly in the *mêlée*. On the same evening the nobles, together with the bridal pair, were entertained at a splendid supper given by the city of Brussels in the magnificent Hôtel de Ville. On this occasion the prizes gained at the tournament were distributed, amid the applause and hilarity of all the revellers.[3]

Thus, with banquet, tourney, and merry marriage bells, with gaiety gilding the surface of society, while a deadly hatred to the inquisition was eating into the heart of the nation, and while the fires of civil war were already kindling, of which no living man was destined to witness the extinction, ended the year 1565.

[1] De la Barre MS., 57.

[2] "Tiene tambien gracia y donaire con las damas en las cosas de passatiempo y entretenimiento."—*Correspondance de Philippe II.*, i. 365, 366.

[3] De la Barre MS.

CHAPTER VI.

COMPROMISE AND MODERATION.

Francis Junius—His sermon at Culemberg House—The Compromise—Portraits of Sainte Aldegonde, of Louis Nassau, of "Toison d'Or," of Charles Mansfeld—Sketch of the Compromise—Attitude of Orange—His letter to the Duchess—Signers of the Compromise—Indiscretion of the confederates—Espionage over Philip by Orange—Dissatisfaction of the seigniors—Conduct of Egmont—Despair of the people—Emigration to England—Its effects—The Request—Meeting at Breda and Hoogstraaten—Exaggerated statements concerning the Request in the state-council—Hesitation of the Duchess—Assembly of notables—Debate concerning the Request and the inquisition—Character of Brederode—Arrival of the petitioners in Brussels—Presentation of the Request—Emotion of Margaret—Speech of Brederode—Sketch of the Request—Memorable sarcasm of Berlaymont—Deliberation in the state-council—Apostille to the Request—Answer to the Apostille—Reply of the Duchess—Speech of D'Esquerdes—Response of Margaret—Memorable banquet at Culemberg House—Name of "the beggars" adopted—Orange, Egmont, and Horn break up the riotous meeting—Costume of "the beggars"—Brederode at Antwerp—Horrible execution at Oudenarde—Similar cruelties throughout the provinces—Project of "Moderation"—Religious views of Orange—His resignation of all his offices not accepted—The "Moderation" characterized—Egmont at Arras—Debate on the "Moderation"—Vacillation of Egmont—Mission of Montigny and Berghen to Spain—Instructions to the envoys—Secret correspondence of Philip with the Pope concerning the Netherland inquisition and the edicts—Field-preaching in the provinces—Modet at Ghent—Other preachers characterized—Excitement at Tournay—Peter Gabriel at Harlem—Field-preaching near Antwerp—Embarrassment of the Regent—Excitement at Antwerp—Pensionary Wesenbeck sent to Brussels—Orange at Antwerp—His patriotic course—Misrepresentation of the Duchess—Intemperate zeal of Dr. Rythovius—Meeting at St. Trond—Conference at Duffel—Louis Nassau deputed to the Regent—Unsatisfactory negotiations.

THE most remarkable occurrence in the earlier part of the year 1566 was the famous Compromise. This document, by which the signers pledged themselves to oppose the inquisition, and to defend each other against all consequences of such a resistance, was probably the work of Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde. Much ob-

scurity, however, rests upon the origin of this league. Its foundations had already been laid in the latter part of the preceding year. The nuptials of Parma with the Portuguese princess had been the cause of much festivity, not only in Brussels, but at Antwerp. The great commercial metropolis had celebrated the occasion by a magnificent banquet. There had been triumphal arches, wreaths of flowers, loyal speeches, generous sentiments, in the usual profusion. The chief ornament of the dinner-table had been a magnificent piece of confectionery, setting elaborately forth the mission of Count Mansfeld with the fleet to Portugal to fetch the bride from her home, with exquisitely-finished figures in sugar—portraits, it is to be presumed—of the principal personages as they appeared during the most striking scenes of the history.[1] At the very moment, however, of these delectations, a meeting was held at Brussels of men whose minds were occupied with sterner stuff than sugar-work. On the wedding-day of Parma, Francis Junius, a dissenting minister then residing at Antwerp, was invited to Brussels to preach a sermon in the house of Count Culemberg on the horse-market (now called Little Sablon), before a small assembly of some twenty gentlemen.[2]

This Francis Junius, born of a noble family in Bourges, was the pastor of the secret French congregation of Huguenots at Antwerp. He was very young, having arrived from Geneva, where he had been educated, to take charge of the secret church, when but just turned of twenty years.[3] He was, however, already celebrated for his learning, his eloquence, and his courage. Towards the end of 1565, it had already become known that Junius was in secret understanding with Louis of Nassau, to prepare an address to government on the subject of the inquisition and edicts. Orders were given for his arrest. A certain painter of Brussels affected conversion to the new religion, that he might gain admission to the congregation, and afterwards earn the reward of the informer. He played his part so well that he was permitted to attend many meetings, in the course of

[1] Meteren, ii. 36.

[2] Brandt, i. 289, *sqq.* Ex vita F. Junii ab ipso conscripta, f. 15, apud Brandt.

[3] Vit. Junii, 14, 15, 16.

which he sketched the portrait of the preacher, and delivered it to the Duchess Regent, together with minute statements as to his residence and daily habits. Nevertheless, with all this assistance, the government could not succeed in laying hands on him. He escaped to Breda, and continued his labours in spite of persecution. The man's courage may be estimated from the fact that he preached on one occasion a sermon, advocating the doctrines of the Reformed Church with his usual eloquence, in a room overlooking the market-place, where, at the very instant, the execution by fire of several heretics was taking place, while the light from the flames in which the brethren of their Faith were burning, was flickering through the glass windows of the conventicle.[1] Such was the man who preached a sermon in Culemberg Palace on Parma's wedding-day. The nobles who listened to him were occupied with grave discourse after conclusion of the religious exercises. Junius took no part in their conversation, but in his presence it was resolved that a league against the "barbarous and violent inquisition" should be formed, and that confederates should mutually bind themselves both within and without the Netherlands to this great purpose.[2] Junius, in giving this explicit statement, has not mentioned the names of the nobles before whom he preached. It may be inferred that some of them were the more ardent and the more respectable among the somewhat miscellaneous band by whom the Compromise was afterwards signed.

At about the same epoch, Louis of Nassau, Nicolas de Hammes, and certain other gentlemen met at the baths of Spa. At this secret assembly, the foundations of the Compromise were definitely laid.[3] A document was afterwards

[1] Vit. Junii, f. 16, apud Brandt, 290.

[2] Vit. Junii, p. 15, apud Brandt, 289.

[3] This appears from the sentence pronounced against de Hammes (Toison d'Or) by the Blood-Council on the 17th May, 1568. "Chargé d'avoir este ung des autheurs de la seditieuse et pernicieuse conjuration et ligue des confederez (qu'ils appellent Compromise) et dicelle premièrement avoir jecte les fondemens à la fontaine de Spa, avecq le Compte Loys de Nassau et aultres et après environ le mois de Decembre, 1565, l'arreste la signe et jure en ceste ville de Bruxelle en sa maison et à icelle attire et induict plusieurs aultres."—*Registre des Condamnes et Bannis à cause des Troubles des Pays-Bas dep. l'an* 1568 *à* 1572. Chambre des Comptes, iii. MS. in the Brussels Archives.

drawn up, which was circulated for signatures in the early part of 1566. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that this memorable paper was simultaneously signed and sworn to at any solemn scene like that of the declaration of American independence, or like some of the subsequent transactions in the Netherland revolt arranged purposely for dramatic effect. Several copies of the Compromise were passed secretly from hand to hand, and in the course of two months some two thousand signatures had been obtained.[1] The original copy bore but three names, those of Brederode, Charles de Mansfeld, and Louis of Nassau.[2] The composition of the paper is usually ascribed to Sainte Aldegonde, although the fact is not indisputable.[3] At any rate, it is very certain that he was one of the originators and main supporters of the famous league.

Sainte Aldegonde was one of the most accomplished men of his age. He was of ancient nobility, as he proved by an abundance of historical and heraldic evidence, in answer to a scurrilous pamphlet in which he had been accused, among other delinquencies, of having sprung from plebeian blood. Having established his "extraction from true and ancient gentlemen of Savoy, paternally and maternally," he rebuked his assailants in manly strain. "Even had it been that I was without nobility of birth," said he, "I should be none the less or more a virtuous or honest man; nor can anyone reproach me with having failed in the point of honour or duty. What greater folly than to boast of the virtue or gallantry of others, as do many nobles who, having neither a grain of virtue in their souls nor a drop of wisdom in their brains, are entirely useless to their country! Yet there are such men, who, because their ancestors have done some valorous deed, think themselves fit to direct the machinery of a whole country, having from their youth learned nothing but to dance and to spin like weathercocks with their heads as well as their heels."[4] Certainly Sainte Aldegonde had

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 400.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, ii. 2-7.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, ii. 13.

[4] Réponse à un libelle fameux naguères publié contre Monseigneur le Prince d'Orange et intitulé Lettres d'un gentilhomme vray patriote, etc. —Faicte du Mon. de S. Aldegonde. Anvers: cher Giles van den Rade, 1570.

learned other lessons than these. He was one of the many-sided men who recalled the symmetry of antique patriots. He was a poet of much vigour and imagination, a prose writer whose style was surpassed by that of none of his contemporaries, a diplomatist in whose tact and delicacy William of Orange afterwards reposed in the most difficult and important negotiations, an orator whose discourses on many great public occasions attracted the attention of Europe, a soldier whose bravery was to be attested afterwards on many a well-fought field, a theologian so skilful in the polemics of divinity, that, as it will hereafter appear, he was more than a match for a bench of bishops upon their own ground, and a scholar so accomplished, that, besides speaking and writing the classical and several modern languages with facility, he had also translated for popular use the Psalms of David into vernacular verse, and at a very late period of his life was requested by the states-general of the republic to translate all the Scriptures—a work, the fulfilment of which was prevented by his death.[1] A passionate foe to the inquisition and to all the abuses of the ancient Church, an ardent defender of civil liberty, it must be admitted that he partook also of the tyrannical spirit of Calvinism. He never rose to the lofty heights to which the spirit of the great founder of the commonwealth was destined to soar, but denounced the great principle of religious liberty for all consciences as godless. He was now twenty-eight years of age, having been born in the same year with his friend Louis of Nassau. His device, "*Repos ailleurs*,"[2] finely typified the restless, agitated, and laborious life to which he was destined.

That other distinguished leader of the newly-formed league, Count Louis, was a true knight of the olden time, the very mirror of chivalry. Gentle, generous, pious; making use, in his tent before the battle, of the prayers which his mother sent him from the home of his childhood,[3] yet fiery in the field as an ancient crusader—doing the work of general and soldier with desperate valour and against any numbers—cheerful and steadfast under all reverses, witty and jocund in social intercourse, animating with his unceasing spirits the graver and more foreboding soul of his brother; he was,

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 412, 413.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*, ii. 260, 309.

the man to whom the eyes of the most ardent among the Netherland Reformers were turned at this early epoch, the trusty staff upon which the great Prince of Orange was to lean till it was broken. As gay as Brederode, he was unstained by his vices, and exercised a boundless influence over that reckless personage, who often protested that he would "die a poor soldier at his feet."[1] The career of Louis was destined to be short, if reckoned by years; but if by events, it was to attain almost a patriarchal length. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the battle of St. Quentin, and when once the war of freedom opened, his sword was never to be sheathed. His days were filled with life, and when he fell into his bloody but unknown grave, he was to leave a name as distinguished for heroic valour and untiring energy as for spotless integrity. He was small of stature, but well formed; athletic in all knightly exercises, with agreeable features, a dark laughing eye, close-clipped brown hair, and a peaked beard.

"Golden Fleece," as Nicholas de Hammes was universally denominated, was the illegitimate scion of a noble house.[2] He was one of the most active of the early adherents to the league, kept the list of signers in his possession, and scoured the country daily to procure new confederates.[3] At the public preachings of the reformed religion, which soon after this epoch broke forth throughout the Netherlands as by a common impulse, he made himself conspicuous. He was accused of wearing, on such occasions, the ensigns of the Fleece about his neck, in order to induce ignorant people to believe that they might themselves legally follow, when they perceived a member of that illustrious fraternity to be leading the way.[4] As De Hammes was only an official or servant of that Order, but not a companion, the seduction of the lieges by such false pretences was reckoned amongst the most heinous of his offences. He was fierce in his hostility to the government, one of those fiery spirits whose premature zeal was prejudicial to the cause of liberty, and disheartening to the cautious patriotism of Orange. He was for smiting at

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 416.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 399; note 2.
[3] *Ibid.*, 400. Strada, v. 172.
[4] Registre des Condamnés MS., *ubi sup.*

once the gigantic atrocity of the Spanish dominion, without waiting for the forging of the weapons by which the blows were to be dealt. He forgot that men and money were as necessary as wrath, in a contest with the most tremendous despotism in the world. "They wish," he wrote to Count Louis, "that we should meet these hungry wolves with remonstrances, using gentle words, while they are burning and cutting off heads. Be it so then. Let us take the pen—let them take the sword. For them deeds, for us words. We shall weep, they will laugh. The Lord be praised for all; but I cannot write this without tears."[1] This nervous language painted the situation and the character of the writer.

As for Charles Mansfeld, he soon fell away from the league which he had embraced originally with excessive ardour.[2]

By the influence of the leaders many signatures were obtained during the first two months of the year. The language of the document was such that patriotic Catholics could sign it as honestly as Protestants. It inveighed bitterly against the tyranny of "a heap of strangers," who, influenced only by private avarice and ambition, were making use of an affected zeal for the Catholic religion, to persuade the King into a violation of his oaths. It denounced the refusal to mitigate the severity of the edicts. It declared the inquisition, which it seemed the intention of government to fix permanently upon them, as "iniquitous, contrary to all laws, human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism which was ever practised by tyrants, and as redounding to the dishonour of God and to the total desolation of the country." The signers protested, therefore, that "having a due regard to their duties as faithful vassals of his Majesty, and especially as noblemen—and in order not to be deprived of their estates and their lives by those who, under pretext of religion, wished to enrich themselves by plunder and murder," they had bound themselves to each other by holy covenant and solemn oath to resist the inquisition. They mutually promised to oppose it in every shape, open or covert, under

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 36, 37.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., 303-306, 422. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 409.

whatever mask it might assume, whether bearing the name of inquisition, placard, or edict, "and to extirpate and eradicate the thing in any form, as the mother of all iniquity and disorder." They protested before God and man, that they would attempt nothing to the dishonour of the Lord or to the diminution of the King's grandeur, majesty, or dominion. They declared, on the contrary, an honest purpose to "maintain the monarch in his estate, and to suppress all seditions, tumults, monopolies, and factions." They engaged to preserve their confederation, thus formed, for ever inviolable, and to permit none of its members to be persecuted in any manner, in body or goods, by any proceeding founded on the inquisition, the edicts, or the present league.[1]

It will be seen therefore, that the Compromise was in its origin, a covenant of *nobles*. It was directed against the foreign influence by which the Netherlands were exclusively governed, and against the inquisition, whether papal, episcopal, or by edict. There is no doubt that the country was controlled entirely by Spanish masters, and that it was intended to reduce the ancient liberty of the Netherlands into subjection to a junta of foreigners sitting at Madrid. Nothing more legitimate could be imagined than a constitutional resistance to such a policy.

The Prince of Orange had not been consulted as to the formation of the league.[2] It was sufficiently obvious to its founders that his cautious mind would find much to censure in the movement. His sentiments with regard to the inquisition and the edicts were certainly known to all men. In the beginning of this year, too, he had addressed a remarkable letter[3] to the Duchess, in answer to her written commands to cause the Council of Trent, the inquisition, and the edicts, in accordance with the recent commands of the

[1] The Compromise has been often printed. Vide, *e.g.* Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 2, *sqq.* Foppens, Supplément à Strada, ii. 299, *sqq.* Bor, ii. 53, 54.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., ii. 11, 15.

[3] 24th January, 1566. The letter is published by Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., ii. 16-21, and in Bor, 33, 34. It may be found also in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 106, *sqq.*, and in Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 16-20.

The original, entirely in the handwriting of the Prince, is in the Archives of the State Council at Brussels.

King, to be published and enforced throughout his government. Although his advice on the subject had not been asked, he expressed his sense of obligation to speak his mind on the subject, preferring the hazard of being censured for his remonstrance, to that of incurring the suspicion of connivance at the desolation of the land by his silence. He left the question of reformation in ecclesiastical morals untouched, as not belonging to his vocation. As to the inquisition, he most distinctly informed her Highness that the hope which still lingered in the popular mind of escaping the permanent establishment of that institution, had alone prevented the utter depopulation of the country, with entire subversion of its commercial and manufacturing industry. With regard to the edicts, he temperately but forcibly expressed the opinion that it was very hard to enforce those placards now in their rigour, when the people were exasperated, and the misery universal, inasmuch as they had frequently been modified on former occasions. The King, he said, could gain nothing but difficulty for himself, and would be sure to lose the affection of his subjects by renewing the edicts, strengthening the inquisition, and proceeding to fresh executions, at a time when the people, moved by the example of their neighbours, were naturally inclined to novelty. Moreover, when by reason of the daily-increasing prices of grain, a famine was impending over the land, no worse moment could be chosen to enforce such a policy. In conclusion, he observed that he was at all times desirous to obey the commands of his Majesty and her Highness, and to discharge the duties of "a good Christian." The use of the latter term is remarkable, as marking an epoch in the history of the Prince's mind. A year before he would have said a good Catholic, but it was during this year that his mind began to be thoroughly pervaded by religious doubt, and that the great question of the Reformation forced itself, not only as a political, but as a moral problem upon him, which he felt that he could not much longer neglect instead of solving.

Such were the opinions of Orange. He could not, however, safely entrust the sacred interests of a commonwealth to such hands as those of Brederode—however deeply that enthusiastic personage might drink the health of "Younker

William," as he affectionately denominated the Prince—or to "Golden Fleece," or to Charles Mansfeld, or to that younger wild boar of Ardennes, Robert de la Marck. In his brother and in Sainte Aldegonde he had confidence, but he did not exercise over them that control which he afterwards acquired. His conduct towards the confederacy was imitated in the main by the other great nobles. The covenanters never expected to obtain the signatures of such men as Orange, Egmont, Horn, Meghem, Berghen, or Montigny, nor were those eminent personages ever accused of having signed the Compromise, although some of them were afterwards charged with having protected those who did affix their names to the document. The confederates were originally found among the lesser nobles. Of these some were sincere Catholics, who loved the ancient Church but hated the inquisition; some were fierce Calvinists or determined Lutherans; some were troublous and adventurous spirits, men of broken fortunes, extravagant habits, and boundless desires, who no doubt thought that the broad lands of the Church, with their stately abbeys, would furnish much more fitting homes and revenues for gallant gentlemen than for lazy monks.[1] All were young, few had any prudence or conduct, and the history of the league more than justified the disapprobation of Orange. The nobles thus banded together, achieved little by their confederacy. They disgraced a great cause by their orgies, almost ruined it by their inefficiency, and when the rope of sand which they had twisted fell asunder, the people had gained nothing and the gentry had almost lost the confidence of the nation. These remarks apply to the mass of the confederates and to some of the leaders. Louis of Nassau and Sainte Aldegonde were ever honoured and trusted as they deserved.

Although the language of the Compromise spoke of the leaguers as nobles, yet the document was circulated among burghers and merchants also, many of whom, according to the satirical remark of a Netherland Catholic, may have been influenced by the desire of writing their names in such aristocratic company, and some of whom were destined to expiate such vainglory upon the scaffold.[2]

[1] Pontus Payen MS. [2] *Ibid.*

that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigue served his country, not a narrow personal ambition, and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined fearfully to atone for their contraband commerce, but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic.

Although, therefore, the great nobles held themselves aloof from the confederacy, yet many of them gave unequivocal signs of their dissent from the policy adopted by government. Marquis Berghen wrote to the Duchess, resigning his posts, on the ground of his inability to execute the intention of the King in the matter of religion. Meghem replied to the same summons by a similar letter. Egmont assured her that he would have placed his offices in the King's hands in Spain, could he have foreseen that his Majesty would form such resolutions as had now been proclaimed. The sentiments of Orange were avowed in the letter to which we have already alluded. His opinions were shared by Montigny, Culemberg, and many others. The Duchess was almost reduced to desperation. The condition of the country was frightful. The most determined loyalists, such as Berlaymont, Viglius, and Hopper, advised her not to mention the name of inquisition in a conference which she was obliged to hold with a deputation from Antwerp.[1] She feared, all feared, to pronounce the hated word. She wrote despairing letters to Philip, describing the condition of the land and her own agony in the gloomiest colours. Since the arrival of the royal orders, she said, things had gone from bad to worse. The King had been ill advised. It was useless to tell the people that the inquisition had always existed in the provinces. They maintained that it was a novelty; that the institution was a more rigorous one than the Spanish Inquisition, which, said Margaret, "was most odious, as the King knew."[2] It was utterly impossible to carry the edicts into execution. Nearly all the governors of provinces had told her plainly

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 386, 387, 397. [2] *Ibid.*

that they would not help to burn fifty or sixty thousand Netherlanders.[1] Thus bitterly did Margaret of Parma bewail the royal decree; not that she had any sympathy for the victims, but because she felt the increasing danger to the executioner. One of two things it was now necessary to decide upon—concession or armed compulsion. Meantime, while Philip was slowly and secretly making his levies, his sister, as well as his people, was on the rack. Of all the seigniors, not one was placed in so painful a position as Egmont. His military reputation and his popularity made him too important a personage to be slighted, yet he was deeply mortified at the lamentable mistake which he had committed. He now averred that he *would never take arms against the King*, but that he would go where man should never see him more.[2]

Such was the condition of the nobles, greater and less. That of the people could not well be worse. Famine reigned in the land.[3] Emigration, caused not by overpopulation, but by persecution, was fast weakening the country. It was no wonder that not only foreign merchants should be scared from the great commercial cities by the approaching disorders, but that every industrious artisan who could find the means of escape should seek refuge among strangers, wherever an asylum could be found. That asylum was afforded by Protestant England, who received these intelligent and unfortunate wanderers with cordiality, and learned with eagerness the lessons in mechanical skill which they had to teach. Already there were thirty thousand emigrant Netherlanders established in Sandwich, Norwich, and other places, assigned to them by Elizabeth.[4] It had always, however, been made a condition of the liberty granted to these foreigners for practising their handiwork, that each house should employ at least one English apprentice.[5] "Thus," said a Walloon historian, splenetically, "by this

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 386, 387, 397. [2] *Ibid.*, 391.
[3] Pasquier de la Barre, MS., 1vo. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 392.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Renom de France, MS.—"Et affin de faire croistre ces mestiers et artifices en Angleterre, nul de ceulx qui se sont retirés illecq ont peu faire mestiers s'ils n'avoient apprentisseurs Anglois, un pour le moings." —i. c. iv.

regulation, and by means of heavy duties on foreign manufactures, have the English built up their own fabrics and prohibited those of the Netherlands. Thus have they drawn over to their own country our skilful artisans to practise their industry, not at home but abroad, and our poor people are losing the means of earning their livelihood. Thus has cloth-making, silk-making, and the art of dyeing declined in this country, and would have been quite extinguished but by our wise countervailing edicts."[1] The writer, who derived most of his materials and his wisdom from the papers of Councillor d'Assonleville, could hardly doubt that the persecution to which these industrious artisans, whose sufferings he affected to deplore, had been subjected, must have had something to do with their expatriation; but he preferred to ascribe it wholly to the protective system adopted by England. In this he followed the opinion of his preceptor. "For a long time," said Assonleville, "the Netherlands have been the Indies to England; and as long as she has them, she needs no other. The French try to surprise our fortresses and cities: the English make war upon our wealth and upon the purses of the people."[2] Whatever the cause, however, the current of trade was already turned. The cloth-making of England was already gaining preponderance over that of the provinces. Vessels now went every week from Sandwich to Antwerp, laden with silk, satin, and cloth, manufactured in England, while as many, but a few years before, had borne the Flemish fabrics of the same nature from Antwerp to England.[3]

It might be supposed by disinterested judges that persecution was at the bottom of this change in commerce. The Prince of Orange estimated that up to this period fifty thousand persons in the provinces had been put to death in obedience to the edicts.[4] He was a moderate man, and accustomed to weigh his words. As a new impulse had been given to the system of butchery—as it was now sufficiently plain that "if the father had chastised his people with a scourge the son held a whip of scorpions"[5]—as the edicts were to be enforced with renewed vigour—it was natural that

[1] Renom de France, MS., *ubi sup.*
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 382.
[3] *Ibid.*, i. 392.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 22.
[5] Apologie d'Orange, 58.

commerce and manufactures should make their escape out of a doomed land as soon as possible, whatever system of tariffs might be adopted by neighbouring nations.

A new step had been resolved upon early in the month of March by the confederates. A petition, or "Request," was drawn up, which was to be presented to the Duchess Regent in a formal manner by a large number of gentlemen belonging to the league. This movement was so grave, and likely to be followed by such formidable results, that it seemed absolutely necessary for Orange and his friends to take some previous cognizance of it before it was finally arranged. The Prince had no power, nor was there any reason why he should have the inclination, to prevent the measure, but he felt it his duty to do what he could to control the vehemence of the men who were moving so rashly forward, and to take from their manifesto, as much as possible, the character of a menace.

For this end, a meeting ostensibly for social purposes and "good cheer" was held, in the middle of March, at Breda, and afterwards adjourned to Hoogstraaten. To these conferences Orange invited Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Berghen, Meghem, Montigny, and other great nobles. Brederode, Tholouse, Boxtel, and other members of the league, were also present.[1] The object of the Prince in thus assembling his own immediate associates, governors of provinces and knights of the Fleece, as well as some of the leading members of the league, was twofold. It had long been his opinion that a temperate and loyal movement was still possible, by which the impending convulsions might be averted. The line of policy which he had marked out required the assent of the magnates of the land, and looked towards the convocation of the states-general. It was natural that he should indulge in the hope of being seconded by the men who were in the same political and social station with himself. All, although Catholics, hated the inquisition. As Viglius pathetically exclaimed, "Saint Paul himself would have been unable to persuade these men that good fruit was

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 38, *sqq.* Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 397, 398, 399. Foppens, Supplément, i. 78, 79 (Procès d'Egmont).—Compare Bentivoglio, ii. 27; Wagenaer, vi. 133, 134; Vander Haer, 305, *sqq.*; Apologie d'Orange, 56, *sqq.*

door should be shut in the face of the petitioners without taking any further notice of the petition. Berlaymont suggested also, that if this course were not found advisable, the next best thing would be to allow the confederates to enter the palace with their Request, and then to cut them to pieces to the very last man, by means of troops to be immediately ordered from the frontiers.[1] Such sanguinary projects were indignantly rebuked by Orange. He maintained that the confederates were entitled to be treated with respect. Many of them, he said, were his friends—some of them his relations—and there was no reason for refusing, to gentlemen of their rank, a right which belonged to the poorest plebeian in the land. Egmont sustained these views of the Prince as earnestly as he had on a previous occasion appeared to countenance the more violent counsels of Meghem.[2]

Meantime, as it was obvious that the demonstration on the part of the confederacy was soon about to be made, the Duchess convened a grand assembly of notables, in which not only all the state and privy councillors, but all the governors and knights of the Fleece were to take part. On the 28th of March,[3] this assembly was held, at which the whole subject of the Request, together with the proposed modification of the edicts, and abolition of the inquisition was discussed. The Duchess also requested the advice of the meeting whether it would not be best for her to retire to some other city, like Mons, which she had selected as her stronghold in case of extremity. The decision was that it would be a high-handed proceeding to refuse the right of petition to a body of gentlemen, many of them related to the greatest nobles in the land; but it was resolved that they should be required to make their appearance without arms. As to the contemplated flight of the Duchess, it was urged, with much reason, that such a step would cast disgrace upon the government, and that it would be a sufficiently precau-

[1] Pontus Payen, ii. MS.—"Les Comtes de Megne, d'Aremberg, et S. de Berlaymont estoyent d'advis de leur fermer la porte au visiage —— ou bien les laisser au Palais et puis les faire tailler en pièces par les gens de guerre, que l'on feroit venir des frontières."—Compare Vander Haer, 307, 308.

[2] Pontus Payen MS. Vander Haer, 308.

[3] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 304-318. (Letter of Margaret of Parma, 3rd April, 1565.) Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 403-406.

tionary measure to strengthen the guards at the city gates—not to prevent the entrance of the petitioners, but to see that they were unaccompanied by an armed force.

It had been decided that Count Brederode should present the petition to the Duchess at the head of a deputation of about three hundred gentlemen. The character of the nobleman thus placed foremost on such an important occasion has been sufficiently made manifest. He had no qualities whatever but birth and audacity to recommend him as a leader for a political party. It was to be seen that other attributes were necessary to make a man useful in such a position, and the Count's deficiencies soon became lamentably conspicuous. He was the lineal descendant and representative of the old Sovereign Counts of Holland. Five hundred years before his birth, his ancestor Sikko, younger brother of Dirk the Third, had died, leaving two sons, one of whom was the first Baron of Brederode.[1] A descent of five centuries in unbroken male succession from the original sovereigns of Holland, gave him a better genealogical claim to the provinces than any which Philip of Spain could assert through the usurping house of Burgundy. In the approaching tumults he hoped for an opportunity of again asserting the ancient honours of his name.[2] He was a sworn foe to Spaniards and to "water of the fountain."[3] But a short time previously to this epoch he had written to Louis of Nassau, then lying ill of a fever, in order gravely to remonstrate with him on the necessity of substituting wine for water on all occasions,[3] and it will be seen in the sequel that the wine-cup was the great instrument on which he relied for effecting the deliverance of the country. Although neither "bachelor nor chancellor,"[4] as he expressed it, he was supposed to be endowed with ready eloquence and mother wit.[5] Even these gifts, however, if he possessed them, were often found wanting on important emergencies. Of his courage there was no question, but he was not destined to the death either of a warrior or a martyr. Headlong, noisy, debauched, but brave, kind-hearted, and generous, he was a fitting representative of his ancestors, the hard-fighting, hard-drinking,

[1] Wagenaer, ii. 150.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 397.
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*, ii. 95.
[5] "Ingenti verborum factorumque audaciâ."—*Vander Haer*, 308.

crusading, free-booting sovereigns of Holland and Friesland, and would himself have been more at home and more useful in the eleventh century than in the sixteenth.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, on the third day of April (1566), that the long-expected cavalcade at last entered Brussels.[1] An immense concourse of citizens of all ranks thronged around the noble confederates as soon as they made their appearance. They were about two hundred in number, all on horseback, with pistols in their holsters; and Brederode, tall, athletic, and martial in his bearing, with handsome features and fair curling locks upon his shoulders, seemed an appropriate chieftain for that band of Batavian chivalry.[2] The procession was greeted with frequent demonstrations of applause as it wheeled slowly through the city till it reached the mansion of Orange Nassau. Here Brederode and Count Louis alighted, while the rest of the company dispersed to different quarters of the town.

"They thought that I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode, as he dismounted. "Very well, here I am; and perhaps I shall depart in a different manner."[3] In the course of the next day, Counts Culemberg and Van den Berg entered the city with one hundred other cavaliers.

On the morning of the fifth of April, the confederates were assembled at the Culemberg mansion, which stood on the square called the Sablon,[4] within a few minutes' walk of the palace. A straight handsome street led from the house along the summit of the hill, to the splendid residence of the ancient Dukes of Brabant then the abode of Duchess Margaret. At a little before noon, the gentlemen came forth, marching on foot, two by two, to the number of three hundred. Nearly all were young, many of them bore the most ancient historical names of their country, everyone was ar-

[1] Bor, ii. 58. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 337. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 403-406.

[2] "Hy is geweest een man van lange stature, rosagtig van aengesicht, met blondgekrult haar, wel gemackt van lijf en van leden —— ont vert saegt en klock ter wapenen," etc., etc.—*Bor, iii. 168b.*

[3] "Eh bien, j'y suis, et j'en sortirai d'une autre manière, peut-être."—*Correspondance de Philippe II.*, ii. 403, 406.

[4] The site of the Culemberg mansion was afterwards occupied by the church of the "Carmes deschaussés," upon the ruins of which a "maison de détention" has arisen.

rayed in magnificent costume.[1] It was regarded as ominous, that the man who led the procession, Philip de Bailleul, was lame. The line was closed by Brederode and Count Louis, who came last, walking arm in arm. An immense crowd was collected in the square in front of the palace, to welcome the men who were looked upon as the deliverers of the land from Spanish tyranny, from the cardinalists, and from the inquisition. They were received with deafening huzzas and clappings of hands by the assembled populace. As they entered the council-chamber, passing through the great hall, where ten years before the Emperor had given away his crowns, they found the Emperor's daughter seated in the chair of state, and surrounded by the highest personages of the country. The emotion of the Duchess was evident, as the procession somewhat abruptly made its appearance; nor was her agitation diminished as she observed among the petitioners many relatives and retainers of the Orange and Egmont houses, and saw friendly glances of recognition exchanged between them and their chiefs.[2]

As soon as all had entered the senate-room, Brederode advanced, made a low obeisance, and spoke a brief speech.[3] He said that he had come thither with his colleagues to present a humble petition to her Highness. He alluded to the reports which had been rife, that they had contemplated tumult, sedition, foreign conspiracies, and, what was more abominable than all, a change of sovereign. He denounced such statements as calumnies, begged the Duchess to name the men who had thus aspersed an honourable and loyal company, and called upon her to inflict exemplary punishment upon the slanderers. With these prefatory remarks he presented the petition. The famous document was then read aloud.[4] Its tone was sufficiently loyal, particularly in the preamble, which was filled with protestations of devotion to both King and Duchess. After this conventional introduction, however, the petitioners proceeded to state, very plainly, that the recent resolutions of his Majesty, with regard

[1] Pontus Payen, ii. MS. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] According to Viglius, he *read* the speech; "ex scripto pauca præfatus."—*Ep. ad Hopper*, vii. 358.

[4] It has been often printed, *vide e.g.*, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 80-84. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 318-323. Bor, ii. 58, 59, et mult. al.

to the edicts and the inquisition, were likely to produce a general rebellion. They had hoped, they said, that a movement would be made by the seigniors or by the estates, to remedy the evil by striking at its cause, but they had waited in vain. The danger, on the other hand, was augmenting every day, universal sedition was at the gate, and they had therefore felt obliged to delay no longer, but come forward the first and do their duty. They professed to do this with more freedom, because the danger touched them very nearly. They were the most exposed to the calamities which usually spring from civil commotion, for their houses and lands, situated in the open fields, were exposed to the pillage of all the world. Moreover there was not one of them, whatever his condition, who was not liable at any moment to be executed under the edicts, at the false complaint of the first man who wanted to obtain his estate, and who chose to denounce him to the inquisitor, at whose mercy were the lives and property of all. They therefore begged the Duchess Regent to despatch an envoy on their behalf, who should humbly implore his Majesty to abolish the edicts. In the meantime they requested her Highness to order a general surcease of the inquisition, and of all executions, until the King's further pleasure was made known, and until new ordinances, made by his Majesty with advice and consent of the states-general duly assembled, should be established. The petition terminated as it had commenced, with expressions of extreme respect and devoted loyalty.

The agitation of Duchess Margaret increased very perceptibly during the reading of the paper. When it was finished, she remained for a few minutes quite silent, with tears rolling down her cheeks.[1] As soon as she could overcome her excitement, she uttered a few words to the effect that she would advise with her councillors and give the petitioners such answer as should be found suitable. The confederates then passed out from the council chamber into the grand hall; each individual, as he took his departure,

[1] "Madame la Duchesse se trouva de prime face fort troublée —— demeura bonne espace de temps sans dire mot, ne pouvant contenir les larmes que l'on voioit couller de sa face, tesmoignage certain de la tristesse qu'enduroit son esprit."—*Pontus Payen*, ii., *MS.*

advancing towards the Duchess and making what was called the "caracole," in token of reverence. There was thus ample time to contemplate the whole company, and to count the numbers of the deputation.[1]

After this ceremony had been concluded, there was much earnest debate in the council. The Prince of Orange addressed a few words to the Duchess, with the view of calming her irritation. He observed that the confederates were no seditious rebels, but loyal gentlemen, well born, well connected, and of honourable character. They had been influenced, he said, by an honest desire to save their country from impending danger—not by avarice or ambition. Egmont shrugged his shoulders,[2] and observed that it was necessary for him to leave the court for a season, in order to make a visit to the baths of Aix, for an inflammation which he had in the leg.[3] It was then that Berlaymont, according to the account which has been sanctioned by nearly every contemporary writer, whether Catholic or Protestant, uttered the gibe which was destined to become immortal, and to give a popular name to the confederacy. "What, Madam!" he is reported to have cried in a passion, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars? (gueux). Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the King and your Highness how to govern the country? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."[4]

The Count of Meghem was equally violent in his language. Aremberg was for ordering "*their reverences*, the

[1] "Tournoyans et faisans la caracole devant la dite Dame," etc.—*Pontus Payen MS.*

[2] "En haussant les épaules à l'Italienne," etc.—*Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*—Compare Foppens, Supplément, ii. 345, and i. 68.

[4] "Le S. de Berlaymont —— prononça par grande colère les parolles mémorables que firent changer de nom aux gentilshommes confédérez —— Et comment, Madame, votre Alteze at elle crainte de ces gueux? —— Par le Dieu vivant, qui croirait mon conseil leur Requeste seroit appostillée à belles bastonnades, et les ferions descendre les degrés de la court plus vistement qu'ils les ont montés."—*Pontus Payen*, ii., *MS.*

confederates," to quit Brussels without delay.[1] The conversation, carried on in so violent a key, might not unnaturally have been heard by such of the gentlemen as had not yet left the grand hall adjoining the council-chamber. The meeting of the council was then adjourned for an hour or two, to meet again in the afternoon, for the purpose of deciding deliberately upon the answer to be given to the Request. Meanwhile, many of the confederates were swaggering about the streets, talking very bravely of the scene which had just occurred, and it is probable, boasting not a little of the effect which their demonstration would produce.[2] As they passed by the house of Berlaymont, that nobleman, standing at his window in company with Count Aremberg, is said to have repeated his jest. "There go our fine beggars again," said he. "Look, I pray you, with what bravado they are passing before us?"[3]

[1] Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

[2] "Allerent faire la piaffe par la ville —— repartis en diverses bandes," etc.—*Ibid.*

[3] "Voilà nos beaux gueux," dict-il, "Regardez, je vous prie, avec quelle bravade ils passent devant nous."—*Ibid.*

Notwithstanding the scepticism of M. Gachard (Note sur l'origine du nom de Gueux; t. xiii. des Bulletins de la Com. Roy. d'Histoire), it is probable that the Seigneur de Berlaymont will retain the reputation of originating the famous name of the "beggars." M. Gachard cites Wesembeck, Bor, Le Petit, Meteren, among contemporaries, and Strada, and Vander Vynckt among later writers, as having sanctioned the anecdote in which the taunt of Berlaymont is recorded. The learned and acute critic is disposed to question the accuracy of the report, both upon *à priori* grounds, and because there is no mention made of the circumstance either in the official or confidential correspondence of Duchess Margaret with the King. It is possible, however, that the Duchess in her agitation did not catch the expression of Berlaymont, or did not understand it, or did not think it worth while to chronicle it, if she did. It must be remembered that she was herself not very familiar with the French language, and that she was writing to a man who thought that "pistolle meant some kind of knife." She certainly did not and could not report everything said upon that memorable occasion. On the other hand, some of the three hundred gentlemen present might have heard and understood better than Madame de Parma the sarcasm of the finance minister, whether it were uttered upon their arrival in the council-chamber, or during their withdrawal into the hall. The testimony of Pontus Payen—a contemporary almost always well informed, and one whose position as a Catholic Walloon, noble and official, necessarily brought him into contact with many personages engaged in the transactions which he describes—is worthy of much respect. It is to

On the 6th of April, Brederode, attended by a large number of his companions, again made his appearance at the palace. He then received the petition, which was returned to him with an Apostille or commentary to this effect:—Her Highness would despatch an envoy for the purpose of inducing his Majesty to grant the Request. Everything worthy of the King's unaffected (naive) and customary benignity might be expected as to the result. The Duchess had already, with the assistance of the state and privy councillors, knights of the Fleece and governors, commenced a project for moderating the edicts to be laid before the King. As her authority did not allow her to suspend the inquisition and placards, she was confident that the petitioners would be satisfied with the special application about to be made to the King. Meantime, she would give orders to all inquisitors, that they should proceed "modestly and discreetly" in their office, so that no one would have cause to complain. Her Highness hoped likewise that the gentlemen on their part would conduct themselves in a loyal and satisfactory manner; thus proving that they had no intention to make innovations in the ancient religion of the country.[1]

Upon the next day but one, Monday, 8th of April, Brederode, attended by a number of the confederates, again made his appearance at the palace, for the purpose of delivering an answer to the Apostille. In this second paper the confederates rendered thanks for the prompt reply which the Duchess had given to their Request, expressed regrets that she did not feel at liberty to suspend the inquisition, and declared their confidence that she would at once give such

be observed, too, that this manuscript alludes to a *repetition* by Berlaymont of his famous sarcasm upon the same day. To the names of contemporary historians, cited by M. Gachard, may be added those of Vander Haer, ii. 314, and of two foreign writers, President De Thou (Hist. Universelle, V. lib. xx. 216), and Cardinal Bentivoglio (Guerra di Fiandra, ii. 32). Hoofd, not a contemporary certainly, but born within four or five years of the event, relates the anecdote, but throws a doubt upon its accuracy. Hist. ii. 77. Those inclined to acquit the Baron of having perpetrated the immortal witticism, will give him the benefit of the doubt if they think it a reasonable one. That it is so, they have the high authority of M. Gachard and of the Provost Hoofd.

[1] Foppens, 324, *sqq.* Groen v. Prinst., ii. 84, *sqq.* Strada, v. 186. Bor, ii. 59. Hopper, 74, 75.

orders to the inquisitors and magistrates that prosecutions for religious matters should cease, until the King's further pleasure should be declared. They professed themselves desirous of maintaining whatever regulations should be thereafter established by his Majesty, with the advice and consent of the states-general, for the security of the ancient religion, and promised to conduct themselves generally in such wise that her Highness would have every reason to be satisfied with them. They, moreover, requested that the Duchess would cause the Petition to be printed in authentic form by the government printer.[1]

The admission that the confederates would maintain the ancient religion had been obtained, as Margaret informed her brother, through the dexterous management of Hoogstraaten, without suspicion on the part of the petitioners that the proposition for such a declaration came from her.[2]

The Duchess replied by word of mouth to the second address thus made to her by the confederates, that she could not go beyond the Apostille, which she had put on record. She had already caused letters for the inquisitors and magistrates to be drawn up. The minutes for those instructions should be laid before the confederates by Count Hoogstraaten and Secretary Befty. As for the printing of their petition, she was willing to grant their demand, and would give orders to that effect.[3]

The gentlemen having received this answer, retired into the great hall. After a few minutes' consultation, however, they returned to the council-chamber, where the Seigneur d'Esquerdes, one of their number, addressed a few parting words, in the name of his associates, to the Regent; concluding with a request that she would declare the confederates to have done no act, and made no demonstration, inconsistent with their duty and with a perfect respect for his Majesty.

To this demand the Duchess answered somewhat drily that she could not be judge in such a cause. Time and their future deeds, she observed, could only bear witness as

[1] Bor, ii. 60. Hopper, 74, 75. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 86, 87. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 333.
[2] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 339. (Letter of Margaret of Parma.)
[3] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 335, 336. Bor, ii. 60, 61.

to their purposes. As for declarations from her, they must be satisfied with the Apostille which they had already received.'

With this response, somewhat more tart than agreeable, the nobles were obliged to content themselves, and they accordingly took their leave.

It must be confessed that they had been disposed to slide rather cavalierly over a good deal of ground towards the great object which they had in view. Certainly the *petitio principii* was a main feature of their logic. They had, in their second address, expressed perfect confidence as to two very considerable concessions. The Duchess was practically to suspend the inquisition, although she had declared herself without authority for that purpose. The King, who claimed, *de jure* and *de facto*, the whole legislative power, was thenceforth to make laws on religious matters by and with the consent of the states-general. Certainly, these ends were very laudable, and if a civil and religious revolution could have been effected by a few gentlemen going to court in fine clothes to present a petition, and by sitting down to a tremendous banquet afterwards, Brederode and his associates were the men to accomplish the task. Unfortunately, a sea of blood and long years of conflict lay between the nation and the promised land, which for a moment seemed so nearly within reach.

Meantime the next important step in Brederode's eyes was a dinner. He accordingly invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemberg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical.[2]

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Strada, *ubi sup.*

[2] Strada, v. 186-188. Hoofd, ii. 77. Bentivoglio, ii. 32. Vander Vynckt, i. 265-267.

The manuscript, entitled, "Pièces concernant les troubles des Pays-Bas," belonging to the Gerard Collection in the Archives of the Hague, and ascribed to Weyenburg, gives a similar account; furnishing, although Berlaymont's name is not *actually* mentioned, an additional contemporary authority to the accuracy of the commonly-received narrative. "Le Sig. de Brederode fit un festin magnifique, où se trouverent 300 gentilshommes, lesquels se firent *appeller gueulx*, ne sçay l'occasion pourquoy, aultrement qu'aulcuns disent que le source et origine en seroit

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honour, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess, upon the presentation of the Request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively.[1] Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the indignation of all, that the state councillor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humour that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars!" said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet, such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which

qu'en presentant leur req. un *chevalier de l'ordre des principaulx* du conseil de son altere eust à dire, 'Madame, ne craignez rien se sont Gueulx et gens de petit pouvoir, et de faict les dits gentil-hommes de la ligue s'entre appellerent ordinairement les gueulx.'"—Compare Strada, Hoofd, *ubi sup.*

[1] Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the Beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les gueulx*." Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The humour of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The Count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbour, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest, in turn, donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggar's bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter and shouts of "*Vivent les gueulx*," shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The shibboleth was invented. The conjuration which they had been anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell, which was to prove, in after-days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace or hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "wild beggars," the "wood beggars," and the "beggars of the sea" taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.

When the wallet and bowl had made the circuit of the table, they were suspended to a pillar in the hall. Each of the company in succession then threw some salt into his goblet, and, placing himself under these symbols of the brotherhood, repeated a jingling distich, produced impromptu for the occasion.

> "By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet still,
> These beggars change not, fret who will."[1]

This ridiculous ceremony completed the rites by which the confederacy received its name: but the banquet was by no means terminated. The uproar became furious. The younger and more reckless nobles abandoned themselves to

[1] "Par le sel, par le pain, par le besache,
Les gueulx ne changerent quoy qu'on se fache."
Pontus Payen MS. Vander Haer.

revelry, which would have shamed heathen Saturnalia. They renewed to each other, every moment, their vociferous oaths of fidelity to the common cause, drained huge beakers to the beggars' health, turned their caps and doublets inside out, danced upon chairs and tables.[1] Several addressed each other as *Lord Abbot*, or *Reverend Prior*, of this or that religious institution, thus indicating the means by which some of them hoped to mend their broken fortunes.[2]

While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with Counts Horn and Egmont entered the apartment. They had been dining quietly with Mansfeld, who was confined to his house with an inflamed eye,[3] and they were on their way to the council-chamber, where the sessions were now prolonged nightly to a late hour. Knowing that Hoogstraaten, somewhat against his will, had been induced to be present at the banquet, they had come round by the way of Culemberg House, to induce him to retire.[4] They were also disposed, if possible, to abridge the festivities which their influence would have been powerless to prevent.

These great nobles, as soon as they made their appearance, were surrounded by a crew of "beggars," maddened and dripping with their recent baptism of wine, who compelled them to drink a cup amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueux!*" The meaning of this cry they of course could not understand, for even those who had heard Berlaymont's contemptuous remarks, might not remember the exact term which he had used, and certainly could not be aware of the importance to which it had just been elevated. As for Horn, he disliked, and had long before quarrelled with, Brederode,[5] had prevented many persons from signing the Compromise, and, although a guest at that time of Orange, was in the habit of retiring to bed before supper,[6] to avoid the company of many who frequented the house. Yet his presence for a few moments, with the best intentions, at the conclusion of this famous banquet, was made one of the most deadly charges which were afterwards drawn up against him

[1] Vander Haer, 315.
[2] *Pontus Payen MS.*
[3] Procès du Comte de Hornes.—Foppens, i. 161.
[4] *Ibid.*, i. 160-162.
[5] Vander Haer, 315, 316.
[6] "Ne bougea du lict quand l'on disnoit ou souppoit."—*Procès de Hornes.* Foppens, i. 163.

by the Crown. The three seigniors refused to be seated, and remained but for a moment, "the length of a Miserere," taking with them Hoogstraaten as they retired. They also prevailed upon the whole party to break up at the same time, so that their presence had served at least to put a conclusion to the disgraceful riot. When they arrived at the council-chamber they received the thanks of the Duchess for what they had done.[1]

Such was the first movement made by the members of the Compromise. Was it strange that Orange should feel little affinity with such companions? Had he not reason to hesitate, if the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty could only be maintained by these defenders and with such assistance?

The "beggars" did not content themselves with the name alone of the time-honoured fraternity of Mendicants in which they had enrolled themselves. Immediately after the Culemberg banquet, a costume for the confederacy was decided upon. These young gentlemen, discarding gold lace and velvet, thought it expedient to array themselves in doublets and hose of ashen grey, with short cloaks of the same colour, all of the coarsest materials. They appeared in this guise in the streets, with common felt hats on their heads, and beggars' pouches and bowls at their sides. They caused also medals of lead and copper to be struck, bearing upon one side the head of Philip; upon the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the King, even to wearing the beggar's sack."[2] These badges they wore around their necks, or as buttons to their hats. As a further distinction they shaved their beards close, excepting their moustachios, which were left long and pendant in the Turkish fashion,[3] that custom, as it seemed, being an additional characteristic of Mendicants.

Very soon after these events the nobles of the league dis-

[1] Foppens, Supplément, *ubi sup.*

[2] Pontus Payen MS. Pièces concernant, etc., MS.—Comp. Strada; Hoofd; Bentivoglio; Vander Haer, *ubi sup.*; Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 409.

[3] "Laissans en dessoubs les narines longues mourmerstacques à la turc quesque."—*Pièces concernant l'Hist. des P. B. etc., MS.* Comp. Strada, v. 189.

persed from the capital to their various homes. Brederode rode out of Brussels at the head of a band of cavaliers, who saluted the concourse of applauding spectators with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three gentlemen accompanied him to Antwerp, where he halted for a night.[1] The Duchess had already sent notice to the magistrates of that city of his intended visit, and warned them to have an eye upon his proceedings. "The great beggar,"[2] as Hoogstraaten called him, conducted himself, however, with as much propriety as could be expected. Four or five thousand of the inhabitants thronged about the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He appeared at a window with his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hands, and his wallet at his side. He assured the multitude that he was ready to die to defend the good people of Antwerp and of all the Netherlands against the edicts and the inquisition. Meantime he drank their healths, and begged all who accepted the pledge to hold up their hands. The populace, highly amused, held up and clapped their hands as honest Brederode drained his bowl, and were soon afterwards persuaded to retire in great good humour.[3]

These proceedings were all chronicled and transmitted to Madrid. It was also both publicly reported and secretly registered, that Brederode had eaten capons and other meat at Antwerp, upon Good Friday, which happened to be the day of his visit to that city. He denied the charge, however, with ludicrous vehemence. "They who have told Madame that we ate meat in Antwerp," he wrote to Count Louis, "have lied wickedly and miserably, twenty-four feet down in their throats."[4] He added that his nephew, Charles Mansfeld, who notwithstanding the indignant prohibition of his father, had assisted at the presentation of the Request, and was then in his uncle's company at Antwerp, had ordered a capon, which Brederode had countermanded. "They told me afterwards," said he, "that my nephew had broiled a sausage in his chamber. I suppose that he thought himself in Spain, where they allow themselves such dainties."[5]

[1] Strada, v. 19.

[2] "Le grant geu."—*Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc.*, ii. 184.

[3] Strada, v. 191.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 410, 411. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 98, 99.

[5] *Ibid.*

Let it not be thought that these trifles are beneath the dignity of history. Matters like these filled the whole soul of Philip, swelled the bills of indictment for thousands of higher and better men than Brederode, and furnished occupation as well for secret correspondents and spies as for the most dignified functionaries of government. Capons or sausages on Good Friday, the Psalms of Clement Marot, the Sermon on the Mount in the vernacular, led to the rack, the gibbet and the stake, but ushered in a war against the inquisition which was to last for eighty years. Brederode was not to be the hero of that party which he disgraced by his buffoonery. Had he lived, he might, perhaps, like many of his confederates, have redeemed, by his bravery in the field, a character which his orgies had rendered despicable. He now left Antwerp for the north of Holland, where, as he soon afterwards reported to Count Louis, "the beggars were as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore."[1]

His "nephew Charles," two months afterwards, obeyed his father's injunction, and withdrew formally from the confederacy.[2]

Meantime the rumour had gone abroad that the Request of the nobles had already produced good fruit, that the edicts were to be mitigated, the inquisition abolished, liberty of conscience eventually to prevail. "Upon these reports," says a contemporary, "all the vermin of exiles and fugitives for religion, as well as those who had kept in concealment, began to lift up their heads and thrust forth their horns."[3] It was known that Margaret of Parma had ordered the inquisitors and magistrates to conduct themselves "modestly and discreetly." It was known that the privy council was hard at work upon the project for "moderating" the edicts. Modestly and discreetly! Margaret of Parma almost immediately after giving these orders, and while the "Moderation" was still in the hands of the lawyers, informed her brother that she had given personal attention to the case of a person who had snatched the holy wafer from the priest's hand at Oudenarde. This "quidam," as she called him—

[1] "Les gens sont par icy semé comme la sable du long de la mer."—*Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc.*, 130.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 421.

[3] Renom de France, MS.

for his name was beneath the cognizance of an Emperor's bastard daughter—had by her orders received rigorous and exemplary justice.[1] And what was the "rigorous and exemplary justice" thus inflicted upon the "quidam?" The procurator of the neighbouring city of Tournay has enabled us to answer. The young man, who was a tapestry weaver, Hans Tiskaen by name,[2] had, upon the 30th May, thrown the holy wafer upon the ground. For this crime, which was the same as that committed on Christmas-day of the previous year by Bertrand le Blas, at Tournay, he now met with a similar although not quite so severe a punishment. Having gone quietly home after doing the deed, he was pursued, arrested, and upon the Saturday ensuing taken to the market-place of Oudenarde. Here the right hand with which he had committed the offence was cut off, and he was then fastened to the stake and burned to death over a slow fire. He was fortunately not more than a quarter of an hour in torment, but he persisted in his opinions, and called on God for support to his last breath.[3]

This homely tragedy was enacted at Oudenarde, the birth-place of Duchess Margaret. She was the daughter of the puissant Charles the Fifth, but her mother was only the daughter of a citizen of Oudenarde; of a "quidam" like the nameless weaver who had thus been burned by her express order. It was not to be supposed, however, that the circumstance could operate in so great a malefactor's favour. Moreover, at the same moment, she sent orders that a like punishment should be inflicted upon another person then in a Flemish prison, for the crime of anabaptism.[4]

The privy council, assisted by thirteen knights of the Fleece, had been hard at work, and the result of their wisdom was at last revealed in a "Moderation" consisting of fifty-three articles.[5]

What now was the substance of those fifty-three articles, so

[1] "Si comme ayant commandé que la justice se faict d'un quidam à Audenaerde, qui ces jours ayant prinse la saincte hostie consacrée hors des mains du prestre, l'a jectée par terre, duquel s'est faict rigoureuse et exemplaire justice."—*Reiffenberg, Correspondance Marg. d'Autr.*, 45.

[2] Bor, ii. 62.

[3] Pasquier de la Barre, Recueil, etc., MS. in the Brussels Archives, f. 16vo.

[4] Reiffenberg, Correspondance, 45.

[5] Ep. ad Hopperum, 459.

painfully elaborated by Viglius, so handsomely drawn up into shape by Councillor d'Assonleville? Simply to substitute the halter for the fagot. After elimination of all verbiage, this fact was the only residuum.[1] It was most distinctly laid down that all forms of religion except the Roman Catholic were forbidden; that no public or secret conventicles were to be allowed; that all heretical writings were to be suppressed; that all curious inquiries into the Scriptures were to be prohibited. Persons who infringed these regulations were divided into two classes—the misleaders and the misled. There was an affectation of granting mercy to persons in the second category, while death was denounced upon those composing the first. It was merely an affectation; for the rambling statute was so open in all its clauses, that the Juggernaut car of persecution could be driven through the whole of them, whenever such a course should seem expedient. Every man or woman in the Netherlands might be placed in the list of the misleaders, at the discretion of the officials. The pretended mercy to the misguided was a mere delusion. The superintendents, preachers, teachers, ministers, sermon-makers, deacons, and other officers, were to be executed with the halter, with confiscation of their whole property. So much was very plain. *Other* heretics, however, who would abjure their heresy before the bishop, might be pardoned for the first offence, but if obstinate, were to be banished. This seemed an indication of mercy, at least to the repentant criminals. But who were these "*other*" heretics? All persons who discussed religious matters were to be put to death. All persons, not having studied theology at a "renowned university," who searched and expounded the Scriptures, were to be put to death. All persons in whose houses *any act* of the perverse religion should be committed, were to be put to death. All persons who harboured or protected ministers and teachers of any sect, were to be put to death. All the criminals thus carefully enumerated were to be executed, whether repentant or not. If, however, they abjured their errors, they were to be beheaded instead of being strangled. Thus it was obvious that almost any heretic might be brought to the halter at a moment's notice.

[1] See the text of the proposed Moderation in fifty-three articles, in Bor, i. f. 64, 65, 66.

Strictly speaking, the idea of death by the halter or the axe was less shocking to the imagination than that of being burned or buried alive. In this respect, therefore, the edicts were softened by the proposed "Moderation." It would, however, always be difficult to persuade any considerable number of intelligent persons, that the infliction of a violent death, by whatever process, on account of religious opinions, was an act of clemency. The Netherlanders were, however, to be persuaded into this belief. The draft of the new edict was ostentatiously called the "Moderatie" or the "Moderation." It was very natural, therefore, that the common people, by a quibble, which is the same in Flemish as in English, should call the proposed "Moderation" the "Murderation."[1] The rough mother-wit of the people had already characterized and annihilated the project, while dull formalists were carrying it through the preliminary stages.

A vote in favour of the project having been obtained from the estates of Artois, Hainault, and Flanders, the instructions for the envoys, Baron Montigny and Marquis Berghen, were made out in conformity to the scheme.[2] Egmont had declined the mission,[3] not having reason to congratulate himself upon the diplomatic success of his visit to Spain in the preceding year. The two nobles who consented to undertake the office were persuaded into acceptance sorely against their will. They were aware that their political conduct since the King's departure from the country had not always been deemed satisfactory at Madrid, but they were of course far from suspecting the true state of the royal mind. They were both as sincere Catholics and as loyal gentlemen as Granvelle, but they were not aware how continuously, during a long course of years, that personage had represented them to Philip as renegades and rebels. They had maintained the constitutional rights of the state, and they had declined to act as executioners for the inquisition, but they were yet to learn that such demonstrations amounted to high treason.

Montigny departed, on the 29th May, from Brussels.[4] He left the bride to whom he had been wedded amidst scenes

[1] Meteren, ii. 38. Hoofd, iii. 81.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 412.
[3] *Ibid.*, 407.
[4] *Ibid.*, 418.

of festivity, the preceding autumn - the unborn child who was never to behold its father's face. He received warnings in Paris, by which he seemed to profit. The Spanish ambassador in that city informed him that Philip's wrath at the recent transactions in the Netherlands was high. He was most significantly requested, by a leading personage in France, to feign illness, or to take refuge in any expedient by which he might avoid the fulfilment of his mission.[1] Such hints had no effect in turning him from his course, and he proceeded to Madrid, where he arrived on the 17th of June.[2]

His colleague in the mission, Marquis Berghen, had been prevented from setting forth at the same time, by an accident which, under the circumstances, might almost seem ominous. Walking through the palace park, in a place where some gentlemen were playing at pall mall, he was accidentally struck in the leg by a wooden ball.[3] The injury, although trifling, produced so much irritation and fever that he was confined to his bed for several weeks. It was not until the 1st of July[4] that he was able to take his departure from Brussels. Both these unfortunate nobles thus went forth to fulfil that dark and mysterious destiny from which the veil of three centuries has but recently been removed.

Besides a long historical discourse, in eighteen chapters, delivered by way of instruction to the envoys, Margaret sent a courier beforehand with a variety of intelligence concerning the late events. Monzo del Canto, one of Philip's spies in the Netherlands, also wrote to inform the King that the two ambassadors were the real authors of all the troubles then existing in the country.[5] Cardinal Granvelle, too, renewed his previous statements in a confidential communication to his Majesty, adding that no persons more appropriate could have been selected than Berghen and Montigny, for they knew better than any one else the state of affairs in which they had borne the principal part.[6] Nevertheless, Montigny, upon his arrival in Madrid on the 17th of

[1] Hoofd, iii. 80. [2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 426.
[3] *Correspondance de Philippe II.*, i. 412. Hoofd, ii. 80. Strada, v. 195.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 428, 429.
[5] *Ibid.*, 410, 411. [6] *Ibid.*, 417.

June, was received by Philip with much apparent cordiality, admitted immediately to an audience,[1] and assured in the strongest terms that there was no dissatisfaction in the royal mind against the seigniors, whatever false reports might be circulated to that effect. In other respects, the result of this and of his succeeding interviews with the monarch was sufficiently meagre.

It could not well be otherwise. The mission of the envoys was an elaborate farce to introduce a terrible tragedy. They were sent to procure from Philip the abolition of the inquisition and the moderation of the edicts. At the very moment, however, of all these legislative and diplomatic arrangements, Margaret of Parma was in possession of secret letters from Philip, which she was charged to deliver to the Archbishop of Sorrento, papal nuncio at the imperial court, then on a special visit to Brussels. This ecclesiastic had come to the Netherlands ostensibly to confer with the Prince of Orange upon the affairs of his principality, to remonstrate with Count Culemberg, and to take measures for the reformation of the clergy. The real object of his mission, however, was to devise means for strengthening the inquisition and suppressing heresy in the provinces. Philip, at whose request he had come, had charged him by no means to divulge the secret, as the King was anxious to have it believed that the ostensible was the only business which the prelate had to perform in the country. Margaret accordingly delivered to him the private letters, in which Philip avowed his determination to maintain the *inquisition and the edicts in all their rigour*, but enjoined profound secrecy upon the subject.[2] The Duchess, therefore, who knew the face of the cards, must have thought it a superfluous task to continue the game, which to Philip's cruel but procrastinating temperament was perhaps a pleasurable excitement.

The scheme for mitigating the edicts by the substitution of strangling for burning, was not destined therefore for much success either in Spain or in the provinces; but the people by whom the next great movement was made in the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 426. Hopper, 78, 79, states that the envoys were indulged with almost daily interviews.

[2] Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Aut., 58-61. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 422.

drama of the revolt, conducted themselves in a manner to shame the sovereign who oppressed, and the riotous nobles who had undertaken to protect their liberties.

At this very moment, in the early summer of 1566, many thousands of burghers, merchants, peasants, and gentlemen, were seen mustering and marching through the fields of every province, armed with arquebus, javelin, pike, and broad-sword. For what purpose were these gatherings? Only to hear sermons and to sing hymns in the open air, as it was unlawful to profane the churches with such rites. This was the first great popular phase of the Netherland rebellion. Notwithstanding the edicts and the inquisition with their daily hecatombs, notwithstanding the special publication at this time throughout the country by the Duchess Regent that all the sanguinary statutes concerning religion were in as great vigour as ever,[1] notwithstanding that Margaret offered a reward of seven hundred crowns to the man who would bring her a preacher dead or alive,[2] the popular thirst for the exercises of the reformed religion could no longer be slaked at the obscure and hidden fountains where their priests had so long privately ministered.

Partly emboldened by a temporary lull in the persecution, partly encouraged by the presentation of the Request and by the events to which it had given rise, the Reformers now came boldly forth from their lurking places and held their religious meetings in the light of day. The consciousness of numbers and of right had brought the conviction of strength. The audacity of the Reformers was wonderful to the mind of President Viglius, who could find no language strong enough with which to characterize and to deplore such blasphemous conduct.[3] The field-preaching seemed in the eyes of government to spread with the rapidity of a malignant pestilence. The miasma flew upon the wings of the wind. As early as 1562, there had been public preaching in the neighbourhood of Ypres. The executions which followed, however, had for the time suppressed the practice both in that place as well as throughout Flanders and the rest of the provinces. It now broke forth as by one impulse from one end of the country to the other. In the latter

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Pasquier de la Barre MS.
[2] Pontus Payen MS.
[3] Ep. ad Joach. Hopperum, 362.

part of June, Hermann Strycker or Modet, a monk who hac renounced his vows, to become one of the most popula preachers in the Reformed Church, addressed a congrega tion of seven or eight thousand persons in the neighbour hood of Ghent.[1] Peter Dathenus, another unfrocked monk, preached at various places in West Flanders, with great effect. A man endowed with a violent, stormy eloquence, intemperate as most zealots, he was then rendering better services to the cause of the Reformation than he was destined to do at later periods.

But apostate priests were not the only preachers. To the ineffable disgust of the conservatives in Church and State, there were men with little education, utterly devoid of Hebrew, of lowly station—hatters, curriers, tanners, dyers, and the like,—who began to preach also; remembering, unseasonably perhaps, that the early disciples, selected by the founder of Christianity, had not all been doctors of theology, with diplomas from a "renowned university." But if the nature of such men were subdued to what it worked in, that charge could not be brought against ministers with the learning and accomplishments of Ambrose Wille, Marnier, Guy de Bray, or Francis Junius, the man whom Scaliger called the "greatest of all theologians since the days of the apostles."[2] An aristocratic sarcasm could not be levelled against Peregrine de la Grange, of a noble family in Provence, with the fiery blood of southern France in his veins, brave as his nation, learned, eloquent, enthusiastic, who galloped to his field-preaching on horseback, and fired a pistol-shot as a signal for his congregation to give attention.[3]

On the 28th of June, 1566, at eleven o'clock at night, there was an assemblage of six thousand people near Tournay, at the bridge of Ernonville, to hear a sermon from Ambrose Wille, a man who had studied theology in Geneva, at the feet of Calvin, and who now, with a special price upon his head,[4] was preaching the doctrines he had learned. Two days afterwards, ten thousand people assembled at the same spot, to hear Peregrine de la Grange. Governor

[1] Brandt, 304, 305.
[2] Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink Het Huwelijk, 110.
[3] Bakhuyzen, 127. De la Barre MS., f. 16. [4] *Ibid.*, f. 18.

Moulbais thundered forth a proclamation from the citadel, warning all men that the edicts were as rigorous as ever, and that every man, woman, or child who went to these preachings, was incurring the penalty of death.[1] The people became only the more ardent and excited. Upon Sunday, the 7th of July, twenty thousand persons assembled at the same bridge to hear Ambrose Wille. One man in three was armed. Some had arquebusses, others pistols, pikes, swords, pitchforks, poniards, clubs. The preacher, for whose apprehension a fresh reward had been offered, was escorted to his pulpit by a hundred mounted troopers. He begged his audience not to be scared from the word of God by menace; assured them that although but a poor preacher himself, he held a divine commission; that he had no fear of death; that, should he fall, there were many better than he to supply his place, and fifty thousand men to avenge his murder.[2]

The Duchess sent forth proclamations by hundreds. She ordered the instant suppression of these armed assemblies and the arrest of the preachers. But of what avail were proclamations against such numbers with weapons in their hands? Why irritate to madness these hordes of enthusiasts, who were now entirely pacific, and who marched back to the city, after conclusion of divine service, with perfect decorum? All classes of the population went eagerly to the sermons. The gentry of the place, the rich merchants, the notables, as well as the humbler artisans and labourers, all had received the infection. The professors of the Reformed religion outnumbered the Catholics by five or six to one. On Sundays and other holidays, during the hours of service, Tournay was literally emptied of its inhabitants. The streets were as silent as if war or pestilence had swept the place. The Duchess sent orders, but she sent no troops. The trained-bands of the city, the cross-bow-men of St. Maurice, the archers of St. Sebastian, the sword-players of St. Christopher, could not be ordered from Tournay to suppress the preaching, for they had all gone to the preaching themselves. How idle, therefore, to send peremptory orders without a matchlock to enforce the command.[3]

[1] De la Barre MS. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

Throughout Flanders similar scenes were enacted. The meetings were encampments, for the Reformers now came to their religious services armed to the teeth, determined, if banished from the churches, to defend their right to the fields. Barricades of upturned waggons, branches, and planks, were thrown up around the camps. Strong guards of mounted men were stationed at every avenue. Outlying scouts gave notice of approaching danger, and guided the faithful into the enclosure. Pedlars and hawkers plied the trade upon which the penalty of death was fixed, and sold the forbidden hymn-books to all who chose to purchase.[1] A strange and contradictory spectacle! An army of criminals doing deeds which could only be expiated at the stake; an entrenched rebellion, bearding the government with pike, matchlock, javelin and barricade, and all for no more deadly purpose than to listen to the precepts of the pacific Jesus.

Thus the preaching spread through the Walloon provinces to the northern Netherlands. Towards the end of July, an apostate monk, of singular eloquence, Peter Gabriel by name, was announced to preach at Overeen near Harlem.[2] This was the first field-meeting which had taken place in Holland. The people were wild with enthusiasm; the authorities beside themselves with apprehension. People from the country flocked into the town by thousands. The other cities were deserted, Harlem was filled to overflowing. Multitudes encamped upon the ground the night before. The magistrates ordered the gates to be kept closed in the morning till long after the usual hour. It was of no avail. Bolts and bars were but small impediments to enthusiasts who had travelled so many miles on foot or horseback to listen to a sermon. They climbed the walls, swam the moat and thronged to the place of meeting long before the doors had been opened. When these could no longer be kept closed without a conflict, for which the magistrates were not prepared, the whole population poured out of the city with a single impulse.[3] Tens of thousands were assembled upon the field. The bulwarks were erected as usual, the guards were posted, the

[1] Brandt, i. 305. Nic. Bergund. Hist. Belg., iii. 213.

[2] Brandt, 320, 321. Memorien van Laurens Jacq. Reael, f. 20, 21, 22, apud Brandt.

[3] *Ibid.*

necessary precautions taken. But upon this occasion, and in that region, there was but little danger to be apprehended. The multitude of Reformers made the edicts impossible, so long as no foreign troops were there to enforce them. The congregation was encamped and arranged in an orderly manner. The women, of whom there were many, were placed next the pulpit, which, upon this occasion, was formed of a couple of spears thrust into the earth, sustaining a cross-piece, against which the preacher might lean his back. The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. Clement Marot's verses, recently translated by Dathenus, were then new and popular. The strains of the monarch minstrel, chanted thus in their homely but nervous mother tongue by a multitude who had but recently learned that all the poetry and rapture of devotion were not irrevocably coffined with a buried language, or immured in the precincts of a church, had never produced a more elevating effect. No anthem from the world-renowned organ in that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon. When all was silent again, the preacher rose; a little, meagre man, who looked as if he might rather melt away beneath the blazing sunshine of July, than hold the multitude enchained four uninterrupted hours long, by the magic of his tongue. His text was the 8th, 9th, and 10th verses of the second chapter of Ephesians; and as the slender monk spoke to his simple audience of God's grace, and of faith in Jesus, who had descended from above to save the lowliest and the most abandoned, if they would put their trust in Him, his hearers were alternately exalted with fervour or melted into tears. He prayed for all conditions of men—for themselves, their friends, their enemies, for the government which had persecuted them, for the King whose face was turned upon them in anger. At times, according to one who was present, not a dry eye was to be seen in the crowd. When the minister had finished, he left his congregation abruptly, for he had to travel all night in order to reach Alkmaar, where he was to preach upon the following day.[1]

[1] Brandt, 320, 321. Memorien van Laurens Jacq. Reael, f. 20, 21, 22, apud Brandt.

By the middle of July the custom was established outside all the principal cities. Camp-meetings were held in some places; as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, where the congregations numbered often fifteen thousand;[1] and on some occasions were estimated at between twenty and thirty thousand persons at a time; "very many of them," said an eye-witness, "the best and wealthiest in the town."[2]

The sect to which most of these worshippers belonged was that of Calvin. In Antwerp there were Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anabaptists. The Lutherans were the richest sect,[3] but the Calvinists the most numerous and enthusiastic. The Prince of Orange at this moment was strenuously opposed both to Calvinism and Anabaptism, but inclining to Lutheranism.[4] Political reasons at this epoch doubtless influenced his mind in religious matters. The aid of the Lutheran princes of Germany, who detested the doctrines of Geneva, could hardly be relied upon for the Netherlanders, unless they would adopt the Confession of Augsburg. The Prince knew that the Emperor, although inclined to the Reformation, was bitterly averse to Calvinism, and he was, therefore, desirous of healing the schism which existed in the general Reformed Church. To accomplish this, however, would be to gain a greater victory over the bigotry which was the prevailing characteristic of the age than perhaps could be expected. The Prince, from the first moment of his abandoning the ancient doctrines, was disposed to make the attempt.[5]

The Duchess ordered the magistrates of Antwerp to put down these mass-meetings by means of the guild-militia.

[1] Reiffenberg. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 84.

[2] Letter of Clough, in Burgon, ii. 135.

[3] There were, however, but two Lutheran churches in all the Netherlands, according to the statement of the Prince of Orange. Both were in Antwerp. "Es ist aber zu erbarmen das der Calvinismus soweitt einreisset und die Augsburgische Confession uberwachsett, das in allen diesen landen seint nur zwo kirchen der Augsburgischen Confession und die werden in dieser stadt Antorfferhalten. Der andere hauff ist durchaus Calvinisch."—*Letter from W. of Orange to Elector Augustus, 1st Sept.*, 1566. *MS. Dresden Archives.*

[4] Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, etc., ii. 157.

[5] *Ibid.*, 454, 455, 473, 480, 489, *sqq.*

They replied that at an earlier day such a course might have been practicable, but that the sects had become quite too numerous for coercion. If the authorities were able to prevent the exercises of the Reformed religion within the city, it would be as successful a result as could be expected. To prevent the preaching outside the walls, by means of the burgher force, was an utter impossibility.[1] The dilatoriness of the sovereign placed the Regent in a frightful dilemma, but it was sufficiently obvious that the struggle could not long be deferred. "There will soon be a hard nut to crack," wrote Count Louis. "The King will never grant the preaching; the people will never give it up, if it cost them their necks. There's a hard puff coming upon the country before long."[2] The Duchess was not yet authorized to levy troops, and she feared that if she commenced such operations, she should perhaps offend the King, while she at the same time might provoke the people into more effective military preparations than her own.[3] She felt that for one company levied by her, the sectaries could raise ten. Moreover, she was entirely without money, even if she should otherwise think it expedient to enrol an army. Meantime she did what she could with "public prayers, processions, fasts, sermons, exhortations," and other ecclesiastical machinery which she ordered the bishops to put in motion.[4] Her situation was indeed sufficiently alarming.

Egmont, whom many of the sectaries hoped to secure as their leader in case of a civil war,[5] showed no disposition to encourage such hopes, but as little to take up arms against the people. He went to Flanders, where the armed assemblages for field-preaching had become so numerous that a force of thirty or forty thousand men might be set on foot almost at a moment's warning, and where the conservatives, in a state of alarm, desired the presence of their renowned

[1] Bor, ii. 69, 70. [2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 208.

[3] "Aussi si je lieve gens pour la guarde et déffence de ce dit pays, l'on en treuve plusieurs au contraire qui les retiennent en leur donnant plus grande soulde."—*Unpublished letter of Margaret of Parma to Philippe II. in the Correspondance de Philippe II. avec la Duchesse de Parme*, 1566, 1567, *No.* 104. *MS. Archives du Royaume. Papiers d'Etat.*

[4] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 122.

[5] Pontus Payen MS.

governor.[1] The people of Antwerp, on their part, demanded William of Orange. The Prince, who was hereditary burgrave of the city, had at first declined the invitation of the magistracy. The Duchess united her request with the universal prayer of the inhabitants. Events meantime had been thickening, and suspicion increasing. Meghem had been in the city for several days, much to the disgust of the Reformers, by whom he was hated. Aremberg was expected to join him, and it was rumoured that measures were secretly in progress under the auspices of these two leading cardinalists, for introducing a garrison, together with great store of ammunition, into the city. On the other hand, the "great beggar," Brederode, had taken up his quarters also in Antwerp; had been daily entertaining a crowd of roystering nobles at his hotel, previously to a second political demonstration, which will soon be described, and was constantly parading the street, followed by a swarm of adherents in the beggar livery. The sincere Reformers were made nearly as uncomfortable by the presence of their avowed friends, as by that of Meghem and Aremberg, and earnestly desired to be rid of them all. Long and anxious were the ponderings of the magistrates upon all these subjects. It was determined, at last, to send a fresh deputation to Brussels, requesting the Regent to order the departure of Meghem, Aremberg, and Brederode from Antwerp; remonstrating with her against any plan she might be supposed to entertain of sending mercenary troops into the city; pledging the word of the senate to keep the peace, meanwhile, by their regular force; and above all, imploring her once more, in the most urgent terms, to send thither the burgrave, as the only man who was capable of saving the city from the calamities into which it was so likely to fall.[2]

The Prince of Orange being thus urgently besought, both by the government of Antwerp, the inhabitants of that city, and by the Regent herself,[3] at last consented to make the visit so earnestly demanded. On the 13th July, he arrived in Antwerp.[4] The whole city was alive with enthusiasm.

[1] Correspondance de M. d'Autriche, 136.

[2] Bor, ii. 73, 74. Meteren, ii. 39b.

[3] Hopper, 81.

[4] Strada, v. 202. Hoofd, ii. 87. Correspondance de Marg. Autriche, 87. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., 136, 137.

Half its population seemed to have come forth from the gates to bid him welcome, lining the road for miles. The gate through which he was to pass, the ramparts, the roofs of the houses were packed close, with expectant and eager faces. At least thirty thousand persons had assembled to welcome their guest. A long cavalcade of eminent citizens had come as far as Berghen to meet him and to escort him into the city. Brederode, attended by some of the noble confederates, rode at the head of the procession. As they encountered the Prince, a discharge of pistol-shots was fired by way of salute, which was the signal for a deafening shout from the assembled multitude. The crowd thronged about the Prince as he advanced, calling him their preserver, their father, their only hope. Wild shouts of welcome rose upon every side, as he rode through the town, mingled with occasional vociferations of "Long life to the beggars." These party cries were instantly and sharply rebuked by Orange, who expressed, in Brederode's presence, the determination that he would make men unlearn that mischievous watchword.[1] He had, moreover, little relish at that time for the tumultuous demonstrations of attachment to his person, which were too fervid to be censured, but too unseasonable to be approved. When the crowd had at last been made to understand that their huzzas were distasteful to the Prince, most of the multitude consented to disperse, feeling, however, a relief from impending danger in the presence of the man whom they instinctively looked upon as their natural protector.

The senators had come forth in a body to receive the burgrave and escort him to the hotel prepared for him. Arrived there, he lost no time in opening the business which had brought him to Antwerp. He held at once a long consultation with the upper branch of the government. Afterwards, day after day, he honestly, arduously, sagaciously laboured to restore the public tranquillity. He held repeated deliberations with every separate portion of the little commonwealth, the senate, the council of ancients, the corporation of ward-masters, the deans of trades. Nor did he confine his communication to these organized political bodies

[1] Bor, ii. 76. Strada, v. 203. Hopper, 91, is more explicit: "Dexquelles le prince se monstroit fort faché et malcontent."

alone. He had frequent interviews with the officers of the military associations, with the foreign merchant companies, with the guilds of "Rhetoric."[1] The chambers of the "Violet" and the "Marigold" were not too frivolous or fantastic to be consulted by one who knew human nature and the constitution of Netherland society so well as did the Prince. Night and day he laboured with all classes of citizens to bring about a better understanding, and to establish mutual confidence. At last by his efforts tranquillity was restored. The broad council having been assembled, it was decided that the exercise of the Reformed religion should be excluded from the city, but silently tolerated in the suburbs, while an armed force was to be kept constantly in readiness to suppress all attempts at insurrection. The Prince had desired that twelve hundred men should be enlisted and paid by the city, so that at least a small number of disciplined troops might be ready at a moment's warning; but he found it impossible to carry the point with the council. The magistrates were willing to hold themselves responsible for the peace of the city, but they would have no mercenaries.[2]

Thus, during the remainder of July and the early part of August, was William of Orange strenuously occupied in doing what should have been the Regent's work. He was still regarded both by the Duchess and by the Calvinist party—although having the sympathies of neither—as the only man in the Netherlands who could control the rising tide of a national revolt. He took care, said his enemies, that his conduct at Antwerp[3] should have every appearance of loyalty; but they insinuated that he was a traitor from the beginning, who was insidiously fomenting the troubles which he appeared to rebuke. No one doubted his genius, and all felt or affected admiration at its display upon this critical occasion. "The Prince of Orange is doing very great and notable services at Antwerp to the King and to the country," said Assonleville. "That seignior is very skilful in managing great affairs."[4] Margaret of Parma wrote letters to him filled with the warmest gratitude, expressions of approbation, and of wishes that he could both remain in Antwerp and return

[1] Bor, ii. 76. Hoofd, ii. 88.
[2] Bor, ii. 77. Hoofd, iii. 88, 89.
[3] Bentivoglio, ii. 37.
[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 364.

to assist her in Brussels.[1] Philip, too, with his own pen, addressed him a letter, in which implicit confidence in the Prince's character was avowed, all suspicion on the part of the Sovereign indignantly repudiated, earnest thanks for his acceptance of the Antwerp mission uttered, and a distinct refusal given to the earnest request made by Orange to resign his offices.[2] The Prince read or listened to all this commendation, and valued it exactly at its proper worth. He knew it to be pure grimace. He was no more deceived by it than if he had read the letter sent by Margaret to Philip, a few weeks later, in which she expressed herself as "thoroughly aware that it was the intention of Orange to take advantage of the impending tumults, for the purpose of conquering the provinces and of dividing the whole territory among himself and friends."[3] Nothing could be more utterly false than so vile and ridiculous a statement.

The course of the Prince had hitherto been, and was still, both consistent and loyal. It was in the monarch's power to convoke the assembly of the states-general, so loudly demanded by the whole nation, to abolish the inquisition, to renounce persecution, to accept the great fact of the Reformation. To do so he must have ceased to be Philip. To have faltered in attempting to bring him into that path, the Prince must have ceased to be William of Orange. Had he succeeded, there would have been no treason and no Republic of Holland. His conduct at the outbreak of the Antwerp troubles was firm and sagacious. Even had his duty required him to put down the public preaching with peremptory violence, he had been furnished with no means to accomplish the purpose. The rebellion, if it were one, was already full-grown. It could not be taken by the throat and strangled with one hand, however firm.

A report that the High Sheriff of Brabant was collecting troops by command of government, in order to attack the Reformers at their field-preachings, went far to undo the work already accomplished by the Prince.[4] The assemblages swelled again from ten or twelve thousand to twenty-five

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 148, 149, 164-166.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii. 170, 171. [3] Strada, v. 207.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 182. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 149, 150.

thousand, the men all providing themselves more thoroughly with weapons than before. Soon afterwards, the intemperate zeal of another individual, armed to the teeth—not, however, like the martial sheriff and his forces, with arquebus and javelin, but with the still more deadly weapons of polemical theology—was very near causing a general outbreak. A peaceful and not very numerous congregation were listening to one of their preachers in a field outside the town. Suddenly an unknown individual in plain clothes and with a pragmatical demeanour interrupted the discourse by giving a flat contradiction to some of the doctrines advanced. The minister replied by a rebuke, and a reiteration of the disputed sentiment. The stranger, evidently versed in ecclesiastical matters, volubly and warmly responded. The preacher, a man of humble condition and moderate abilities, made as good show of argument as he could, but was evidently no match for his antagonist. He was soon vanquished in the wordy warfare. Well he might be, for it appeared that the stranger was no less a personage than Peter Rythovius, a doctor of divinity, a distinguished pedant of Louvain, a relation of a bishop, and himself a church dignitary.[1] This learned professor, quite at home in his subject, was easily triumphant, while the poor dissenter, more accustomed to elevate the hearts of his hearers than to perplex their heads, sank prostrate and breathless under the storm of texts, glosses, and hard Hebrew roots with which he was soon overwhelmed. The professor's triumph was, however, but short-lived, for the simple-minded congregation, who loved their teacher, were enraged that he should be thus confounded. Without more ado, therefore, they laid violent hands upon the Quixotic knight-errant of the Church, and so cudgelled and belaboured him bodily that he might perhaps have lost his life in the encounter had he not been protected by the more respectable portion of the assembly. These persons, highly disapproving the whole proceeding, forcibly rescued him from the assailants, and carried him off to town, where the news of the incident at once created an uproar. Here he was thrown into prison as a disturber of the peace, but in reality that he might be personally secure.[2] The next day

[1] Bor, ii. 81; Hoofd, iii. 89.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, *ubi sup.*

William of Orange, after administering to him a severe rebuke for his ill-timed exhibition of pedantry, released him from confinement, and had him conveyed out of the city. "This theologian," wrote the Prince to Duchess Margaret, "would have done better, methinks, to stay at home; for I suppose he had no especial orders to perform this piece of work."[1]

Thus, so long as the Prince could remain in the metropolis, his firmness prevented the explosion which had so long been expected. His own government of Holland and Zeland, too, especially demanded his care. The field-preaching had spread in that region with prodigious rapidity. Armed assemblages, utterly beyond the power of the civil authorities, were taking place daily in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam.[2] Yet the Duchess could not allow him to visit his government in the north. If he could be spared from Antwerp for a day, it was necessary that he should aid her in a fresh complication with the confederated nobles. In the very midst, therefore, of his Antwerp labours, he had been obliged, by Margaret's orders, to meet a committee at Duffel.[3] For in this same eventful month of July a great meeting[4] was held by the members of the Compromise at St. Trond, in the bishopric of Liege. They came together on the 13th of the month, and remained assembled till the beginning of August. It was a wild, tumultuous convention, numbering some fifteen hundred cavaliers, each with his esquires and armed attendants; a larger and more important gathering than had yet been held. Brederode and Count Louis were the chieftains of the assembly, which, as may be supposed from its composition and numbers, was likely to be neither very orderly in its demonstrations nor wholesome in its results. It was an ill-timed movement. The convention was too large for deliberation, too riotous to inspire confidence. The nobles quartered themselves everywhere in the taverns and the farm-houses of the neighbourhood, while large numbers encamped upon the open fields. There was

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 181.
[2] Hoofd, iii. 89, 90.
[3] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 148, 149.
[4] Bor, ii. 78-80. Hoofd, iii. 96-98. Strada, v. 203-206. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 90-96.

a constant din of revelry and uproar, mingled with wordy warfare, and an occasional crossing of swords. It seemed rather like a congress of ancient savage Batavians, assembled in Teutonic fashion to choose a king amid hoarse shouting, deep drinking, and the clash of spear and shield, than a meeting for a lofty and earnest purpose, by their civilized descendants. A crowd of spectators, landlopers, mendicants, daily aggregated themselves to the aristocratic assembly, joining, with natural unction, in the incessant shout of "*Vivent les gueulx!*" It was impossible that so soon after their baptism the self-styled beggars should repudiate all connection with the time-honoured fraternity in which they had enrolled themselves.

The confederates discussed—if an exchange of vociferations could be called discussion—principally two points: whether, in case they obtained the original objects of their petition, they should pause or move still further onward; and whether they should insist upon receiving some pledge from the government, that no vengeance should be taken upon them for their previous proceedings. Upon both questions, there was much vehemence of argument and great difference of opinion. They, moreover, took two very rash and very grave resolutions—to guarantee the people against all violence on account of their creeds, and to engage a force of German soldiery, four thousand horse and forty companies of infantry, by "wart geld" or retaining wages.[1] It was evident that these gentlemen were disposed to go fast and far. If they had been ready in the spring to receive their baptism of wine, the "beggars" were now eager for the baptism of blood. At the same time it must be observed that the levies which they proposed, not to make, but to have at command, were purely for defence. In case the King, as it was thought probable, should visit the Netherlands with fire and sword, then there would be a nucleus of resistance already formed.

Upon the 18th July, the Prince of Orange, at the earnest request of the Regent, met a committee of the confederated nobles at Duffel. Count Egmont was associated with him in this duty. The conference was not very satisfactory. The deputies from St. Trond, consisting of Brederode, Culem-

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 159, *sqq.*; 167, *sqq.* 179; Pontus Payen MS.

berg, and others, exchanged with the two seigniors the old arguments. It was urged upon the confederates, that they had made themselves responsible for the public tranquillity so long as the Regent should hold to her promise; that, as the Duchess had sent two distinguished envoys to Madrid, in order to accomplish, if possible, the wishes of the nobles, it was their duty to redeem their own pledges; that armed assemblages ought to be suppressed by their efforts rather than encouraged by their example; and that, if they now exerted themselves zealously to check the tumults, the Duchess was ready to declare, in her own name and that of his Majesty, that the presentation of the Request had been beneficial.

The nobles replied that the pledges had become a farce, that the Regent was playing them false, that persecution was as fierce as ever, that the "Moderation" was a mockery, that the letters recommending "modesty and discretion" to the inquisitors had been mere waste paper, that a price had been set upon the heads of the preachers as if they had been wild beasts, that there were constant threats of invasions from Spain, that the convocation of the states-general had been illegally deferred, that the people had been driven to despair, and that it was the conduct of government, not of the confederates, which had caused the Reformers to throw off previous restraint and to come boldly forth by tens of thousands into the fields, not to defy their King, but to worship their God.[1]

Such, in brief, was the conference of Duffel. In conclusion, a paper was drawn up which Brederode carried back to the convention, and which it was proposed to submit to the Duchess for her approval. At the end of the month, Louis of Nassau was accordingly sent to Brussels, accompanied by twelve associates, who were familiarly called his twelve apostles.[2] Here he laid before her Highness in

[1] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 129, *sqq.* Archives et Correspondance (Gr. v. Prinst.), 167, *sqq.* Renom de France MS., i. 17. Bor, ii. 78-80. Hoofd, iii. 96-98. Compare Hopper, 90-96; Strada, v. 203-206; Bentivoglio, ii. 34, 35.

[2] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 120, *sqq.*; 141, *sqq.* The date appears to be the 30th of July, 1566. *Vide* Reiffenberg, Correspondance, *ubi sup.*; Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., 437. According to a letter of Count Louis, however (Archives et Correspond-

council a statement, embodying the view of the confederates. In this paper they asserted that they were ever ready to mount and ride against a foreign foe, but that they would never draw a sword against their innocent countrymen. They maintained that their past conduct deserved commendation, and that in requiring letters of safe-conduct in the names both of the Duchess and of the Fleece-knights, they were governed not by a disposition to ask for pardon, but by a reluctance without such guarantees to enter into stipulations touching the public tranquillity. If, however, they should be assured that the intentions of the Regent were amicable and that there was no design to take vengeance for the past—if, moreover, she were willing to confide in the counsels of Horn, Egmont, and Orange, and to take no important measure without their concurrence—if, above all, she would convoke the states-general, then, and then only, were the confederates willing to exert their energies to preserve peace, to restrain popular impetuosity and banish universal despair.[1]

So far Louis of Nassau and his twelve apostles. It must be confessed that, whatever might be thought of the justice, there could be but one opinion as to the boldness of these views. The Duchess was furious. If the language held in April had been considered audacious, certainly this new request was in her own words, "still more bitter to the taste and more difficult of digestion."[2] She therefore answered in a very unsatisfactory, haughty, and ambiguous manner, reserving decision upon their propositions till they had been discussed by the state-council, and intimating that they would also be laid before the knights of the Fleece, who were to hold a meeting upon the 26th of August.

There was some further conversation without any result. Esquerdes complained that the confederates were the mark of constant calumny, and demanded that the slanderers should be confronted with them and punished. "I understand perfectly well," interrupted Margaret, "you wish to take justice into your own hands and to be King yourself."[3] It

ance, ii. 177-180), the Request would seem to have been presented upon the 26th of July.—Strada, v. 205.

[1] Hopper, 94, 95. Hoofd, iii. 98. Strada, v. 205, 206.

[2] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 142.

[3] Renom de France MS., i. 18.

was further intimated by these reckless gentlemen, that if they should be driven by violence into measures of self protection, they had already secured friends in a certain country.[1] The Duchess, probably astonished at the frankness of this statement, is said to have demanded further explanations. The confederates replied by observing that they had resources both in the provinces and in Germany. The state council decided that to accept the propositions of the confederates would be to establish a triumvirate at once, and the Duchess wrote to her brother distinctly advising against the acceptance of the proposal.[2] The assembly at St. Trond was then dissolved, having made violent demonstrations which were not followed by beneficial results, and having laid itself open to various suspicions, most of which were ill-founded, while some of them were just.

Before giving the reader a brief account of the open and the secret policy pursued by the government at Brussels and Madrid, in consequence of these transactions, it is now necessary to allude to a startling series of events, which at this point added to the complications of the times, and exercised a fatal influence upon the situation of the commonwealth.

[1] Le Petit: Grande Chronique de Hollande, 109a, 114b. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 167, 168.

[2] Renom de France MS., i. 18. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 142.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST WHIRLWIND.

Ecclesiastical architecture in the Netherlands—The image-breaking—Description of Antwerp Cathedral—Ceremony of the Ommegang—Precursory disturbances—Iconoclasts at Antwerp—Incidents of the image-breaking in various cities—Events at Tournay—Preaching at Wille—Disturbance by a little boy—Churches sacked at Tournay—Disinterment of Duke Adolphus of Gueldres—Iconoclasts defeated and massacred at Anchin—Bartholomew's Day at Valenciennes—General characteristics of the image-breaking—Testimony of contemporaries as to the honesty of the rioters—Consternation of the Duchess—Projected flight to Mons—Advice of Horn and other seigniors—Accord of 25th August.

THE Netherlands possessed an extraordinary number of churches and monasteries. Their exquisite architecture and elaborate decoration had been the earliest indication of intellectual culture displayed in the country. In the vast number of cities, towns, and villages which were crowded upon that narrow territory, there had been, from circumstances operating throughout Christendom, a great accumulation of ecclesiastical wealth. The same causes can never exist again which at an early day covered the soil of Europe with those magnificent creations of Christian art. It was in these anonymous but entirely original achievements that Gothic genius, awaking from its long sleep of the dark ages, first expressed itself. The early poetry of the German races was hewn and chiselled in stone. Around the steadfast principle of devotion then so firmly rooted in the soil, clustered the graceful and vigorous emanations of the newly-awakened mind. All that science could invent, all that art could embody, all that mechanical ingenuity could dare, all that wealth could lavish,—whatever there was of human energy which was panting for pacific utterance, wherever there stirred the vital principle which instinctively strove to create and to adorn at an epoch when vulgar violence and

destructiveness were the general tendencies of humanity, all gathered around these magnificent temples, as their aspiring pinnacles at last pierced the mist which had so long brooded over the world.

There were many hundreds of churches, more or less remarkable, in the Netherlands. Although a severe criticism might regret to find in these particular productions of the great Germanic school a development of that practical tendency which distinguished the Batavian and Flemish branches, —although it might recognize a departure from that mystic principle which, in its efforts to symbolize the strivings of humanity towards the infinite object of worship above, had somewhat disregarded the wants of the worshippers below,— although the spaces might be too wide and the intercolumniations too empty, except for the convenience of congregations,—yet there were, nevertheless, many ecclesiastical masterpieces, which could be regarded as very brilliant manifestations of the Batavian and Belgic mind during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Many were filled with paintings from a school which had precedence in time and merit over its sister nurseries of art in Germany. All were peopled with statues. All were filled with profusely adorned chapels, for the churches had been enriched generation after generation by wealthy penitence, which had thus purchased absolution for crime and smoothed a pathway to heaven.

And now, for the space of only six or seven summer days and nights, there raged a storm by which all these treasures were destroyed. Nearly every one of these temples was entirely rifled of its contents; not for the purpose of plunder, but of destruction. Hardly a province or a town escaped. Art must for ever weep over this bereavement; Humanity must regret that the reforming is thus always ready to degenerate into the destructive principle; but it is impossible to censure very severely the spirit which prompted the brutal, but not ferocious deed. Those statues, associated as they were with the remorseless persecution which had so long desolated the provinces, had ceased to be images. They had grown human and hateful, so that the people arose and devoted them to indiscriminate massacre.

No doubt the iconoclastic fury is to be regretted; for such treasures can scarcely be renewed. The age for building and

decorating great cathedrals is past. Certainly, our own age, practical and benevolent, if less poetical, should occupy itself with the present, and project itself into the future. To clothe the naked, redeem the criminal, feed the hungry, less by alms and homilies than by preventive institutions and beneficent legislation; above all, by the diffusion of national education, to lift a race upon a level of culture hardly attained by a class in earlier times, is as lofty a task as to accumulate piles of ecclesiastical splendour.

It would be tedious to recount in detail the events which characterized the remarkable image-breaking in the Netherlands. As Antwerp was the central point in these transactions, and as there was more wealth and magnificence in the great cathedral of that city than in any church of northern Europe, it is necessary to give a rapid outline of the events which occurred there. From its exhibition in that place the spirit everywhere will best be shown.

The Church of our Lady, which Philip had so recently converted into a cathedral, dated from the year 1124, although it may be more fairly considered a work of the fourteenth century. Its college of canons had been founded in another locality by Godfrey of Bouillon. The Brabantine hero, who so romantically incarnated the religious poetry of his age, who first mounted the walls of redeemed Jerusalem, and was its first Christian monarch, but who refused to accept a golden diadem on the spot where the Saviour had been crowned with thorns; the Fleming who lived and was the epic which the great Italian, centuries afterwards, translated into immortal verse, is thus fitly associated with the beautiful architectural poem which was to grace his ancestral realms. The body of the church,—the interior and graceful perspectives of which were not liable to the reproach brought against many Netherland churches, of assimilating themselves already to the municipal palaces which they were to suggest—was completed in the fourteenth century. The beautiful façade, with its tower, was not completed till the year 1518. The exquisite and daring spire, the gigantic stem upon which the consummate flower of this architectural creation was to be at last unfolded, was a plant of a whole century's growth. Rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, over a church of as many feet in length, it worthily represented the upward

tendency of Gothic architecture. Externally and internally the cathedral was a true expression of the Christian principle of devotion. Amid its vast accumulation of imagery, its endless ornaments, its multiplicity of episodes, its infinite variety of details, the central, maternal principle was ever visible. Everything pointed upwards, from the spire in the clouds to the arch which enshrined the smallest sculptured saint in the chapels below. It was a sanctuary, not like pagan temples, to enclose a visible deity, but an edifice where mortals might worship an unseen Being in the realms above.

The church, with the noisy streets of the metropolis eddying around its walls, was a sacred island in the tumultuous main. Through the perpetual twilight, tall columnar trunks in thick profusion grew from a floor chequered with lights and shadows. Each shaft of the forest rose to a preternatural height, the many branches intermingling in the space above, to form a stately canopy. Foliage, flowers, and fruit of colossal luxuriance, strange birds, beasts, griffins and chimeras in endless multitudes, the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoology of a fabulous world, seemed to decorate and to animate the serried trunks and pendant branches, while the shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest, —now the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze.

Internally, the church was rich beyond expression. All that opulent devotion could devise, in wood, bronze, marble, silver, gold, precious jewelry, or sacramental furniture, had been profusely lavished. The penitential tears of centuries had incrusted the whole interior with their glittering stalactites. Divided into five naves, with external rows of chapels, but separated by no screens or partitions, the great temple forming an imposing whole, the effect was the more impressive, the vistas almost infinite in appearance. The wealthy citizens, the twenty-seven guilds, the six military associations, the rhythmical colleges, besides many other secular or religious sodalities, had their own chapels and altars. Tombs adorned with the effigies of mailed crusaders and pious dames covered the floor, tattered banners hung in the air, the escutcheons of the Golden Fleece, an order typical of Flemish industry, but of which Emperors and Kings were proud to be

the chevaliers, decorated the columns. The vast and beautifully-painted windows glowed with scriptural scenes, antique portraits, homely allegories, painted in those brilliant and forgotten colours which Art has not ceased to deplore. The daylight melting into gloom or coloured with fantastic brilliancy, priests in effulgent robes chanting in unknown language, the sublime breathing of choral music, the suffocating odours of myrrh and spikenard, suggestive of the oriental scenery and imagery of Holy Writ, all combined to bewilder and exalt the senses. The highest and humblest seemed to find themselves upon the same level within those sacred precincts, where even the blood-stained criminal was secure, and the arm of secular justice was paralyzed.

But the work of degeneration had commenced. The atmosphere of the cathedral was no longer holy in the eyes of increasing multitudes. Better the sanguinary rites of Belgic Druids, better the yell of slaughtered victims from the "wild wood without mercy" of the pagan forefathers of the nation, than this fantastic intermingling of divine music, glowing colours, gorgeous ceremonies, with all the burning, beheading and strangling work which had characterized the system of human sacrifice for the past half century.

Such was the church of Notre Dame at Antwerp. Thus indifferent or hostile towards the architectural treasure were the inhabitants of a city, where in a previous age the whole population would have risked their lives to defend what they esteemed the pride and garland of their metropolis.

The Prince of Orange had been anxiously solicited by the Regent to attend the conference at Duffel. After returning to Antwerp, he consented, in consequence of the urgent entreaties of the senate, to delay his departure until the 18th of August should be past. On the 15th of that month he had agreed with the magistrates upon an ordinance, which was accordingly published, and by which the preachings were restricted to the fields. A deputation of merchants and others waited upon him with a request to be permitted the exercises of the Reformed religion in the city. This petition the Prince peremptorily refused, and the deputies, as well as their constituents, acquiesced in the decision, "out of especial regard and respect for his person." He, however, distinctly informed the Duchess that it would be

difficult or impossible to maintain such a position long, and that his departure from the city would probably be followed by an outbreak. He warned her that it was very imprudent for him to leave Antwerp at that particular juncture. Nevertheless, the meeting of the Fleece-knights seemed, in Margaret's opinion, imperatively to require his presence in Brussels. She insisted by repeated letters that he should leave Antwerp immediately.[1]

Upon the 18th of August, the great and time-honoured ceremony of the Ommegang occurred. Accordingly, the great procession, the principal object of which was to conduct around the city a colossal image of the Virgin, issued as usual from the door of the cathedral. The image, bedizened and effulgent, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of her adorers, followed by the guilds, the military associations, the rhetoricians, the religious sodalities, all in glittering costume, bearing blazoned banners, and marching triumphantly through the streets with sound of trumpet and beat of drum.[2] The pageant, solemn but noisy, was exactly such a show as was most fitted at that moment to irritate Protestant minds and to lead to mischief. No violent explosion of ill-feeling, however, took place. The procession was followed by a rabble rout of scoffers, but they confined themselves to words and insulting gestures.[3] The image was incessantly saluted, as she was borne along the streets, with sneers, imprecations, and the rudest ribaldry. "Mayken! Mayken! (little Mary) your hour is come. 'Tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you." Such were the greetings which the representative of the Holy Virgin received from men grown weary of antiquated mummery. A few missiles were thrown occasionally at the procession as it passed through the city, but no damage was inflicted. When the image was at last restored to its place, and the pageant brought to a somewhat hurried conclusion, there seemed cause for congratulation that no tumult had occurred.

On the following morning there was a large crowd collected in front of the cathedral. The image, instead of standing in

[1] Bor, ii. 81-83. Hoofd, iii. 99. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., i. 188, 189. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 236, 237.

[2] Bor, ii. 83. Meteren, ii. 40.

[3] Bor, *ubi sup.*

the centre of the church, where, upon all former occasions, it had been accustomed during the week succeeding the ceremony to receive congratulatory visits, was now ignominiously placed behind an iron railing within the choir. It had been deemed imprudent to leave it exposed to sacrilegious hands. The precaution excited derision. Many vagabonds of dangerous appearance, many idle apprentices and ragged urchins were hanging for a long time about the imprisoned image, peeping through the railings, and indulging in many a brutal jest. "Mayken! Mayken!" they cried, "art thou terrified so soon? Hast flown to thy nest so early? Dost think thyself beyond the reach of mischief? Beware, Mayken! thine hour is fast approaching!" Others thronged around the balustrade, shouting "*Vivent les gueulx!*" and hoarsely commanding the image to join in the beggars' cry. Then, leaving the spot, the mob roamed idly about the magnificent church, sneering at the idols, execrating the gorgeous ornaments, scoffing at crucifix and altar.

Presently one of the rabble, a ragged fellow of mechanical aspect, in a tattered black doublet and an old straw hat, ascended the pulpit. Opening a sacred volume which he found there, he began to deliver an extemporaneous and coarse caricature of a monkish sermon. Some of the bystanders applauded, some cried shame, some shouted, "Long live the beggars!" some threw sticks and rubbish at the mountebank, some caught him by the legs and strove to pull him from his place. He, on the other hand, manfully maintained his ground, hurling back every missile, struggling with his assailants, and continuing the while to pour forth a malignant and obscene discourse. At last a young sailor, warm in the Catholic faith, and impulsive as mariners are prone to be, ascended the pulpit from behind, sprang upon the mechanic, and flung him headlong down the steps. The preacher grappled with his enemy as he fell, and both came rolling to the ground. Neither was much injured, but a tumult ensued. A pistol-shot was fired, and the sailor was wounded in the arm. Daggers were drawn, cudgels brandished, the bystanders taking part generally against the sailor, while those who protected him were somewhat bruised and belaboured before they could convey him out of the church. Nothing more, however, transpired that day, and the keepers

of the cathedral were enabled to expel the crowd and to close the doors for the night.[1]

Information of this tumult was brought to the senate, then assembled in the Hôtel de Ville. That body was thrown into a state of great perturbation. In losing the Prince of Orange they seemed to have lost their own brains, and the first measure which they took was to despatch a messenger to implore his return. In the meantime it was necessary that they should do something for themselves. It was evident that a storm was brewing. The pest which was sweeping so rapidly through the provinces would soon be among them. Symptoms of the dreaded visitation were already but too manifest. What precaution should they take? Should they issue a proclamation? Such documents had been too plenty of late, and had lost their virtue. It was the time not to assert but to exercise authority. Should they summon the ward-masters, and order the instant arming and mustering of their respective companies? Should they assemble the captains of the military associations? Nothing better could have been desired than such measures in cases of invasion or of ordinary tumult, but who should say how deeply the poison had sunk into the body politic; who should say with how much or how little alacrity the burgher militia would obey the mandates of the magistracy? It would be better to issue no proclamation unless they could enforce its provisions; it would be better not to call out the citizen soldiery unless they were likely to prove obedient. Should mercenary troops at this late hour be sent for? Would not their appearance at this crisis rather inflame the rage than intimidate the insolence of the sectaries? Never were magistrates in greater perplexity. They knew not what course was likely to prove the safest, and in their anxiety to do nothing wrong, the senators did nothing at all. After a long and anxious consultation, the honest burgomaster and his associates all went home to their beds, hoping that the threatening flame of civil tumult would die out of itself, or perhaps that their dreams would supply them with that wisdom which seemed denied to their waking hours.[2]

In the morning, as it was known that no precaution had

[1] Bor, ii. 83. Hooft, iii. 99. Strada, v. 211. Meteren, 40.
[2] Bor, ii. 83, 84. Hooft, iii. 99.

been taken, the audacity of the Reformers was naturally increased. Within the cathedral a great crowd was at an early hour collected, whose savage looks and ragged appearance denoted that the day and night were not likely to pass away so peacefully as the last. The same taunts and imprecations were hurled at the image of the Virgin: the same howling of the beggars' cry resounded through the lofty arches. For a few hours no act of violence was committed, but the crowd increased. A few trifles, drifting, as usual, before the event, seemed to indicate the approaching convulsion. A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp. She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax-tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient hucksteress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness, Mary, were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene: the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.[1]

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John Van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting the arrival of the ward-masters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the

[1] Bor, ii. 83. Hoofd, iii. 100. Meteren, ii. 40.

hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence, produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire, and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the populace would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring, perhaps, to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who, with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they has-

tened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.[1]

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously,—endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir,—the "repository," as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above.[2] It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues,

[1] Bor, ii. 83, 84. Hoofd, iii. 100, *seq.* Strada, v. 212. Meteren, ii. 40.

[2] Pontus Payen MS.

images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a mid-summer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number.[1] There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. "Long live the beggars!" resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long, they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for

[1] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 183.—Compare Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 97; Strada, v. 213; Hoofd, iii. 101. Burgon, ii. 137-141. Bor, ii. 84; Meteren, ii. 40; Bentivoglio, ii. 35, 36.

refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists.[1] The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder, would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the confederates and other opulent Protestants had organized this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand, it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.[2]

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons, were liberated. A monk, who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.[3]

[1] Strada, v. 215. Hoofd. Bor, *ubi sup.* "Vous eussiez veu," says Pontus Payen, "les pauvres nonains sortir de leurs monastères en habits deguisez et les aucunes a demye couvertes, se sauver es maisons de leurs parens et amis, et les prestres et Moines couroient que ça et que là, fuians les griffes de ces malins reformés," etc., etc.—*MS.*, liv. ii.

[2] Burgon, ii. 137-141. Bor, ii. 89. Hoofd, iii. 101. Hopper, 97.

[3] Meteren, ii. 40. Bor, ii. 84. Strada, v. 215, 216.

These leading features characterized the movement everywhere. The process was simultaneous and almost universal. It was difficult to say where it began and where it ended. A few days in the midst of August sufficed for the whole work. The number of churches desecrated has never been counted. In the single province of Flanders, four hundred were sacked.[1] In Limburg, Luxemburg, and Namur,[2] there was no image-breaking. In Mechlin, seventy or eighty persons accomplished the work thoroughly, in the very teeth of the grand-council, and of an astonished magistracy.[3]

In Tournay, a city distinguished for its ecclesiastical splendour, the reform had been making great progress during the summer. At the same time the hatred between the two religions had been growing more and more intense.

On the 22nd of August the news reached Tournay that the churches in Antwerp, Ghent, and many other places, had been sacked. There was an instantaneous movement towards imitating the example on the same evening. Pasquier de la Barre, procureur-general of the city, succeeded by much entreaty in tranquillizing the people for the night. The "guard of terror" was set, and hopes were entertained that the storm might blow over. The expectation was vain. At daybreak next day, the mob swept upon the churches and stripped them to the very walls. Pictures, statues, organs, ornaments, chalices of silver and gold, reliquaries, albs, chasubles, copes, cibories, crosses, chandeliers, lamps, censers, all of richest material, glittering with pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, were scattered in heaps of ruin upon the ground.[4]

As the spoilers burrowed among the ancient tombs, they performed, in one or two instances, acts of startling posthumous justice. The embalmed body of Duke Adolphus of Gueldres, last of the Egmonts who had reigned in that province, was dragged from its sepulchre and recognized.[5] Although it had been there for ninety years, it was as un-

[1] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 183.

[2] Hoofd, iii. 107.

[3] Pontus Payen MS. "According to Renom de France, the work was done by thirty or forty "personnes de nulle qualité."—*MS.*, i. c. 20.

[4] Pasquier de la Barre MS., 33.

[5] Nic. Burgundi Hist. Belg. (Ingolstad, 1629), iii. 315-318.

corrupted, "owing to the excellent spices which had preserved it from decay,"[1] as upon the day of burial. Thrown upon the marble floor of the church, it lay several days exposed to the execrations of the multitude.[2] The Duke had committed a crime against his father, in consequence of which the province which had been ruled by native races had passed under the dominion of Charles the Bold. Weary of waiting for the old Duke's inheritance, he had risen against him in open rebellion. Dragging him from his bed at midnight in the depth of winter, he had compelled the old man, with no covering but his night-gear, to walk with naked feet twenty-five miles over ice and snow from Grave to Buren, while he himself performed the same journey in his company on horseback. He had then thrown him into a dungeon beneath the tower of Buren castle, and kept him a close prisoner for six months.[3] At last, the Duke of Burgundy summoned the two before his council, and proposed that Adolphus should allow his father 6,000 florins annually, with the title of Duke till his death. "He told us," said Comines, "that he would sooner throw the old man head-foremost down a well and jump in himself afterwards. His father had been Duke forty-four years, and it was time for him to retire." Adolphus, being thus intractable, had been kept in prison till after the death of Charles the Bold. To the memorable insurrection of Ghent, in the time of Lady Mary, he owed his liberty. The insurgent citizens took him from prison, and caused him to lead them in the foray against Tournay.[4] Beneath the walls of that city he was slain, and buried under its cathedral. And now as if his offence had not been sufficiently atoned for by the loss of his ancestral honours, his captivity, and his death, the earth, after the lapse of nearly a century, had cast him forth from her bosom. There, once more beneath the sunlight, amid

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Mémoires de Philippe de Comines (Lond. et Paris, 1747), liv. iv. 194-196. In the Royal Gallery at Berlin is a startling picture by Rembrandt, in which the old Duke is represented looking out of the bars of his dungeon at his son, who is threatening him with uplifted hand and savage face. No subject could be imagined better adapted to the gloomy and sarcastic genius of that painter.

[4] Mémoires de Philippe de Comines (Lond. et Paris, 1747), liv. iv. 194-196.

a ribald crew of a later generation which had still preserved the memory of his sin, lay the body of the more than parricide, whom "excellent spices" had thus preserved from corruption, only to be the mark of scorn and demoniac laughter.[1]

A large assemblage of rioters, growing in numbers as they advanced, swept over the province of Tournay, after accomplishing the sack of the city churches. Armed with halberds, hammers, and pitchforks, they carried on the war, day after day, against the images. At the convent of Marchiennes, considered by contemporaries the most beautiful abbey in all the Netherlands, they halted to sing the ten commandments in Marot's verse. Hardly had the vast chorus finished the precept against graven images;

> "Tailler ne te feras imaige
> De quelque chose que ce soit,
> Sy honneur luy fais ou hommaige,
> Bon Dieu jalousie en reçoit,"

when the whole mob seemed seized with sudden madness. Without waiting to complete the Psalm, they fastened upon the company of marble martyrs, as if they had possessed sensibility to feel the blows inflicted. In an hour they had laid the whole in ruins.[2]

Having accomplished this deed, they swept on towards Anchin. Here, however, they were confronted by the Seigneur de la Tour, who, at the head of a small company of peasants, attacked the marauders and gained a complete victory. Five or six hundred of them were slain, others were drowned in the river and adjacent swamps, the rest were dispersed.[3] It was thus proved that a little more spirit upon the part of the orderly portion of the inhabitants might have brought about a different result than the universal image-breaking.

In Valenciennes, "the tragedy," as an eye-witness calls it, was performed upon Saint Bartholomew's day. It was, however, only a tragedy of statues. Hardly as many senseless stones were victims as there were to be living Huguenots

[1] Nic. Burgundi, *ubi sup.* Pontus Payen MS. G. Brandt, i. 355, 356.

[2] Pontus Payen MS., ii.

[3] Pontus Payen MS., ii. Hopper, 98, 99.

sacrificed in a single city upon a Bartholomew which was fast approaching. In the Valenciennes massacre not a human being was injured.

Such in general outline and in certain individual details, was the celebrated iconomachy of the Netherlands. The movement was a sudden explosion of popular revenge against the symbols of that Church by which the Reformers had been enduring such terrible persecution. It was also an expression of the general sympathy for the doctrines which had taken possession of the national heart. It was the depravation of that instinct which had in the beginning of the summer drawn Calvinists and Lutherans forth in armed bodies, twenty thousand strong, to worship God in the open fields. The difference between the two phenomena was, that the field-preaching was a crime committed by the whole mass of the Reformers: men, women, and children confronting the penalties of death, by a general determination, while the image-breaking was the act of a small portion of the populace. A hundred persons belonging to the lowest order of society sufficed for the desecration of the Antwerp churches. It was, said Orange, "a mere handful of rabble" who did the deed.[1] Sir Richard Clough saw ten or twelve persons entirely sack church after church, while ten thousand spectators looked on, indifferent or horrorstruck. The bands of iconoclasts were of the lowest character, and few in number. Perhaps the largest assemblage was that which ravaged the province of Tournay, but this was so weak as to be entirely routed by a small and determined force. The duty of repression devolved upon both Catholics and Protestants. Neither party stirred. All seemed overcome with special wonder as the tempest swept over the land.

The ministers of the reformed religion, and the chiefs of the liberal party, all denounced the image-breaking. Francis Junius[2] bitterly regretted such excesses. Ambrose Wille, pure of all participation in the crime, stood up before ten

[1] "Ein hauffen leichtfertiges gesindlins."—*Groen v. Prinst., Archives*, ii. 262. "So sind es nuhr geringschetzige und schlechte leuthe gewesen die solches ausz eigner bewegung und ungedult wier langen zeitt geübtten unmenschlichen verfolgung begangen haben."—*Letter of Orange to the Elector of Saxony in Archives et Correspondance*, ii. 484.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 217, 218.

thousand Reformers at Tournay—even while the storm was raging in the neighbouring cities, and when many voices around him were hoarsely commanding similar depravities—to rebuke the outrages by which a sacred cause was disgraced.[1] The Prince of Orange, in his private letters, deplored the riots, and stigmatized the perpetrators. Even Brederode, while, as Suzerain of his city of Viane, he ordered the images there to be quietly taken from the churches, characterized this popular insurrection as insensate and flagitious.[2] Many of the leading confederates not only were offended with the proceedings, but in their eagerness to chastise the iconoclasts and to escape from a league of which they were weary, began to take severe measures against the ministers and Reformers, of whom they had constituted themselves in April the especial protectors.

The next remarkable characteristic of these tumults was the almost entire abstinence of the rioters from personal outrage and from pillage. The testimony of a very bitter, but honest Catholic at Valenciennes, is remarkable upon this point. "Certain chroniclers," said he, "have greatly mistaken the character of this image-breaking. It has been said that the Calvinists killed a hundred priests in this city, cutting some of them into pieces, and burning others over a slow fire. *I remember very well everything which happened upon that abominable day*, and I can affirm that not a single priest was injured. The Huguenots took good care *not to injure in any way the living images*."[3] This was the case everywhere. Catholic and Protestant writers agree that no deeds of violence were committed against man or woman.[4]

It would be also very easy to accumulate a vast weight of testimony as to their forbearance from robbery. They destroyed for destruction's sake, not for purposes of plunder. Although belonging to the lowest classes of society, they left heaps of jewellery, of gold and silver plate, of costly embroidery, lying unheeded upon the ground. They felt instinc-

[1] De la Barre MS.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 261, 265, 483.
[3] Histoire des choses les plus mémorables, etc.—MS.
[4] See Letter of Clough already quoted—Compare Strada, v. 215, for proofs of the abstinence from insult of the nuns and other women on this memorable occasion.

tively that a great passion would be contaminated by admixture with paltry motives. In Flanders a company of rioters hanged one of their own number for stealing articles to the value of five shillings.[1] In Valenciennes the iconoclasts were offered large sums if they would refrain from desecrating the churches of that city, but they rejected the proposal with disdain. The honest Catholic burgher who recorded the fact, observed that he did so because of the many misrepresentations on the subject, not because he wished to flatter heresy and rebellion.[2]

At Tournay, the greatest scrupulousness was observed upon this point. The floor of the cathedral was strewn with "pearls and precious stones, with chalices and reliquaries of silver and gold;" but the ministers of the reformed religion, in company with the magistrates, came to the spot, and found no difficulty, although utterly without power to prevent the storm, in taking quiet possession of the wreck. "We had everything of value," says Procureur-Général De la Barre, "carefully inventoried, weighed, locked in chests, and placed under a strict guard in the prison of the Halle, to which one set of keys was given to the ministers, and another to the magistrates."[3] Who will dare to censure in very severe language this havoc among stocks and stones in a land where so many living men and women, of more value than many statues, had been slaughtered by the inquisition, and where Alva's "Blood Tribunal" was so soon to eclipse even that terrible institution in the number of its victims and the amount of its confiscations?

Yet the effect of the riots was destined to be most disastrous for a time to the reforming party. It furnished plausible excuses for many lukewarm friends of their cause to withdraw from all connection with it.[4] Egmont denounced the proceedings as highly flagitious, and busied himself with punishing the criminals in Flanders.[5] The Regent was beside herself with indignation and terror. Philip, when he heard the news, fell into a paroxysm of frenzy. "It shall cost them

[1] Burgon, *ubi sup.*

[2] "Ce n'est pas que je veuille flatter la rebellion et l'heresie, ny la qualifier benigne et debonnaire."—*Valenciennes MS.*

[3] Pasquier de la Barre MS., f. 33.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 282.

[5] Pontus Payen MS.

dear!" he cried, as he tore his beard for rage; "it shall cost them dear! I swear it by the soul of my father!"[1] The Reformation in the Netherlands, by the fury of these fanatics, was thus made apparently to abandon the high ground upon which it had stood in the early summer. The sublime spectacle of the multitudinous field-preaching was sullied by the excesses of the image-breaking. The religious war, before imminent, became inevitable.

Nevertheless, the first effect of the tumults was a temporary advantage to the Reformers. A great concession was extorted from the fears of the Duchess Regent, who was certainly placed in a terrible position. Her conduct was not heroic, although she might be forgiven for trepidation. Her treachery, however, under these trying circumstances was less venial. At three o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of August,[2] Orange, Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Mansfeld, and others were summoned to the palace. They found her already equipped for flight, surrounded by her waiting-women, chamberlains and lackeys, while the mules and hackneys stood harnessed in the court-yard, and her bodyguard were prepared to mount at a moment's notice.[3] She announced her intention of retreating at once to Mons, in which city, owing to Aerschot's care, she hoped to find refuge against the fury of the rebellion then sweeping the country. Her alarm was almost beyond control. She was certain that the storm was ready to burst upon Brussels, and that every Catholic was about to be massacred before her eyes. Aremberg, Berlaymont, and Noircarmes, were with the Duchess when the other seigniors arrived.

A part of the Duke of Aerschot's company had been ordered out to escort the projected flight to Mons. Orange, Horn, Egmont, and Hoogstraaten implored her to desist from her fatal resolution. They represented that such a retreat

[1] Letter of Morillon to Granvelle, 29th September, 1566, in Gachard, Anal. Belg. 254.

[2] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 188, *sqq*. Letter of Horn in Foppens, Supplément, ii. 177, *sqq*. Vit. Viglii, 47, 48. Vigl. Epist. ad Hopperum, 373.

[3] Letter of Horn to Montigny, in Foppens' and in Byvoegsels' Authent. Stukken tot de Hist. v. P. Bor, i. 91, 92. Vit. Viglii, *ubi supra*. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, *ubi sup*. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 452-454.

before a mob would be the very means of ruining the country. They denounced all persons who had counselled the scheme, as enemies of his Majesty and herself. They protested their readiness to die at her feet in her defence, but besought her not to abandon the post of duty in the hour of peril. While they were thus anxiously debating, Viglius entered the chamber. With tears streaming down her cheeks, Margaret turned to the aged President, uttering fierce reproaches and desponding lamentations. Viglius brought the news that the citizens had taken possession of the gates, and were resolved not to permit her departure from the city. He reminded her, according to the indispensable practice of all wise counsellors, that he had been constantly predicting this result. He, however, failed in administering much consolation, or in suggesting any remedy. He was, in truth, in as great a panic as herself, and it was, according to the statement of the Duchess, mainly in order to save the President from threatened danger, that she eventually resolved to make concessions. "Viglius," wrote Margaret to Philip, "is so much afraid of being cut to pieces, that his timidity has become incredible."[1] Upon the warm assurance of Count Horn, that he would enable her to escape from the city, should it become necessary, or would perish in the attempt, a promise in which he was seconded by the rest of the seigniors, she consented to remain for the day in her palace.[2] Mansfeld was appointed captain-general of the city; Egmont, Horn, Orange, and the others agreed to serve under his orders, and all went down together to the Town House. The magistrates were summoned, a general meeting of the citizens was convened, and the announcement made of Mansfeld's appointment, together with an earnest appeal to all honest men to support the government. The appeal was answered by a shout of unanimous approbation, an enthusiastic promise to live or die with the Regent, and the expression of a resolution to permit neither Reformed preaching nor image-breaking within the city.[3]

Nevertheless, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Duchess again sent for the seigniors. She informed them that she had received fresh and certain information that the churches

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 460, 461.
[2] Letter of Horn to Montigny, *ubi sup.* [3] *Ibid.*

were to be sacked that very night; that Viglius, Berlaymont, and Aremberg were to be killed, and that herself and Egmont were to be taken prisoners. She repeated many times that she had been ill-advised, expressed bitter regret at having deferred her flight from the city, and called upon those who had obstructed her plan, now to fulfil their promises. Turning fiercely upon Count Horn, she uttered a volley of reproaches upon his share in the transaction. "You are the cause," said she, "that I am now in this position. Why do you not redeem your pledge and enable me to leave this place at once?"[1] Horn replied that he was ready to do so if she were resolved to stay no longer. He would at the instant cut his way through the guard at the Caudenberg gate, and bring her out in safety, or die in the effort. At the same time he assured her that he gave no faith to the idle reports flying about the city, reminded her that nobles, magistrates, and citizens were united in her defence, and in brief used the same arguments which had before been used to pacify her alarm. The nobles were again successful in enforcing their counsels, the Duchess was spared the ignominy and the disaster of a retreat before an insurrection which was only directed against statues, and the ecclesiastical treasures of Brussels were saved from sacrilege.[2]

On the 25th August came the crowning act of what the Reformers considered their most complete triumph, and the Regent her deepest degradation. It was found necessary under the alarming aspect of affairs, that liberty of worship, in places where it had been already established, should be accorded to the new religion. Articles of agreement to this effect were accordingly drawn up and exchanged between the government and Louis of Nassau, attended by fifteen others of the confederacy. A corresponding pledge was signed by them, that so long as the Regent was true to her engagement, they would consider their previously existing league annulled, and would assist cordially in every endeavour to maintain tranquillity and support the authority of his Majesty.

[1] Letter of Horn to Montigny, *ubi sup.* Hoofd, iii. 107. Bor, ii. 85.

[2] *Ibid. Ibid. Ibid.* Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, *ubi sup.* Correspondance de Philippe II., i. *ubi sup.* Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 237, 238. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 99.

The important Accord was then duly signed by the Duchess. It declared that the inquisition was abolished, that his Majesty would soon issue a new general edict, expressly and unequivocally protecting the nobles against all evil consequences from past transactions, that they were to be employed in the royal service, and that public preaching according to the forms of the new religion was to be practised in places where it had already taken place. Letters general were immediately despatched to the senates of all the cities, proclaiming these articles of agreement and ordering their execution.[1] Thus for a fleeting moment there was a thrill of joy throughout the Netherlands. The inquisition was thought for ever abolished, the era of religious reformation arrived.

[1] Bor, ii. 97, 98. Hoofd, iii. 109. Strada, v. 222. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 99-202.

END OF VOL. I.